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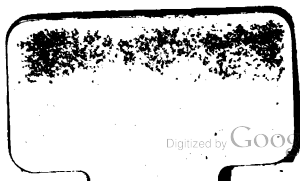
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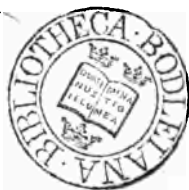
GLEN TILLOCH;

A Tale.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

BY

MRS. JOHN BURNETT PRATT.



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GLEN TILLOCH,

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

“ What view’st thou all around?
A desert where iniquity
And knowledge both abound.
In the waste howling wilderness
The church is wandering still,
Because she would not onward press,
When close to Sion’s hill.”

KEBLE.

BEFORE we begin our tale, it may be necessary to say a few words on the history of the town and church of GLEN TILLOCH, previous to the time when our history commences.

Surrounded by picturesque hills, whose occasionally jagged and abrupt declivities, form the delight of the painter, Glen Tilloch was rendered a scene of yet more romantic interest, by a wild mountain torrent which forced its passage over the rugged mass of broken rocks, extending themselves for some miles in the direction of the lowlands; no inapt illustration of the church, whose history we are about to record.

This stream, like the remote church which will form the chief subject of our tale, had had its existence assigned there—we may suppose with this injunction—“ Go, blessed agent,

in the divine economy, refresh the land of thy existence; and replenish it with the fruits of the earth; and at length seek thy rest in the ocean, that great type of true catholicity." The stream and the church, for a time, had fulfilled their destiny, but, had afterwards broken the divine ordinance; and instead of spreading peace and plenty over the green valleys of their course, had sought a turbulent passage among the very wrecks of nature, and were both eventually lost in the swamps and morasses of a waste and desolate region.

Placed in the security of a remote district, and with a pastor chiefly intent on the duties of his sacred calling, the valley of Glen Tilloch had experienced little disturbance, beyond that of distant rumours of the persecutions directed against the church in Scotland after the Revolution of 1688; but after the unfortunate out-break of 1715, not a single clergyman escaped the aggressive and inquisitorial power of the law. The stringency of the prescribed oath, by which, the clergy could alone retain their cures, was such as severely to test their political principles, and their loyalty to the house of the exiled Stuarts.

Mr. Monkton, then recently appointed to the parish of Glen Tilloch, refused the test and was ejected.

Far from thinking, however, that this act of legal tyranny released him from the responsibility of his office, he sought, with renewed zeal, to keep his people together, in principle and in practice, inculcating submission to the will of God; and himself regarding the evil deeds of men,—although their own sin—as the instruments of chastisement in the hands of a righteous Father.

Pressed upon from without by the tyrannical exclusion of her laity from every post of honour or emolument; robbed of her altar and her ephod; driven into the wilderness to sacrifice to the Lord her God, the church was indeed become

“ a reproach and a taunt to the nations round about her.” Still the pastor of Glen Tilloch clung to his little flock with unwavering constancy—one with them in everything but in the supremacy of his office, and the extent of his sufferings.

For thirty years after his ejection, the worthy divine had toiled on against all the evils which beset his path ; and had been enabled in the meantime, to raise a humble edifice, in which his people might worship God according to the faith of their forefathers.

The year 1745, however, brought in its train fresh alarms and fresh persecutions. Within two years of this last outbreak in favour of the unfortunate Stuarts, Mr. Monkton's little church was burnt to the ground, his property destroyed, and his very life menaced by the brutal ferocity of a fanatical mob.

Still, full of confidence in the righteousness of his cause, he pressed forward, knowing that “ we must, through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God.” It is true his white hairs grew whiter, and his thin lips wore a paler hue ; but, except when borne down by immediate oppression, there was a cheerful alacrity in his voice and manner, full of hope and encouragement to all around him. But his crowning trial was yet to come. His little flock, become still less, under the severe discipline of misfortune, was once more gathered around him to hear the words of hope and comfort, and, while yet addressing them in the language of peace and charity, the house, in which they were assembled, was assailed, and himself rudely dragged from their sight.

The law prohibited a clergyman from ministering to more than four persons at a time, exclusive of his own family. Mr. Monkton was accused of transgressing this law. He admitted the charge, and was dragged to prison like a common felon, where he was condemned, for the space of six

months, to mourn over the spiritual wants of his people. Here the cup of his sufferings was full to the brim ! The dark sad picture of the dangers, the temptations, and the sufferings to which his flock were exposed, was ever present to his imagination. And when once again permitted to taste the free and unsullied air, it was only to bid a mournful and last adieu to his people : he was gathered to his rest.

The little community was henceforth doomed to undergo many vicissitudes. No one could be found intrepid enough to fill the dangerous post so recently left vacant. They were compelled therefore to look abroad to where the hand of God had fallen less heavily ; for, blessed be His goodness ! wherever there is a priest and an altar, there the churchman has a home and a mother's benediction.

It is Saturday night. Families and friends are every where assembling themselves together ; some from their farm, and some from their merchandise. The toil of the week is over, and the day of rest (once bringing with it the richest gifts of the Spirit) is at hand, and a general air of ease and contentment prevails. But, here and there, the scene is different : observe the heavy and bereaved expression of that aged and infirm man, as he leans upon his staff, and gazes, in sad abstractedness, on the neglected fire ! Watch again the stifled sigh and busy anxiety of the timid mother, as she looks abroad, from time to time, lest danger be at hand ; and now hearken to the stealthy step of one, two, and three of a family, who, instead of seeking the rest so natural, and so necessary to the wearied body, are stoutly bracing up their courage to the dangers and fatigues of a dreary night-march, to meet their dispersed brethren in the faith, in some remote dwelling, chosen for its security from the foot of the intruder.

Such were the trials of the church in Scotland, through many weary years : her light still burning—feebly it may

be—but nevertheless burning, amid the gross darkness that encompassed her.

At length in 1792, the penal law—that blot upon the escutcheon of a Christian government—was tardily repealed; and Presbyterian Scotland stood forth in an unenviable pre-eminence among the nations, earned by the unexampled number of years over which extended her persecution of the Church catholic!



CHAPTER II.

"There are two things necessary for a traveller to bring him to the end of his journey; a knowledge of his way, a perseverance in his walk. If he walk in a wrong way, the faster he goes, the farther he is from home; if he sit still in a right way, he may know his home, but never come to it."

WARWICK.

MANY years had now passed away, since the events recorded in the preceding chapter had occurred. The church had subsided into a kind of quiet and unobtrusive servitude. Conscious of her own short-comings and many infirmities, she endeavoured to receive her chastening with meekness; thankful for what she had, and humbled by what she had lost.

Several ministers had passed away from the restored congregation of Glen Tilloch. A modest and appropriate edifice had again been erected for the service of God, and the affairs of the church were assuming once more an appearance of permanency.

The face of the country was become greatly changed. A house here and there, had at first sprung up from the bosom of the heath-clad hill; then appeared a row, a street, a market-place; and at length Glen Tilloch gave its name to a populous town.

With a fine climate and cheap living, many, who had not the moral courage to confine their expenditure within the limits of their several incomes, in places where they were known, had found no difficulty in making the healthy breezes of Glen Tilloch, a pretence for necessary retrenchment.

English, Scotch, and Irish, were mingled together, and were fast losing their national characteristics in the daily intercourse of social life. The little church had sprung into comparative wealth and importance, and there was even some talk of building a new one to supersede the former. Mr. Irvine, the venerable divine, at this time the officiating minister of St. Mary's church, had for many years, been entrusted with the sacred charge ; and, ever disposed to look on the bright side of events, had begun to regard, with feelings of chastened complacency, the increasing number of his congregation.

When the persecutions of the church had deprived her of all outward advantages, many of her children had been driven for comfort and shelter, from the inclemency of the external atmosphere, into the inner recesses of her heavenly tabernacle ; and thus entering more fully into the depth, unity, and spirituality of her character, had become more and more closely united in faith and love with their forefathers in the Church of God.* But the case was now different. We shall have to show, that when the evil arises *within* herself, originating in her relaxed discipline, her declining faith, and her adoption of a temporizing expediency, the tendency of the church will be *outward*, and will eventually scatter her powers to the winds.

Mr. Irvine, grown grey in the service of the sanctuary, had lived to experience the miserable fruits of a church, professing principles that she does not practice ; and claiming an authority, that she does not dare to exercise.

Mild and unassuming in his natural character, he had, for a time, pursued his pastoral duties after the exact usage of his predecessor ; but a time had arrived which put it out

* See Note A at end of Chap. 8.

of any man's power to plead ignorance of the real nature and tendencies of the church's system, or of the almost irremediable mischief resulting from a single breach in the whole circle of her operations. It was not the mere force of other men's reasoning, founded upon an abstract question ; it was the light which that reasoning had thrown upon a practical duty ; and conscious that he was fast approaching the hour when he must " give an account of his stewardship," he was the more desirous of bequeathing to his successor, the inheritance of a better discipline.

The great accession to his congregation of late years, consisting in a great measure, of people collected from every quarter, and composed of persons of every imaginable shade of opinion, which the laxity of practice, both in Great Britain and in Ireland, had tolerated within the pale of the church, coupled with the irregularities in the observation of the ritual in Scotland, presented additional embarrassments in the path of Mr. Irvine, both by increasing existing evils, and by offering more obstinate impediments in the way of remedy. But having experienced in himself 'the holy and self-subduing efficacy of obedience and discipline, and having, so to speak, been favoured with a view of that land of promise which the church alone has the power to realize, he was anxious that his people should partake with him in this heavenly privilege.

If a wrong course will, in any case, admit of palliation or excuse, the discipline of the church in Scotland, may claim our indulgent consideration. Borne down by a persecution of more than a hundred years—a period unparalleled in the annals of Christian suffering—despoiled of her substance, and hunted down like a beast of prey, the wonder rather is, —were it not in the acknowledgment of God's most merciful providence—that in the midst of her unexampled privations,

she should have stood fast in the faith of the primitive church. Her temples had been wrested from her, and her altars had become the spoil and the scoff of the alien; the sacred symbols, which shut out all that appertains to this sinful world from the senses, and exhibit to us instead, the memorials of our faith and hope, had all been dishonoured and destroyed; and still, although houseless, and in the barren wilderness, she knelt in the faith and constancy of the earlier martyrs.

Being desirous of pointing out the practical evils which had sprung up in the church, the joint fruits of her former sins and subsequent sufferings, and anxious at the same time to enlist the kindly feeling and cordial co-operation of his people, Mr. Irvine addressed them in a special discourse; first on the authority, significancy, and beauty of the church, as the sole dispenser of the gifts and graces of the Spirit; next on the comfort and life-giving energy she was calculated and designed to impart; and lastly, on the obedience due from all her children, but more especially from such as had, like them, fallen away, and who were specially called upon to repent, and to do their "first works," lest their "candlestick" should be "removed out of his place."

The sermon was severely discussed. Some saw in it nothing more than a simple desire to correct acknowledged abuses; others, whose discernment was keener, beheld in it ill-disguised popery, and with it, a long train of dismal and undefined consequences. There was one lady in particular, among Mr. Irvine's hearers,—for a kind of necessity is laid upon us, thus to designate a portion of his congregation,—who resented this sermon as a personal attack upon herself. Miss Olivia Macgillivray, it appears, had made divinity her peculiar study, having written and published a book to which

she had given the title of "The Churches;" thus indicating a liberality which enabled her to "sit down,"—as she was wont to call fraternizing with dissenters—"with any body of Christians, as an expression of true catholicity. Her baptism into the Holy Catholic Church, she considered the mere *accident* of the case; had she been baptized by a Swedenborgian or a Socinian, it would have been much the same. She allowed to every one an unrestricted choice of creed, considering this as the divers operations of the same Spirit, and to all an equal claim to the privileges of a church. Indeed, in this way, having a creed peculiar to herself, she might be considered as one of "the churches" in her own person. She had a great deal to say on most subjects, and, moreover, was a great controversialist. She had a particular trick of requiring a precise explanation of every word and statement put before her. This gave her a great advantage over others. Plain people hate to be required to expound their meaning, especially when they have simply been expressing what they have heard, and taken for granted all their lives; many, therefore, allowed themselves to suffer an apparent defeat, rather than measure words with Miss Macgillivray. Some people ascribed this to diffidence of her own capacity, or a depreciation of her own abilities; but Miss Olivia's intellect was sufficiently acute to detect difficulties, where a humbler mind would have been satisfied with simply *believing*. It was rather intended to show the superiority of her understanding, which required more proofs, and better evidence than common, to meet its enlarged capacities. The mischief of a Miss Macgillivray is incalculable; modest people are overpowered; ignorant people over-persuaded; and weak people over-talked.

Miss Macgillivray was at a loss for some signal expression of her dissatisfaction, some mode of resistance to the doctrines

maintained in Mr. Irvine's sermon. Her first idea was to join herself to some of the schismatical communities around her ; but she had rambled about so long in search of a creed—not to which she might conform her practice, but which could be rendered subservient to her own pre-conceived notions, picked up chiefly from the platform oratory of a particular school in England,—as to be aware that such a step would be divested of its true point and significancy. At length, however, a thought suggested itself, by which she well knew how effectually she could barb the arrow she had in store.

Among the new comers into the once romantic wilds of Glen Tilloch, was a Major Baldwyn, and his two daughters, Felicia and Harriet. The Major had buried his wife many years before, and had considered his daughters' education sufficiently provided for, by the services of a governess of showy acquirements, but with few solid attainments. Had Felicia been favoured by early and judicious training, she had qualities which would have formed a pleasing and intelligent character ; but, possessed of a morbid and ill-regulated imagination, to every impulse of which she habitually yielded, she lay, as it were, at the mercy of whatever circumstance chanced to await her. Harriet was a more quiet character, but not essentially different from her sister.

The Major himself was a man of shallow attainments, with an obstinate temper and an overweening opinion of his own judgment. Brought up with a mere educational prejudice in favour of the English "establishment," he held it as a point of honour to abide by his profession ; but it was a kind of *geographical* distribution of the faith ; a sort of lottery, which in Scotland would have made him a presbyterian, as in England it had made him an episcopalian. He had a favourite theory in religion as well as in politics ; both decidedly "liberal," and both maintained with the most obsti-

nate and dogmatic intolerance. Such are some of the elements from amongst which, the minister of God has now to work out a system of uniformity in faith and practice : and such are the fruits of a careless or faltering enunciation of the peculiar and distinctive characteristics of the church.

Miss Macgillivray, who was quite capable of grasping the peculiarities of the Major, as well as the weaknesses of Felicia, succeeded without much difficulty in decoying the unhappy girl into an act of open disobedience to the church, and to her appointed minister, by attending the communion of the presbyterians, evidencing, by this act, an utter contempt for Mr. Irvine's teaching and authority. As it might have been expected, his spirit was unusually chafed by this wicked and flagrant breach of order in Miss Macgillivray, rendered the more sinful by the attempt to betray the very lambs of his flock, into the paths of error and confusion.

Mr. Irvine had been aware of the struggle that probably lay before him, should he follow up the desire to introduce a better discipline into his congregation, by the exercise of his ministerial powers, without first making them acquainted with the authority and the privileges of the church ; and although conscious of many irregularities both in the ritual observances, and in practical obedience, he had wisely withheld the exercise of this power, till he had left his people without excuse in transgressing against the order of the church. He had not dreamt however, of commencing his discipline with one so young, so inexperienced, and so unguarded as Felicia Baldwyn. Determined, notwithstanding, to do his duty firmly, consistently, and without reference to individuals, he endeavoured to stifle all feelings of pain and regret in the assertion of his ministerial authority.

His first step was to call on the Major, preparatory to any further measures which might unfortunately be necessary ;

and laying the nature of the grievance before him, pointed out in mild but forcible terms the evils and disorders already existing, which an example, such as that he now complained of, was calculated to foster and increase; and dwelling with feeling on the nature of the sin into which he had allowed his child to be betrayed.

The Major declared he could see no harm in any one communicating where he liked; nor any reason why he should not worship God according to his own pleasure.

"Suppose, Major Baldwyn, you apply this mode of reasoning to any earthly government," said Mr. Irvine, "what, let me ask you, would be the result?"

"I do not see what that can have to do with the question," replied the Major; "our worshipping God after any particular form will neither make us better subjects, nor better servants; nor, for anything I can see, better children and parents."

"But," said Mr. Irvine, "supposing I apply this view which you take, to your particular duties as a soldier? I can easily fancy a man fighting, and fighting bravely too, who yet failed in serving his master for want of a proper discipline. I can imagine, for instance," continued he, "yourself to have the command of a battalion on the field of battle; and that, supposing you fancied you saw some advantageous mode of attacking the enemy, what would be the consequences were you to disregard the orders of your superior, and follow out your own suggestions?"

"And how will you reduce the world to the condition of a regiment of soldiers?" asked the Major.

"As far as the church is concerned, the analogy holds perfectly good," said Mr. Irvine. "We are all the soldiers and servants of Christ, and are bound to act on a system of perfect unity. How can we expect in the Christian army, any more than in an army of soldiers, that we can overcome the enemy,

if instead of acting in perfect unison, we should separate into parties, and each fight in his own way, or should even turn our arms one against another ?”

“ But who is more ready to turn their arms against another, than yourself ?” inquired the Major, “ and what right have you to suppose that your orders are made out more clearly than those of others ?”

“ My orders,” replied Mr. Irvine, “ have been received through my superiors in the church ; and they again, tracing them through the Christian army up to the time of the apostles, have received their’s by a regular and unbroken succession.”

“ And what say you of those, who declare they have received their commission direct from heaven ?” triumphantly asked the Major.

“ Why, just what I should say of you,” said Mr. Irvine, “ if you asserted that you had received your’s immediately from the sovereign, without the intervention of her ministers and officers, being nevertheless destitute of credentials, by which you could prove this extraordinary exercise of power.”

“ At any rate,” said the Major, evidently puzzled how to proceed, “ this has very little to do, as far as I can see, with the forms and alterations you are introducing into the service ; and which was the real reason that Felicia was persuaded into going to the kirk.”

“ I am not aware,” said Mr. Irvine, “ of any instance in which I have transgressed the rubric ?”

“ I know nothing about these rubrics and new-fangled things,” said the Major ; “ I only know we have got on very well without them, and I see no reason why we are now to be hampered with them.”

“ I will take leave to put the matter before you in another point of view,” said Mr. Irvine. “ You are a soldier Major

Baldwyn, and, no doubt, entered the service of your sovereign under certain laws and restrictions, to which, as a man of honour, you have acted conformably?"

The Major drew himself up to his full bearing, as though challenging the remotest doubt or suspicion, as he said, "I trust I have, Sir."

"Well," said Mr. Irvine, "I am also sworn into the service of a master; and though unhappily, I cannot boast of the entire fulfilment of my duty, I trust you will admit that the only amends I have it now in my power to make, is by a more careful and rigid attention to it in future."

"I cannot understand," replied the Major peevishly, "why the fulfilment of your duty should require you, for instance, to baptize children in the middle of the service in preference to any other time?"

"You have sworn to serve and obey the sovereign of these realms in the person of her appointed officers. I serve a heavenly King," said Mr. Irvine, "and I am equally, and surely not less solemnly sworn to obey Him in His representative—the Church. Would you have me to hold my oath of less weight and authority than your own? Remember," he continued, "the church is no system or theory devised and set apart by the wisdom of man, as merely conducive to order, or as otherwise expedient; it is," he added solemnly, "the kingdom of God upon earth; who, though He be 'gone into a far country,' and have committed it to the government of servants, will yet return, and require those servants to 'give an account of their stewardship.'"

The Major still insisted on the hardship of sitting out this additional service, for the sake of seeing other people's children baptized.

Mr. Irvine smiled sadly as he resumed, "This is not exactly the light in which to regard this holy rite. Inde-

pendently of its intrinsic importance, it is really less the affair of the parents than it is that of the church. We are there, as incorporated members of a society, having God for its Founder and Head; and we are present not only to witness the right reception of a member into that society, but to unite our prayers that God would vouchsafe His Holy Spirit to the infant so coming, that he may be born again, and made an heir of everlasting salvation; but likewise to take, as it were, the pledge of the sponsors, that this child shall be brought up in the true faith, and 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Like the daughter of Pharaoh, the church of which you are a member, adopts this child—otherwise exposed to certain risk—becomes responsible for its maintenance as her own, and returns it to its parent as to a hired servant to nurse, till such time as it can take upon itself the duties and ceremonies of the royal household."

After a moment, Mr. Irvine resumed, "It has been the sin of the church, as it is now her shame and her punishment that she has so far neglected to 'keep her light burning,' as to have the divine significance of this holy ordinance so dimly seen, and so little understood. Surely it is time for her servants to be up and doing; and God so willing it, I am determined to do my duty. The result I shall leave in His hands who best knows my trials, and my infirmities." And turning to Felicia, and affectionately taking her hand in his, he continued, "This is your first wilful transgression against the church, and I can easily believe you ignorant, my dear child, of the magnitude of the offence into which you have been thoughtlessly betrayed, sinning, at once against God, against yourself, and against me, your appointed minister and pastor, who must be accountable at the last great day, for the manner in which I have kept watch over the people committed to my trust. Let me at least,

have the satisfaction of hearing you say that you are sorry for what is past."

Felicia's eyes filled with tears. Happy age! when our affections stand in the stead of deeper convictions; youth's uncontaminated feelings, in the room of holier aspirations! How little think we of the precious charge entrusted to our care in the guiding and guarding of the youthful mind! While yet the baptismal robe is pure and unsullied, and ere sin has exercised its baneful influence over the renewed nature, how sweet, how comparatively *easy* to guard the precious deposit! And how doubly condemned will he be, who, taking advantage of the ductility of the youthful mind, moulds it to the pattern of a cold and sceptical age!

"Miss Baldwyn," interposed the Major, imperiously, "has done no wrong either to the church, or to you; and I will neither have her feelings tampered with, nor my own authority superseded."

"When your authority is rightly directed," firmly replied Mr. Irvine, "far be it from me to interfere; but you will pardon me, Major Baldwyn, if I say that in the present instance, it is *you* who are superseding *my* authority. I am the guardian of the church in this place, and it is my duty to see that she is not put to open shame by the rebellious conduct of her professed adherents; and unless I have an unequivocal promise both from yourself, and from your daughter, of submission to the church, I am determined to proceed to the exercise of the power, vested in me by virtue of my office."

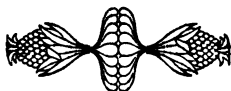
"And what may that be?" asked the Major.

"It is simply this," said Mr. Irvine, "that unless I have an acknowledgment of your fault, and an expressed determination never to repeat it, I must refuse to admit you to the Lord's table."

"We may perhaps *try* that question," said the Major, crimsoning with ill-concealed rage.

"As you please, Major Baldwyn," said the divine; "and you, my beloved child," added the grieved and offended pastor to the sobbing Felicia, "may God bless you, and give you grace to choose this day, whom you will serve, the world or Him."

Not even the obdurate pride of Major Baldwyn could withstand the touching effect of these few words. He followed Mr. Irvine to the door, with an assurance of his undiminished regard and respect. "Nay, nay," said the aggrieved pastor "first make your peace with God, whose authority you have set at nought, and then *our* differences will be easily adjusted."



CHAPTER III.

" In my religion, I dare entertain
 No fancies hatched in mine own weak brain
 Nor private spirits ; but am ruled by
 The scriptures, and that church authority
 Which with the ancient faith, doth best agree."

WITHERS.

WE are always reluctant to speak of our fair sisters of the creation with less than the indulgence which we consider to be their prescriptive right ; holding with old Fuller, as we do, that their " weakness is a shield to defend them from a valiant man." But being anxious to introduce a " full length" portrait of our gifted authoress upon " churches," it may perhaps be needful to offer a few introductory remarks before we again present her to our readers. Miss Macgillivray was a great stickler for " a pure, spiritual worship," which she deemed was not necessarily accompanied with *any* form of confession. " We can live," she was wont to argue, " altogether independently of society, although the condition might not be a desirable one ; so may we spiritually exist alone, and as completely as in a crowd, while, at the same time, the assembling of ourselves may be an exercise of pleasing consciousness as to that existence." With these views it is obvious that the same motives and inducements which placed her in the drawing-room circle, took her either to the church, or to the meeting-house ; and as all outward signs or indications

of the inward life, were, in her estimation, without value, she thought herself at full liberty to act *apart* from her spiritual self, and to indulge in dress, or gossip, or scandal, or any other work of the flesh; at least such might be inferred from her general and avowed predilections. Indeed it often struck the guileless mind of Mr. Irvine, as something inexplicable, that a lady who had studied divinity, and likewise written on the "churches," should embarrass herself with so elaborate an arrangement in the affairs of the toilette, as Miss Macgillivray ostentatiously did; and as this was coupled with a constant plea of poverty, it puzzled Mr. Irvine exceedingly, to fathom the argument. As to this almost universal plea of poverty, knowing, as we do, how very few people *really* like to be thought poor, we consider it ought not to be taken in a literal sense, but as a mere *façon de parler*, a kind of poetical fiction, as well understood as the "not at home" of the accomplished footman.

After Mr. Irvine's unsuccessful appeal to Major Baldwin, he next turned his thoughts towards Miss Macgillivray, as the chief delinquent in the late affair; but hoping that his previous interview with the Major might have a beneficial effect upon her, as showing her the evil to which she had rendered herself obnoxious, and might possibly prepare her to receive his admonitions in a better spirit than he durst otherwise anticipate, he determined to defer his visit till a future day, and proceeded to Auchvenean, the residence of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, both persons of excellent and amiable dispositions. The latter, indeed, might have shared the eulogium earned by the wife of Izaak Walton, being "a woman of the primitive piety." He found her busily occupied in embroidering a costly altar cover for St. Mary's church; and after a quarter of an hour's conversation, was a little perplexed by the announcement of Miss

Macgillivray as a morning visitor. Fashion, as well as misfortune, makes us acquainted with strange companions. No two women were ever more totally unlike, than those, thus brought by the accident of custom, into social intercourse. But Olivia was happy in an easy self-possession, which defied the influence of an unfavourable comparison. Mr. Irvine addressed her much as usual, and took an early opportunity of calling her attention to the beauty of Mrs. Farquharson's needle-work. Miss Macgillivray was not easily daunted; and neither restrained by Mrs. Farquharson's presence, nor abashed by her own recent delinquency towards her clergyman, she unhesitatingly denounced everything of the kind as popish and ceremonial.

"Extremes always meet," said Mrs. Farquharson, smiling, "and on the strength of this old fashioned adage, I think I could prove *you* to be more popish than *I* am ever likely to be?"

"And how will you prove that?" said Miss Macgillivray.

"I will certainly take some opportunity of doing so," replied Mrs. Farquharson, "but as I am not fond of obtruding my divinity in the presence of Mr. Irvine, I must beg leave to defer it for the present."

"Nothing vexes me more," said Mr. Irvine, "than the humiliating fact that whatever contributes to the solemnity of God's worship, and helps to realize the great gifts of the church, as the sole medium of our union with Christ, and with the unseen world; whatever tends to maintain the efficacy of sacramental worship, and so to do honour to the ritual system of the church, as something spiritual and divine; in short, whatever aids in withdrawing our senses from the things of this world, and in fixing them on the things of eternity, is taken from us, and given to a system, to which you, Miss Macgillivray, in common with many others, would make it a reproach for us to belong."

"Notwithstanding all this, I am quite convinced," replied Miss Macgillivray, pertly, "that these things are as much calculated to draw off our attention from the object of our faith and love, as from the things of the earth."

"If," said the usually gentle Mrs. Farquharson, "we are not afraid of our *own* finery drawing off our attention from God, let us not fear the poor offerings we bring to His altar. We have been so accustomed to sacrifice at the shrine of our own vanities, that we have well nigh forgotten Him, who freely gives us all things to enjoy; and have left His temple almost as meagre as our piety. I am not sure," she continued, smiling on Mr. Irvine, "whether you ought not to prescribe the discipline of a little sackcloth to us, so greatly have we erred in this respect."

"But really, Mrs. Farquharson," said Olivia, changing her ground, "when so many claims are made upon one's pecuniary resources, I must think the money thus bestowed, might, with equal propriety, have been devoted to the cause of the poor and needy."

"This is so common a plea, that you scarcely surprise me," said Mr. Irvine; "but surely, you have not forgotten the costly offering of the humble Mary, and the gracious promise annexed to that act of simple faith?"

"Mamma," said a little girl, about nine years old, "was it not Judas who wanted to sell the box of ointment to give the money to the poor?"

Miss Macgillivray looked a little disconcerted, and Mr. Irvine resumed. "In short you will always find that where your arguments go against the church, they will be found to go against the Bible. Would then that I could persuade you to commit yourself to her guidance! Would that I could make you sensible of the riches of that inheritance you so lightly esteem!"

"The church would be more esteemed by me," said Miss Macgillivray, "were she less cold, less lifeless, and less unspiritual and unedifying than I find her to be."

"You have, at least," rejoined Mr. Irvine, "the benefit of a compilation, allowed by the very enemies of the church, to be unrivalled for its wondrous capabilities in meeting the wants and infirmities of the Christian, under every aspect of his state and condition."

"I do not allude altogether to the prayers," said Miss Macgillivray, "whatever I may think of the vain repetitions with which they abound."

"Indeed! and where do you meet with these vain repetitions?" asked Mr. Irvine.

"O! in many places," said Olivia, "for instance, in the use of the Lord's prayer."

"If the church had never relaxed her usage," said Mr. Irvine, "which opened the doors of the sanctuary to the poor, the penitent, and the afflicted, at nearly all hours of the day,—a practice you would probably be one of the first to condemn, Miss Macgillivray—instead of crowding all her services into one or two, you would scarcely have had to complain even of this repetition; and yet, being in the very words of our blessed Master, it seems to me, hardly becoming, to denounce the frequent use of it as 'vain!'"

"I believe the Prayer Book," said Miss Olivia, doggedly, "is chiefly esteemed as being the badge of a bigotted adherence to one particular form of worship, to the exclusion of all others. Our Saviour commanded the apostles to 'preach the gospel unto all nations;' we hear nothing there of the 'church,' of 'liturgies,' and of 'forms of prayer.'"

"I shall pass over your disparagement of the Prayer Book," said Mr. Irvine, "convinced that, if its own intrinsic worth and beauty, appeal not to your affections, nothing that I can

say in its favour will move them ; but with regard to the particular terms of the apostles' mission, will you allow me to explain that the word ' preach,' if strictly rendered, should have been ' disciple,' or, ' make disciples.' So that wherever a church has been planted, there the gospel *has* been preached. Wherever, in short, a child of Adam has been baptized into the Body of Christ, there a disciple has been made, and there the gospel has been preached.

" Of course," said Miss Macgillivray, " holding, as you do, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, your notions respecting the preaching of the gospel, must be altogether different from mine."

" And yet you profess to adhere to a church which has ever held this Catholic doctrine ;" observed Mr. Irvine.

" I have some doubts of that latter fact," replied the lady, " and if she does, the circumstance affects *me* very little ; for *I* certainly do not hold it."

" I did not expect to be led into a discussion of this nature on the present occasion," said Mr. Irvine, " but as the minister of God is to be ready ' in season and out of season,' I would fain ask upon what grounds you are led to deny this doctrine ?"

" I deny it on this ground," replied Miss Macgillivray, " that as the regenerated, can never become unregenerated, and as there are thousands baptized into the church, whom we cannot, even by the utmost stretch of charity, hope will be saved, therefore I maintain that baptism does not, at least necessarily, regenerate."

" Perhaps you will allow me to put a few questions to you," said Mr. Irvine, " which may serve to place this matter in a right point of view, without inquiring what God can, or can *not* do ; which may possibly do better than a profane dispute upon mere abstract points. You admit the doctrine of

original sin, caused by the disobedience and the fall of our first parents?"

"Certainly I do," said Miss Macgillivray.

"You admit the garden of Eden to have been a place especially set apart from the rest of the earth, where they were blessed with peculiar privileges; which privileges they forfeited by their fall?"

"I admit both," she replied.

"Do you allow the Church of Christ to be the antitype of Paradise?—a state where we are admitted into covenant with God—and that in consequence of original sin, we are born aliens to this covenant?"

"I see no reason to question either," said Miss Macgillivray.

"And now tell me," said Mr. Irvine, "can we, do you think, get back of our own will and power to this garden of Eden, or Church of God?"

"Most certainly not," she replied.

"And can we hope to be saved without being again admitted into covenant with God? In other words, without being re-admitted into His Church?"

"Of course we cannot; but the question resolves itself into this; what is the Church?" said Miss Macgillivray.

"This is exactly what I want to prove," said Mr. Irvine, "and I must therefore request your patience while I continue to put a few more interrogations to you. I am pleased with the admissions you have already made," continued he, "because I think they place our discussion on something like a firmer basis. You admit that we cannot return of our own will and power. Will you now kindly explain to me *how* we are to get back to this privileged state of covenant with God?"

"It is by the free grace of God," was the ready reply.

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"Most assuredly it is by the free grace of God," said Mr. Irvine, "but in what way does God extend this grace to us? Is it by *means* or by *miracle*?"

Miss Macgillivray evidently began here to have some misgivings, and would fain have left the question in a fluent harangue on "free grace," the "simplicity of the gospel," and a few other platform phrases; Mr. Irvine, however, waited with admirable patience, and again pressed his question. After some hesitation she replied, "It is by prayer and faith that we enter in."

"Remember," said Mr. Irvine, "we are *out* of the church when you make us to exercise this act of faith in prayer. Now, the church teaches that we cannot pray *acceptably*, while we are out of this state of grace or covenant with God."

"Then how," asked Miss Macgillivray, triumphantly, "can we come to Christ by faith?"

"There are numerous passages in scripture," temperately answered Mr. Irvine, "in which you will find how wonderfully closely God has vouchsafed the analogy of spiritual things, with such as come before our actual senses. A child has life before he is born into the world, but he is without the power to speak; and if there be not strength to come to the birth, he dies. And thus it is in the spiritual existence. There is life; but unless there be strength to come to the light, the life perishes. We must believe, as did the Ethiopian eunuch; but this belief will be of no avail, unless it bring us to the door of Christ's fold. Now, if I understand you aright, you maintain *faith* to be the state of *grace*; that is to say, instead of baptism once more admitting us into covenant with God, whereby we are made very members of Christ's mystical body—the Church, you view the Church in the light of a simple corporation or society, voluntarily

entered into, by which we take upon ourselves the title of 'Christian:' where, though still lying under God's wrath and condemnation, we are to expect that our faith and prayers, (both signs of God's grace in the heart,) are miraculously to open to us the gate of salvation."

"Still," said Miss Macgillivray, "I cannot understand how any one, upon whom God has once put His seal of salvation, can ever fall away from a state of grace."

"But why not take the Bible as it is?" said Mr. Irvine, "the Bible states facts which you are enjoined to believe. It nowhere insists on the consent of the understanding. 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?' was the unbelieving question of the leprous Naaman; but how different from the humble suggestion of the Ethiopian, 'See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?' " "In fact," continued Mr. Irvine, "this question of the understanding, will involve you in endless difficulties. For, in a word, what is there that you really do understand? You believe that a grain of wheat, thrown into the ground will rise into renewed life; why not believe that the same power which can, in a manner, so far exceeding your comprehension, raise this seed, can also, by the waters of baptism, raise us to newness of life? Better, far better would it be, if instead of insisting on the consent of the individual understanding, we would receive the engrafted word, as uttered by the voice of the Church, the true organ of divine truth, and sole minister of God's grace."

Miss Macgillivray laughed. "I never heard the voice of the Church," she said, "but I have read the Bible."

"You have lived so entirely in the bustle and din of human oratory," said Mr. Irvine, "and your ears have been so stunned with the noisy harangues of popular preaching, that I do not wonder the voice of the Church has never reached

you. Your senses have so drunk in of the fury of the whirlwind, the crash of the earthquake, and the glare of the fire, that the 'still small voice' of God in His Church, has never been heard by you; or if heard, you have not, I fear, like the prophet, covered your face with your mantle, and gone forward into the light to learn the Lord's pleasure. But let me not," he continued, smilingly, "forget good old George Herbert's injunction :

' Be calm in arguing ; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesie.'

but rather let me lead you, by a short way, to the teaching of the Church. For I am convinced that if this one fundamental doctrine of Catholic truth, baptismal regeneration, was once received, all other truths would naturally follow.

"Do you remember," he resumed, "what St. Paul says, with regard to the baptism of the Israelites in the Red Sea?"

Miss Macgillivray never scrupled to show her knowledge, even at the expense of her argument, she therefore repeated, 'Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud, and in the sea.' "

"I thank you," said Mr. Irvine, "now tell me, do you admit that *all* the children of Israel were the chosen, the ransomed of God, when they entered the wilderness?"

"Undoubtedly they were, so far, the elect people of God," answered Miss Macgillivray.

"Well then," continued Mr. Irvine, "hearken to the voice of the Church as uttered by the mouth of the same holy apostle, 'But with many of them God was not well pleased, for they were overthrown in the wilderness.' Here the Church

teaches that many who are the chosen, the redeemed, the covenanted or baptized people of God, may be overthrown in the wilderness of their probation, and never reach the promised inheritance. The Israelites were all received into the covenant, and blessed with the promises of God; but nevertheless many sinned and perished from among them. And so with the Church; all who are admitted into her communion are her spiritual children,—her ransomed ones. And now hear the voice of the Church as spoken by her divine Head: ‘again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind.’ Again, He compares it to a field of wheat, in which grow also tares; and in both cases the good are to be selected from the bad; the one to be preserved and treasured up to everlasting life, the other to be cast away and destroyed. Therefore, many who are regenerated and born again, may spiritually die, if not fed and nourished unto life. Here again we see the analogy between the spiritual and the natural life; for its birth is only its commencement, and in both cases it equally requires to be nourished and preserved. The wilderness lay between the Red Sea and Canaan; the time of our probation intervenes between the time of our new birth in baptism, and our rest in hope beyond the grave. The voice of the Church—the echo of her divine Master’s teaching, and repeated by His holy apostles and prophets—was embodied, at an early age, in her creeds and liturgies, and it is still distinctly uttered by her through the various formularies and offices of her Book of Prayer. Let me beseech you, my dear Miss Macgillivray,” continued Mr. Irvine, “to listen to this voice that you may joyfully stand ‘in your lot in the end of the days.’”

“I will not join the bigoted hue-and-cry against a whole nation of Christians,” exclaimed Miss Macgillivray, petu-

lantly, "they are as good as we, and quite as much the children of God, in spite of our formularies and books of Common Prayer."

"I would not, for worlds, take upon me to deny the fact," said Mr. Irvine, "but so were Korah and his company the children of God; but what was the fearful punishment which fell upon them for rebelling against the institution of God's holy Church in the wilderness, and for assuming to themselves the office of the priesthood?"

"Say what you please," said Miss Macgillivray, "I glory in my freedom from the trammels of any particular creed. As long as I read the Bible, and see so many things in favour of other systems, I will never believe that God meant *one* especially to harness mankind to its yoke; and till I see it otherwise, I will take every opportunity of testifying, publicly and fearlessly, against the tyranny of any system which endeavours to drown the voice of reason and of the understanding, given to us for our use and instruction."

"I have inadvertently been led into this discussion," said Mr. Irvine, mildly, "and nothing was farther from my intention than to make it a matter of personal invective. Nevertheless I think it my duty to warn you against the consequences, if I understand you rightly, of a public testimony against the Church, while yet professing to be a member of it. I meant, also, to have addressed you solemnly on the heinousness of your sin in betraying one of the lambs of my fold into an open breach of the Church's discipline; but this discussion more than ever proves to me, that where the eyes are wilfully closed, no light will ever reach them."

"And what consequences have I to fear?" said Miss Macgillivray, haughtily.

"They may possibly be light in your estimation, Miss

Macgillivray," said Mr. Irvine, "but whether or not, you must repent and recant also, before I can again admit you to the holy communion of the Church." Mr. Irvine did not wait for a reply, but bowing to the ladies, he left the room with Mr. Farquharson, who had been a silent spectator during a considerable part of the argument.

Miss Macgillivray, crimson with spite and anger, was silent for a few minutes after Mr. Irvine's departure; at length turning to Mrs. Farquharson, she said, "I see plainly I shall be driven from the Church altogether."

"And why so?" gently asked Mrs. Farquharson.

"Who, do you suppose, can tolerate such tyranny as this?" replied Miss Macgillivray.

"You will forgive me, Miss Macgillivray," said Mrs. Farquharson, "if I observe that there are two sides to an argument—the right and the wrong—and till it can be proved which is the right, and which is the wrong, it is also to be proved, on which side rests the tyranny. I feel so entire a dependence upon Mr. Irvine's judgment, and so great a veneration for his character, that I confess I cannot see what cause you have to be dissatisfied."

Miss Macgillivray was at a loss upon what to ground a complaint. At length she said, that independent of many things of which she could not in conscience approve, there was an absence and a stillness, not to say a coldness, in Mr. Irvine's manner of performing the service, which, to a person of lively susceptibilities, like herself, was destructive of all warmth and animation.

"I trust," gently answered Mrs. Farquharson, "that the calm, subdued, and consistent fulfilment of our Christian duties, will be as acceptable at the throne of grace, as the overflowings of a temporary excitement. Indeed, I believe, it will be more so."

"But temperaments differ," argued Miss Macgillivray, "what may be food to you, may be starvation to me."

Mrs. Farquharson saw the point of this remark, but merely said, "I cannot understand what you can mean by 'starvation,' Miss Macgillivray. Surely you do not mean to say, that blessed as we are, in our communion with the Church, admitted to the privileges of our Christian covenant with God, and nourished by the spiritual food of the Lord's table, we can call ourselves in a state of starvation?"

"That is not exactly what I mean," said Miss Macgillivray, "I alluded to the deadness of one's feelings in a service so cold and formal as Mr. Irvine undoubtedly makes it—to me at least."

"But are you sure," replied Mrs. Farquharson, "that the coldness of which you complain may not be a defect in your own devotional feelings? I should be sorry to offend you, but it certainly does appear to me—a member of Christ's catholic Church—joining in worship with the saints, and echoing the praises of angels and archangels, that there is something fearful in a person talking of deadness and want of spiritual warmth in the worship of God. What means of spiritual warmth and animation *would* you have? The angels themselves are scarcely more privileged than we are, could we but realize these privileges."

"Really, Mrs. Farquharson," said Miss Macgillivray, "I think you are worse than Mr. Irvine. Sinful creatures like us, talking of the privileges of the angels! I am absolutely shocked to hear you."

"It is because we *are* such sinful creatures," replied Mrs. Farquharson, firmly, "that our eyes are so blind to our privileges, as to make the very mention of them an astonishment to us. God is our Creator; and by a covenant of grace, He is become our Father. He wills our salvation; and He has

purchased it by the death of his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. He gives us the means of grace, by our adoption into the Church of Christ ; sustains us by the aid of His Holy Spirit, in our warfare against sin ; and encourages us with the hopes of eternal glory. What privileges have the angels more than we, except in the fruition of glory ?”

“ Well,” said Miss Macgillivray, “ let us never again hear of a ‘ world lying in sin,’ when a mere membership in ‘ the Church,’ so called, procured at half an hour’s notice, can admit of the adoption of such language as this !”

CHAPTER IV.

“ The humble soul composed of love and fear,
 Begins at home, and lays the burden there
 When doctrines disagree ;
 He says in things which use hath justly got,
 I am a scandal to the church, and not
 The church is so to me.”

GEORGE HERBERT.

FOR a few weeks matters went on much as usual. Mr. Irvine was steady in his resolution to correct some of the more glaring defects in the observation of the ritual, but doing nothing capriciously, nor without first explaining the use, the beauty, and the necessity of the various observances of the Church, and proving to his people, that however insignificant forms may be in themselves, they become of vast importance as signs of that which the form is meant to convey: and that it was worthy of all record, that wherever the form had been rejected, the loss of the doctrine speedily followed.

“ Observe,” he said, “ the English Church. In order to conciliate the foreign reformers, from whom she was justly unwilling to separate, she gave up the oblation and invocation, in the celebration of the holy eucharist; and the consequence has been that the doctrine of the real presence in that blessed ordinance, is now generally either misapprehended or utterly repudiated. There is nothing understood by the majority, between a lifeless memorial of our Saviour’s death

on the one hand, and His actual and bodily presence in the sacrament, on the other. Thus error, on both sides of the Church has led to very similar results. Sectarians will not believe in mysteries, because they cannot define them; and Rome defines them, because she will understand them—she will be infallible. So long as we are creatures of sense, we must submit to receive the senses as the vehicles of our instruction. The form is nothing except as representing something to us which we cannot otherwise receive. Speech is a form—the alphabet or written character, is a form. How are we to convey a knowledge of God, or of virtue, but by one or the other of these two forms? Worshipping towards the East is undoubtedly a form—but one pregnant with meaning;—and this act has in it the power of more rapidly conveying the meaning than either speech or writing could do, and at the same time imparts a far more vivid sense of the *reality* of that which the form is meant to teach and convey. Whatever the reason may be it would be difficult to determine; but the fact is certain, that from the very beginning, the East and the worship of the true God have always been connected. Thus in Paradise what may be called the sanctuary was towards the East. ‘And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden: and there he put the man whom He had formed.’ The passage of the Israelites was eastward from Egypt—the land of darkness. It is believed that when the Tabernacle was reared by divine command, in the wilderness, it was always pitched due east and west; the most holy place being towards the East. So it was in the Temple. The glory of the Lord which overshadowed the cherubim over the mercy seat, was at the east end. The star which intimated the birth of our Saviour arose in the east. On the other hand it has been remarked that when the sons of Noah began to forget God, and to adopt an idolatrous form

of worship, they are said to have turned their backs on the East. ‘And it came to pass, as they journeyed *from the East*, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar.’ When our blessed Lord ascended into heaven, it was from a place *eastward* of Jerusalem. There are numerous other passages where the east is used as significant of light and truth. It was in the east that the first intimation of our Lord’s advent was vouchsafed ; and it is in the east that His second appearance is expected. It is a singular fact, and worthy of remark also, that the idolatrous temples of the heathen were generally placed *westward*, and that Rome, in adopting these temples, and converting them into Christian churches, still retains this position. It is true, it can matter little to Him, who is everywhere present, in what direction His servants turn to worship Him ; but were it for no other reason than this, that all they who have turned aside from the true faith, despise this form, and deny its divine significancy, it is surely enough to recommend it to our adoption. God is ever working out His wondrous system of analogy. The natural light arises in the east ; so does the spiritual ; let us therefore keep our eyes so fixed eastward, that we may ever keep this light in remembrance. And is there a heart so cold, an imagination so dead, as to be insensible to the animating idea of a world—should that world ever become truly catholic—turning with one voice, one gesture, one view, towards the scene of its earthly redemption, the place of its heavenly anticipations !”

Thus did Mr. Irvine, by whatever was pure, lovely, winning, and of good report in the Church, endeavour to mould his people to the features of the primitive Christian in faith and practice.

In the mean time Major Baldwyn had left home for some time, taking his daughters with him ; and Miss Macgillivray,

still writhing under a recollection of her visit to Auchvenean, was, if possible, more active than ever, in the propagation of schism and discontent in the parish. The slightest variation in the emphasis of a word, was remarked upon, as an attempt to give an undue prominence to some obsolete doctrine; the slightest change in ritual observances, as a direct advance towards popery.

Time wore on; and the period fixed for the administration of the holy communion drew near. Mr. Irvine encouraged himself with a remote hope that some steps would be taken towards recantation by Miss Macgillivray. Conscious of no direliction of duty, and aware of no unauthorized practice, he could not bring himself to believe in an obstinate and prolonged resistance to his authority.

At length the day arrived, but no steps had been taken towards a reconciliation with the Church, and Mr. Irvine began to fear that, rather than submit, Miss Macgillivray would sacrifice the comfort and benefit of this holy ordinance. He was much grieved, but unmoved in his determination to abide by the law of the Church, which requires the renunciation of error, before she re-admit the "lapsed" into her bosom.

When the ordinary morning service was over, Mr. Irvine observed that Miss Macgillivray kept her seat. He was surprised, and a vague suspicion crossed his mind, that she meant to put his authority to a public test. Shocked at this audacious instance of insubordination, but unwilling to disturb the minds of his people, by a public declaration of his intention to withhold the Church's ordinance, he sent to request her attendance for a few moments' in the vestry, but Miss Macgillivray kept her seat, and the service of the day was resumed.

At the time of the administration of the sacred elements, and when about a third of the people had retired from the

altar, Miss Macgillivray steadily advanced to the rail. Mr. Irvine proceeded with perfect calmness till he reached the spot where she knelt. He then said audibly, "it is necessary that you be reconciled to the Church, before you are admitted to this holy feast."

A thrill of astonishment ran through the whole congregation; and it is difficult to say, whether pity for their cruelly urged minister, or commiseration for the unhappy woman, chiefly prevailed.

Miss Macgillivray had buoyed herself up with the conviction, that Mr. Irvine would not venture to go the length of openly refusing her admission to the holy table. Completely thrown off her guard by this public reproof, burning with shame, and swelling with pride and anger, she yielded to a genuine burst of tears, and immediately quitted the church.

It would be in vain to say that all, even of the best disposed among his congregation, concurred with Mr. Irvine in the justice of this sentence. A false feeling of compassion, a spurious notion of charity, and a something arising at the sight of grief, had their several influences. They knew not, that although the punishment had been public and signal, yet the vindictive temper, the insolent defiance, and the deliberate provocation, were all sheltered under the smooth exterior of this definer of "churches."

Those who have ever lived in a country town, will perfectly understand the air of bustle and agitation which a remarkable event, however trifling, especially if it be of a local nature, is apt to create. It is the very spirit of ancient Athens; the mind of man seems ever bent upon either telling or hearing "some new thing." Groups and knots of people, gathered together at the corners of streets, at the post-office, or wherever else the greatest concourse of indivi-

duals may be expected. Some looking serious, some laughing, others whispering, and looking ominous and prophetic. Such was the appearance of Glen Tilloch on the morning after Miss Macgillivray's trial of strength with Mr. Irvine. Had the event affected the stability of the monarchy, it could scarcely have excited greater attention, or more profound discussion.

In most cases, we have observed, that the public sympathy is with the defeated, whether right or wrong, but nevertheless, it has a wonderful capability in the final and exact adjustment of its opinions. Few object to a little exercise of authority, when operating in their own favour; but the pride of human nature rebels against it, when wielded by the hand of another. For some time, compassion for the mortified Miss Macgillivray, created a manifest feeling in her favour; but as the particulars of the affair gradually evolved themselves, many began to see in it, features of a very disagreeable character as regarded this lady.

"The multitude never blush," otherwise the refractory members of the congregation might well have done so, to hear even those of an adverse creed denounce the factious and mischievous spirit which had wantonly stirred up this division. Still the evil was abroad. Although many abuses had been gradually corrected, and the liturgy brought nearer to its original beauty, without opposition from any party, and even with the cordial and glad concurrence of such as knew how to appreciate the value and importance of these corrections, yet they were now canvassed, frequently in the most acrimonious temper. Few, perhaps, however well they might have been instructed from the pulpit, could measure the exact bearings of a question involving so deep a principle. For in fact the Church is government, *versus* disorder—monarchy *versus* democracy. It is whether the Church shall govern, and teach and judge;

or whether man shall be free to follow the leadings of his own unrenewed nature. We hear a great deal about priestcraft and tyranny, and of the clergy "lording it over God's heritage;" but let a man who thus thinks of the ministrations of the Church, put himself in the place of the ancient Israelites, and what would be his feeling, though living under a visible theocracy, with regard to the burdensome and expensive ritual, through the numerous and stringent forms of which, they were required to worship their Maker? The answer doubtless would be, in the first place, "that God had a special purpose in view, when placing the Jews under a system of religion which imperatively cut them off from mingling with the idolatrous nations around them." Most true; but was it of *knowledge* or of *faith*, that the Jew submitted to these many minute forms, of the force and significancy of which, he could have had but a very remote idea? And in the next place, it might be urged "that such a system was totally unfit for man in his present advanced state of science and knowledge." And may we presume—we tremble to ask the question!—to limit the wisdom of God to His present view of man's necessities; to confine His knowledge of man to the present hour? After the full development of His plan of redemption, doubtless God saw fit to lighten the burden of the Levitical ritual; but man is ever the same, ever encompassed with the same infirmities, and exposed to similar temptations; he requires still to be hedged in on every side, by forms, rituals, laws, and governments, to keep him steadfast in the path of truth.

Among the alterations which Mr. Irvine had thought it right to introduce into the service, was one regarding the weekly offering—a practice still preserved in the Scottish branch of the Church. Instead, however, of devoting this fund to the relief of the poor, it has been rendered neces-

sary, from the depressed condition of the Church, to apply it chiefly towards the support of the clergy. Mr. Irvine, conceiving that this alteration in the appropriation of the offerings, could, by no possible distortion of argument, be less "an offering and sacrifice to the Lord;" and believing also, that to treat this practice of the Church, as a mere secular expedient for raising money, was an outrage on the sanctity of the place, he determined on following the rubric concerning this office, and—instead of sitting down during the collection from pew to pew,—to read one or more of the offertory sentences, and afterwards reverently to place the offerings on the altar, in order that God would please to accept and bless them, to the uses of His Church. Few things could more clearly evince the vindictive nature of the opposition, than the hostility with which this simple, and catholic usage was now encountered. In England the weekly offering is a new thing to the present generation; and its opposition may be traced to penuriousness in the first instance, and in the next to pride, which hates to exhibit this penuriousness before men, though it fears not the searching eye of God. But in Scotland, even this paltry and miserable excuse was wanting to palliate the rancour of the few, who saw nothing to respect in the desire to sanctify this practice, by making it an expression of faith towards the Almighty giver of every good thing. It was a *form*, and the crusade was against forms; and therefore right or wrong, they were resolved to oppose it.

The presbyterian stands, or rather lounges when he prays; the churchman kneels. The question here, is not whether there shall be a form, for this we cannot get rid of; but whether standing or kneeling is the fittest attitude for man when addressing his Maker. In short, every circumstance and transaction in life is surrounded by forms. You pass a

friend on horseback, or in a carriage ; he raises his hat from his head ; it is at once expressive of the feeling of friendship and intimacy that exists between you. You meet him again, under similar circumstances ; but this time he passes without any sign of recognition. You know by this, that his friendship is either withdrawn, or at least suspended. We cannot do without forms ; and why should the Church be deprived of this necessary engine of interpretation and fellow sympathy so necessary to social intercourse ? A man may pray as earnestly and as intelligibly, when he is walking in a crowd, as in his closet ; but unless he bind himself by some form of time and place, how long would he continue the habit of praying at all ? The constant repetition of an action is ever moulding the human mind into habits of belief of the existence of that to which the action refers. Tell a child there is a God, and tell him as often as you please, but confine yourself to the simple statement. Tell another *once* only, but lead him morning and evening to kneel down and pray to that God ; and say, upon which of these two children will this great truth first operate, both as regards loving and fearing ? In a word, it has been justly said that "moral error runs in a circle ; follow one extreme in order to avoid another, and it will infallibly bring you round to the very evil you are endeavouring to escape." You may deprive the Church of forms, but you must adopt some other forms by which to express your rejection of the first : you keep the forms, while you lose the benefit that forms might confer.

CHAPTER V.

How blest with thee to pass the livelong day,
 For thee to feel each household care;
 And when the hours are fading fast away,
 How blest with thee to kneel in thankful prayer!

How pure with thee to share each heavenly thought,
 Drawn from the fair things of the earth;
 To trace the secret hand which in them wrought,
 And to the wondering senses put them forth!

How sweet with thee to taste the balmy air—
 The pleasing travail of the mind—
 The struggles of the panting soul to share
 Some virtue to attain, some grace to find!

How dear with thee to bid the world farewell,
 Save when some wanderer needs our aid;
 Then, of the goodness of our God to tell,
 And gently lead him, where ourselves were led.

WE must here leave the history of Glen Tilloch for a short time, and accompany Major Baldwyn and his daughters to Edinburgh, to which place he had been called in consequence of the illness of a relative.

Most girls with only a superficial education, are either triflers, serious speculators in the affairs of love, or the victims of a morbid imagination. Felicia Baldwyn's peculiar temperament was calculated to place her in the latter class. To her, this visit to the Scottish metropolis was fraught with

the most important consequences, although commencing in the "airy nothings" of her own imagination.

One evening, soon after their arrival at Mrs. Merrivale's, who was their mother's aunt, Felicia had been amusing herself for some time near a window, with a favorite goldfinch, a domestic pet, whose gambols were the entertainment of the party, when she observed a gentleman at an opposite window, apparently interested in the scene. He instantly withdrew, however, on perceiving the attention of the party directed towards himself, nor did he again make his appearance. The curiosity of Felicia was immediately excited. Who was the handsome stranger? What brought him there? And from whence did he come? These, and a thousand other conjectures occupied her mind; being already aware that the house in which he had been seen, belonged to an old gentleman, whose infirmities confined him chiefly to his own room. With the inquisitive ingenuity of a romantic temperament, Felicia diligently set herself to watch the hourly movements of their vis-à-vis, whom she soon invested with every imaginable interest and perfection. But as if sensible of having been caught in an act of rudeness, the stranger went in and out of his house without a perceptible consciousness of any existence, besides that of his own.

It happened, a few weeks after the little incident above related, that the Major, having gone out to dine with a friend, and Harriet being engaged with Mrs. Merrivale, that Felicia, desirous of an evening ramble, called on a widow lady at some little distance, in the hope of procuring her companionship. On inquiring at the door for Mrs. Crowther, she received for answer that Mrs. Crowther was at dinner. Felicia disappointed of her hope, was in the act of turning away,

when a good humoured voice called out, "pray come in, Felicia, we have finished dinner," and at the same moment Mrs. Crowther appeared, and led her into the dining room. On entering, her astonishment and embarrassment were extreme on confronting the person of her opposite neighbour, who was introduced as the Rev. Reginald Hopetoun. Felicia's heart beat high as she explained the object of her visit at this unusual hour. "Make no apology, my dear," said her good natured friend, "I am delighted to have you here, and am glad to steal you away from the ungenial atmosphere of a sick room. Put off your bonnet, and consider yourself as my prisoner for the rest of the evening." This point being amicably settled, a servant was despatched to explain the cause of Felicia's absence, and in a short time the little party were gathered around Mrs. Crowther's smoking tea-urn with the enviable felicity of old acquaintance. It seemed like a dream to the happy Felicia, to find herself thus suddenly, not only in the presence, and in conversation, but actually almost tête-à-tête with this idol of her imagination. At the same time a little natural tremour at the consciousness of her own weakness, mingling with, but tempering the exuberance of her delight, imparted a peculiar charm to her deportment, rendering her, independent of her unquestionable beauty, an object of irresistible interest and admiration. Reginald Hopetoun, thought he had never seen so fair a creature. Deep religious principle, grafted upon a gentle and imaginative nature, had imparted a quiet pensiveness to Reginald Hopetoun's naturally refined manner, which irresistibly won upon the minds of all who conversed with him; while the polished and unaffected ease of an educated gentleman, a naturally correct taste, and the crowning charms of Christian benevolence, gave an expression to

his countenance not easily defined, and which challenged the description of "England's darling son:"—

" A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks ;
Continual comforts in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books."

Such was Reginald Hopetoun! full of high thoughts, and holy aspirations. Exhibiting the features of an ancient churchman, but withal calm, gentle, and tenderly affectionate; living apart from the sordid cares, and debasing pursuits of time and sense, and moving as one conscious of a world unseen and transcendent, but of which he was himself a living member. His remarks were, in general, few, and always modest; but, at the same time, given with the firmness and precision of one whose mind was convinced, and whose stand was taken. His natural reserve seldom permitted him to engage in lengthy discussions, and his meekness and moderation, still seldomer in argument, unless when touching upon a subject ever near to his thoughts,—the spiritual well-being of mankind. On these occasions he unconsciously became warm, fluent and energetic. The conversation soon took this turn, more immediately with reference to expedients for raising funds for charitable purposes.

"I see plainly," said Mrs. Crowther, following up a remark made by Reginald, "that I shall fail to establish my favourite system of limited contributions. I have always thought the plan excellent. It was asking for sums the rich were ashamed to refuse, and at which the less wealthy no longer saw a reason to blush."

"I consider these arguments," said Reginald, "as conclusive of the defectiveness of the system. Had this and similar systems been the means of diffusing a sense of our

duty, as members of the Christian family, your reasoning in favour of them would, even then, be inapplicable. Charity is not to be regarded exclusively with reference to the good which others may derive from its operations; we must also bear in mind the beneficial effects it is calculated and designed to produce on our own nature and habits. A person who is daily and practically acknowledging the duty of giving, as a duty he owes to God, will constantly have his thoughts raised towards that Great Being whose will he is thus humbly studying, and whose law is the rule of his life. We are bound," he resumed, after a pause, "to deal leniently with a system, whatever may be its defects, which originated in the acknowledgment of an evil, seconded by a desire to remove it; but if, instead of the many miserable and paltry expedients to which we have had recourse, the clergy and the laity would co-operate in their endeavours, and give the church a fair trial, as the legitimate instrument and channel of good, I believe our charities would be worked out, not only on a more healthy, but on a much larger scale."

"Well, but in the mean time how are we to act?" asked Mrs. Crowther, "are we to withhold our mite, because a better system is wanted?"

"Certainly not," answered Reginald, smiling; "and as to *how* we are to act, I would say *give*, and *at once*, simply as to the Lord; and not by the roundabout workings of associated companies; and wherever it is practicable, in the *personal* exercise of this great duty. There may be something very imposing in the balance sheet of a society; but I see no reason why we should walk elsewhere, than in the great society of the Christian family, of which, by the Providence of God, we are already members. Here we should learn to consider almsgiving, not as a calculating systematized duty, but as a holy exercise of the Christian life in the soul;

by which we acknowledge our mutual obligations as children of the same family, and members of the same spiritual household. By throwing our alms fearlessly into the treasury of the Church, for those purposes which lie beyond our personal reach, we should prove our faith in the efficacy and wisdom of God's appointed ordinance, and at the same time give to religion its full scope, by obeying its laws and impulses firmly, freely, and faithfully."

"But," said Felicia, timidly, "since this sort of apparatus is wanting in this country, should we not be cutting ourselves off from all Christian sympathy, by acting singly and alone, and thus lose the benefit of example?"

"I am not sure that this very pride of example may not have its peculiar dangers," said Reginald, "that is to say, if done for the mere sake of example. I would have every child of God act, as though there were none to act but himself, and yet as being under the eye of witnessing thousands. Could we but realize the idea of angels, and archangels, and the spirits of just men made perfect; not to speak," he added, as he bowed his head, "of Him whose presence filleth all things,—as witnesses of our doings, we should be much less embarrassed than we are with the opinions and examples of men."

The conversation of Reginald had an effect upon Felicia's mind at once soothing and delicious, and lay like oil on the troubled waters. All the petty anxieties, and small cares which occupy and disturb the minds of youth; its frivolous pleasures and empty enjoyments seemed to sink into insignificance before the calm, pure, and polished understanding of the youthful divine. "How happy," thought she, "even to breath such an atmosphere of pure enjoyment! How blessed to feel the character daily assimilating itself to such goodness! How full of peace to leave the world, its cares,

toils, and tumults, to journey heavenward with such a guide ! Her brain became almost dizzy as hope whispered the possibility of such a fate being hers, while she yet trembled at her own presumption.

On the following day the major and Felicia called on Mrs. Crowther, and from her they learnt that Reginald was the son of the late Honourable Philip Hopetoun, formerly attached to an embassy in the east, where he had signalized himself by the activity of his researches into Asiatic antiquities. His son had pursued his studies at an English university; where he had taken honours without ambition, and had succeeded to a fellowship without purposing to avail himself of its advantages; his uncle, Lord Melthorpe, having the presentation to a benefice, which, when vacant, he designed for his nephew. He had been ordained to a curacy near Oxford, but the debilitated state of his health, in consequence of close study, had compelled him to resign it a year after his ordination. He had been recommended to travel, and was now on his return from the north of Scotland. They were also informed that he had two sisters, one older than himself, the other younger, who were generally his companions; but that the delicate health of the youngest one had prevented them from sharing his recent tour.

The major was not slow in perceiving the advantages of a connexion with such a person; and conscious of the attractions of his favourite daughter, he saw no reason for doubting the possibility of such a result to this fortuitous acquaintance, if once he could devise the means for its further cultivation. This, however, was not an easy point to settle. He was himself a stranger in Edinburgh, and without the means of a proffered hospitality; and besides this, the major had pride enough to make him shrink from the suspicion of ulterior motives.

He threw out a hint to Mrs. Crowther of his desire to become acquainted with so estimable and agreeable a person ; but she could give him very little hope, owing to Mr. Hoptoun's retiring habits, although she good-naturedly promised, if possible, to bring them together.

Matters stood much in this way for several weeks. Mrs. Merivale, in the mean time, was recovering, and the time drew near for the major's return to Glen Tilloch ; when chance accomplished that which the major had in vain endeavoured to effect—an introduction to the young stranger.

The day was already fixed for their departure, when one evening the major and Felicia were walking in the direction of Cramond Bridge, when they perceived Mr. Hoptoun at some distance, coming towards them, and further on a large herd of cattle. In less than a minute after they came in view ; one of the cattle broke away from the herd, and was seen tearing along the road in a state of uncontrollable fury. Major Baldwyn shouted and waved his hat, and Reginald had just time to spring aside on the top of a fence, when the animal made a rush towards the spot, and passed on. In the mean time the major had taken the precaution to place himself and daughter on the inside of a gate on the road side, towards which the animal made a tremendous bound, and burst it open. The major, not anticipating such an attack had placed himself near the gate, and was immediately thrown on his back, his legs wedged in under the gate. Felicia had sought safety by flight, and was vainly endeavouring to scale the side of a deep ditch, when the animal took off directly towards her. Her screams were dreadful. During this time, Reginald had leaped down on the opposite side of the fence which had protected him, thus being brought into the same field with the terrified Felicia. He flew towards the spot where she was ineffectually striving to escape, but

with scarcely the remotest hope of reaching it in time to attempt her deliverance. The infuriated animal was already within a few yards of Felicia, when Reginald shouted and waved his handkerchief high in the air. This had the effect of diverting the creature's attention, and in a moment he was once more rushing in the direction of Reginald, who again sought safety on the neighbouring fence. This time, however, it baffled his efforts to obtain a footing on its steep sides, and he was threatened with the most imminent danger. The enraged animal stood for a moment, as if measuring his distance, and then, making a single bound to the spot, fell headlong at his feet. The ditch was partly covered with rank grass and weeds, into which the creature plunging, fell headlong, and before he could rise to his feet, Reginald, who had seized upon a hedge stake early in the fray, struck him a blow between the eyes, that effectually stunned him; and then approaching the fainting girl, who, in spite of her own personal fears, had watched with the utmost alarm the result of this last attack, half carried and half supported her to the place where the major had just been released from his awkward and painful situation. They were taken to the nearest dwelling; the one to have his bruises examined, and the other her fears allayed.

The major's wounds were of little importance, his legs being merely grazed by the gate, he persisted in walking home, and to be accompanied by his daughter and Reginald. Felicia Baldwyn was exquisitely handsome, and the recent fright which had paled her cheek, had imparted a feminine delicacy to her countenance, which at another time it might, perhaps, have been accused of wanting. Reginald gazed with evident admiration at the pleased and agitated girl, although ever present with him, was the thought—

" Is this a time for moonlight dreams
Of love and home and mazy streams,
For fancy with her shadowy toys,
Aerial hopes and pensive joys,
When souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?"

It is true, " I am free to marry," thought Reginald, " but in doing so, should I be equally untrammelled to labour in that vineyard to which I have been appointed?"—The question was hereafter to be decided for him.

Reginald spent part of the evening with the Baldwyns, having been urgently invited by the major. Every word which issued from his mouth was drunk in by Felicia with wrapt attention, his very presence seeming to open up a world of happiness of which she had hitherto scarcely dreamed. Happy age of youth and inexperience! when the vista of life is ever indicated by the finger of hope. But for her, who would dare to face the evil to come? The regret she experienced at the termination of this brief dream of felicity was only mitigated by the half yielded promise extorted from Reginald, that if again drawn towards the highlands of Scotland, Glen Tilloch should not be forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

“ It is the unhappy privilege of a leader, not so much to act, as to teach wickedness ; and by a liberal cruelty, to make the offenders sin, not more his own than others.”

WARWICK.

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ON the major's return to Glen Tilloch, the first thing that assailed his ears, was an exaggerated statement of Miss Macgillivray's suspension from the holy communion, and the public reproof with which it was accompanied. The major had his own reasons for regarding this act of Mr. Irvine's with peculiar resentment. His sympathy with Miss Macgillivray's feelings would soon have been reconciled ; but his interest in the affair was of a more personal kind ; for he knew that both he and his daughter lay under the same sentence of exclusion. Determined not to submit to what he was pleased to consider the “ indignity ” put upon Miss Macgillivray ; and equally resolved—to use his own phrase—not to be “ drummed out of the church,” and ignorant what other measure to adopt, he proposed a meeting of the whole congregation, for the purpose of deliberating on the subject of Mr. Irvine's right to the exercise of the authority he had assumed. Like most other meetings of the kind, it was attended by persons instigated partly by curiosity, and partly for the sake of amusement, in addition to those who had a more deliberate

object in view. Mr. Farquharson, who had made a point of attending the meeting, presided.

After a long preliminary harrangue by the major, chiefly directed against the usages of the church, and the particular ministrations of Mr. Irvine, he proposed that, on any two individuals, agreeing on any given subject of complaint or disapprobation, respecting the ministrations of the church, it should be considered as ground sufficient for a formal protest with regard to that particular article. To this the meeting unanimously agreed.

The major then proposed the following question: "Whether they meant to submit to the despotic authority of one individual,—an individual who was *paid* for doing his duty as their minister and pastor: or, whether they would assert their independence and their lawful privileges, by boldly laying claim to the church and its ordinances as their inheritance and birthright?"

Mr. Farquharson here rose and addressed the meeting. "Gentlemen," he said, "before we give our unqualified assent to any abstract proposition, I think we ought to be favoured by a statement of the particular charges, which I conclude, from the preliminary remarks just submitted to you, are forthcoming against Mr. Irvine, and until these are presented to us in a tangible form, I see no use in occupying your time by mere words, which can answer no purpose. Let us, at any rate," continued he, "first understand what we want, and what we have to complain of against one, whom I blush to say, it has been broadly enough hinted, you are to regard in the light of a servant, rather than as the minister of God's holy ordinances, and then let us proceed to business."

No one seemed inclined to risk the first remark in answer to this reasonable proposition, till, at length, the major himself replied, by saying, "it was useless to inquire into the

particular causes of complaint, till they had first ascertained their united strength by their expressed determination to resist the undue assumption of power."

"I will willingly vote along with you on that point myself, major," said Mr. Farquharson, laughing, "and have little doubt of our carrying with us the majority of the meeting. Gentlemen," he continued, "you who intend to vote against the 'undue assumption of power, please to hold up your hands.'"

There was a laugh, and a general holding up of hands.

The major looked extremely angry, and pompously replied: "I can quite understand, sir, the merits of the manoeuvre, should the meeting allow itself to be diverted from an express purpose by the flippancy of a jest; but I trust," he added, looking round the meeting, "there are those here who will only be satisfied by cool dispassionate reasoning, and who will not be deterred from following out the object of this discussion, either by cant or by ridicule. No one, whatever he may pretend, can be ignorant of the uncalled-for, and irritating changes that have, of late, been wantonly introduced into the church, to the annoyance, the distress, and the alarm of the congregation, the effect of which is already showing itself in bitter heart-burnings and unseemly divisions. And since my return," he continued, "to the once peaceful vale of Glen Tilloch, my ears have been pained by the recital of one of the most gross, outrageous, and flagrant acts of unjustifiable authority to which I have ever had the misfortune to listen. Unless we are to be cut off from the very bread of life, at the priestly dictum of one individual," he continued with vehemence, "now is your time, gentlemen, by one firm, determined, and unanimous stand, to assert your unquenchable independence, and lay claim to your unalienable rights!"

"Is your object, allow me to ask," said Mr. Farquharson, "to bring Mr. Irvine to the bar of your own judgment, Major Baldwyn, or is it simply to gauge your strength, in order to raise a cabal against him?"

"My, object," replied the major, "is to ascertain how many men there are yet amongst us, who are resolved to resist innovations, introduced at the will of one man, and to crush the tyrannical exercise of individual power."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Farquharson, addressing the meeting, "since Major Baldwyn has condescended to put in some sort of a disclaimer against the assumption of episcopal authority, let us really proceed to business, since we are assembled for such a purpose, and seriously inquire what are the causes of complaint, and what the grievances under which we are supposed to lie: and I here pledge myself, as a man of honour," he continued with animation, "that if any person can prove himself wronged of his due privileges, —guided, of course, by the law of the church, to which we all owe obedience and submission, I will stand by that man to the last shilling I possess. Let us then," he proceeded, "instead of dealing in shadowy abstracts, and imaginary monstrocities, each temperately lay before the meeting, the objection he has to state against the mode of church administrations, as adopted by Mr. Irvine, adhering to the established regulation that no complaint shall be considered valid, unless seconded, at least by one other person. At the same time," he continued, while his brows knit themselves together, and his fine features were flushed with generous indignation, "let me earnestly caution you against the adoption of any language which can, even by implication, be considered as militating against the respect due to our lawful minister under God."

The major rose to protest against the use of intimidation; but was resolutely hissed down, and obliged to desist.

Here followed a considerable pause, which threatened to put a stop to the discussion. The major seemed busily plying M'Duff, a neighbouring proprietor, who had been unwillingly dragged to the meeting, and who, hating trouble and discord above all other evils, looked peevish and discontented, with some sort of argument or persuasion, and at length the latter rose to his feet, and said briefly and abruptly, "Gentlemen, I don't like the Athanasian Creed. It is too long, I certainly think it might be discontinued."

"Will any gentleman please to second this motion?" asked Mr. Farquharson.

"An nae ither body will dee 't, I wull," said a man in a fustian dress, "an' noo that we ken sae wiel the richt road we are boun' for, I dinna see what for we sud na get ower that ither auld sang quhilk ilka bodie kens, comes at the tail o' the commaunments. 'Deed an' I dinna ken what for they sud na be a' wipit out thegither, commaunments an a'. We live under a free gospel, an' we dinna weel bide thae auld farrant things, chappit intil anes lugs ilka sabbath morn."

"Good," said Mr. Farquharson, "the two creeds and the ten commandments are voted out. Proceed, gentlemen," he continued, "this is really doing business."

Here the major manifested some alarm, as to the turn the affair was likely to take, if such speakers as the last were admitted to the discussion, and Mr. Farquharson present to take advantage of their mistakes; he, therefore, intelligibly hinted at the benefit of their silence on the present occasion.

But Mr. Farquharson insisted upon every individual member of the congregation, having an equal right with Major Baldwyn to speak his mind.

A farmer of the name of Ironside, with a round, good-humoured face, now got up, and addressed the meeting,

saying, "It has been proposed, gentlemen, to get rid of two of the creeds, which old fashioned custom has left amongst us; why not, at once, get rid of all the three? We are here," he added, with a peculiar turn of the eye, "to assert our several opinions, and the general independence of the congregation, why should we be condemned to repeat publicly every Sunday in the year, our solemn belief in that which some of us, at least, are evidently disposed, to a certain extent, to reject? I cannot imagine a greater hardship."

This caused a general laugh, and a certain expression in the farmer's face, left it extremely dubious as to which way his remark was meant to cut. The truth is, the farmer was a well-disposed and good-tempered man, but tormented out of his existence by the fanatical obstinacy of a weak and pretty wife, the humble disciple of Miss Macgillivray, who had presented her with a copy of her lucubrations on "the churches," endorsed "from the author." The farmer's wife had never been so honoured before; a dedication could scarcely have given her more pleasure.

The farmer's hint not being followed up, the next person who rose to his feet, was a little sour three cornered looking old man, wearing a pair of spectacles. He shortly said,

"I canna thole thae white vestments whilk the minister wears in the poo'pit."

"That's a sensible man," said Mr. Farquharson; "that is what I call coming to the point. Now, 'continued he,' be so good as to state your reasons for not liking the surplice in the pulpit."

"I hae nae reason," said the man, "an' what's mair, I dinna mean to gie ye ony; but I ken weel enough that I hae as gude a right as ony o' my neebors, to raise my vice again corruption, an' I'se dee't as weel as the best o' them."

"That is perfectly honest and intelligible," said Mr. Far-

quharson ;" will any other gentlemen follow on this side ? " he continued.

" I will," said Major Baldwyn, " I see no reason whatever that we should be crammed and surfeited by these constant attempts at popish ceremonies and conceits. I cordially second the complaint against this idle innovation."

" Don't you see, my dear fellow, said Mr. Farquharson, good-humouredly, who seemed to take a delight in tormenting the major ;" that by calling the surplice popish, you are giving the pope a lift, for which his holiness will be very much obliged to you ? If the surplice be popish, then popery goes farther back than either you or I should like to admit of. Such of us as have any church principle at all, must ground it chiefly, I suspect, upon an age when a black gown in preaching would have been little less anomalous, than your own shooting jacket would have been. However gentlemen," he continued, addressing himself to the meeting, " the surplice is condemned ; pray proceed. We shall certainly make something of this discussion."

The major here proposed to put the final question to the meeting, as to the expediency of addressing the bishop, and complained bitterly of the undue prominence Mr. Farquharson had assumed in the debate.

" We are here for free discussion," replied Mr. Farquharson, " and I conceive that every man is at full liberty, not only to say *what* he pleases, but also, *as much* as he pleases. And whatever may be the opinion of others, with reference to the business of this day, *I* for one, am perfectly satisfied with the result, namely, a profound conviction of the utter impracticability of giving the laity a voice in the spiritual administrations of the church, even were this compatible with its divine constitution. Be persuaded, my friends and countrymen, " continued he, more particularly ad-

“dressing the meeting,” each of you belong to the church as pledged and covenanted members; having entered into her communion with a full recognition of her authority, and knowledge of the conditions she imposes. As subjects and children you cannot rule, and you ought not to dictate. The church is your spiritual mother; she has borne you, fed you, nourished you; and if you continue steadfast in obedience to her, she will eventually lead you to the everlasting city, the heavenly Jerusalem. Return to your duty. Love the church, for she is your mother; obey her, for she is your queen; serve her, for her wages are the gift of everlasting life, through Him whose spouse she is, even Christ Jesus.”

Saying this, he left the room, followed by as many as had the courage to retrace their steps, and, by so doing, virtually to recant the erroneous opinions they had adopted.

The major felt extremely indignant at the effect which Mr. Farquharson's words, and the high tone he assumed, obviously had on the meeting, even upon those who yet wanted the courage to go. Something whispered that unless he struck some blow at once, he should have to endure the mortification of this additional defeat. He had gone too far to retreat, without observation, and he had no alternative but either to proceed, or to submit, the thought of which was intolerable to his personal pride and importance. The gentleness and amiability of Mr. Irvine's character, had insensibly worked upon the major's belief, that rather than see his congregation in a state of open rebellion, he would yield to whatever terms might be proposed. Disappointed in this expectation, and irritated beyond measure at the steady support offered by Mr. Farquharson, who was possessed of great influence both from hereditary respect, and personal esteem; and who, at the same time, was seldom

known to adopt extreme opinions, or to assume a prominent part, unless he believed some right principle to be at stake, he saw no means of escape, but by a direct and immediate application to the bishop.

This he proposed to the remnant of the meeting. It was hastily drawn up on the spot, and signed by himself, M'Duff, the reluctant Ironside, and by twenty or thirty others. There is probably no cause, however bad, that will not be certain to find a few favourable to its movements. Some are influenced by party, some by prejudice, and many from personal interest. Some like to leave the beaten path, in search of novelty and excitement; and some, we verily believe, love wrong for its own sake.

The memorial set forth in specious terms, the quietness, peace, and concord, which had previously characterized the congregation, till Mr. Irvine thought fit to adopt customs and usages altogether unknown to the present generation, or if known, as only associated with popish corruptions and superstitions; and that in consequence of the rigorous adoption of priestly authority, in addition to the above observances, the church was in such a state of utter confusion and dissention, as to threaten the worst results to the cause of religion and good order.

The bishop on receiving this vexatious document, could not fail to be struck with the circumstance, that few, if any of the signatures belonging to the older inhabitants of the valley—the faithful members of the church—were appended to it. Instead, therefore, of subjecting his presbyter to the indignity of a formal investigation, he directed a neighbouring clergyman to inquire privately into the circumstances of the disturbance.

The warm and unanimous testimony he received in favour of Mr. Irvine, of the faithful and zealous discharge

of his duties, his blameless and unoffending life, and his amiable disposition, which endeared him to all classes of his people, determined the bishop to reply to the memorial by a pastoral admonition to cease from interfering with their clergyman in the administration of his duties, and to submit themselves to his teaching as the appointed minister of grace to their souls. "It seems evident to me," the letter continued, "that some of you are allowing yourselves to be carried away by very unreasonable apprehensions; and some, I fear, influenced by very unbecoming motives. You are all members of a church, of whose distinctive tenets you profess yourselves jealous, and nevertheless a large portion of these tenets you either directly or indirectly impugn."

The letter concluded in these words. "Had the usages of which you complain really a tendency to popery, and were popery all that some would gladly make it to be, still, in my humble opinion, there would be less to reprehend, less sin in the adoption of them than there is in the temper and spirit which leads you not only to set your faces against the right administration of God's holy ordinances, but likewise against the voice and authority of him who is the appointed minister of God's grace in the church. But persuaded as I am, that the services of the church are our best safeguard against all innovation, whether popish or otherwise, let me beseech you to walk orderly in obedience to God, and in submission to His authority as set forth and invested in the church, which 'is the ground and pillar of the truth;' in the unity of the Spirit, and in brotherly kindness one towards another."

CHAPTER VII.

"There are two struggles placed before man in this life, and he may choose between them. He may take an external rule, and to this, endeavour to conform his internal feelings and actions; or he may take these internal feelings, and to them endeavour to conform the world without him; there is no third course possible."

SEWELL.

A PERSON of less determined hostility, might have been persuaded of the hopelessness of his endeavour to bend the church to his will, after these repeated failures. But bend or not bend, the major was determined not to submit. He had measured his strength with her, and in whatever way the event might issue, he could but acknowledge himself defeated.

A plan suggested itself, which although sufficiently chimerical to have deterred a less resolute antagonist, gained strength and feasibility by repeated discussion and examination; Miss Macgillivray being the first called into consultation. The plan was no less than to erect a church in opposition to Mr. Irvine, and to break off from communion with him and his adherents. Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the project, and delighted beyond measure with the idea of so ample a revenge, Miss Macgillivray suggested a thousand schemes for raising the

necessary funds. First general contributions were to be solicited; a bazaar was to be held; a subscription hall got up; cards for limited donations were to be printed; and lastly, weekly penny collections amongst the poor, which Miss Olivia eagerly undertook to organize and distribute, triumphantly anticipating the most complete success from this source, being assured, that people of every denomination would unite their efforts to crush a system of spiritual tyranny and priestly oppression.

Another, and a greater difficulty however, presented itself. How were they to raise an adequate sum to maintain a clergyman in the new charge? But here, as usual the fertile genius of our authoress, enabled her to combat that obstacle. Supposing they should be successful in raising a sufficient sum for the purpose of building the church—a circumstance settled in her own mind—she suggested that a portion of it should be withdrawn, and appropriated to the first year's stipend of the clergyman, and a sum raised on the security of the structure, to be expended in its erection; boldly suggesting that should the affair eventually prove a failure, the edifice itself might be sold, to pay off the debt contracted in the building of it.

The plan was pronounced admirable. The next measure to be decided, was with regard to the most eligible situation, and now it was the major's turn to be complimented on the happiness of his suggestion. M'Duff had a farm, close bordering on the town, a portion of which was considered admirably suited for the purpose of a site. He was asked, and agreed to give it, though not without great reluctance, and sundry misgivings as to the rectitude of his proceedings. Before he had time to debate the matter with his conscience however, the promise

had been extorted from him, and it was a peculiarity in M'Duff's disposition, that however unwillingly made, or unjustly wrung from him, a promise was as firm as a bond. Farmer Ironside was next, though not without considerable difficulty, coaxed into a promise to cart the stones, which were likewise to be given by M'Duff.

M'Duff, of whom it may be necessary to give a brief account, had been left an orphan at a very early age, and was heir to an ample patrimony. He was just one-and-twenty. Easy, indolent, and quiet; with fair abilities, which had, nevertheless, been but very indifferently cultivated, partly from his constitutional inactivity, and partly from a system of unrestrained indulgence, granted by the mistaken kindness of a maiden aunt, who had been left the sole guardian of his infancy. Mr. Irvine had been the friend and preceptor, both of father and son, and had faithfully exercised whatever influence he possessed, in endeavouring to counteract the evils of the situation and character of the latter, loving him with the tenderness of a father.

Major Baldwyn had acquired great influence over the mind of the youthful heir, and had rendered himself necessary almost to his very existence, for independent of such pursuits as they had in common, the major could talk even when he had nothing to say; and M'Duff could not, even when he had. This facility of the major, was a circumstance of peculiar convenience to M'Duff, whose paramount laziness frequently required and found shelter under the confident assumption of the former. Far too easy and indifferent to inquire particularly into this parochial controversy, and hating noise, and debate, and discord; unwilling, moreover, to sacrifice the useful and convivial society of the major, and finding that no neutral

ground was to be allowed, M'Duff passively yielded himself up to his friend's control.

Thus a project, which at first sounded even in the ears of its originators a good deal like an empty bravado, soon became a matter of probable fulfilment. The whole machinery of begging was put into active operation. The major suddenly became munificent. He gave private dinners, and public suppers, all of which he considered as so much devoted to the church. The ball ensued, and was attended with brilliant success; few caring whether their admission money went to build a church or a theatre. It served, moreover, as a preliminary step towards the bazaar, ladies and gentlemen being seduced into the promise of patronizing and supporting it.

The ladies soon became excessively busy; Miss Macgillivray putting life and animation into their movements; talking, planning, and working with the most untiring industry. Every known individual within walking, riding, or even writing, distance was applied to, in aid of the undertaking, which was represented under the most specious colouring.

Amid all this din and excitement, one heart alone was deeply saddened. Poor Felicia felt that every step taken by her father and his colleagues, was strengthening the barrier which seemed rising up between her and Reginald Hopetoun, now the object of her unceasing meditations. She could not but feel, little as she had seen of him, and little as she yet understood of the principle at stake, that his very nature was opposed to proceedings, such as those in which they were now engaged. She had more than once ventured to express her apprehensions to her father, lest they should have reason to regret their opposition and separation from the church; but her expostulations having

been at first received with impatience, and afterwards with anger, she quietly yielded to the current of immediate circumstances. But although the poor girl's will was subdued to her father's authority, it was evident how deeply passing events were overshadowing her hopes. Her cheek daily acquired a more pallid hue; her eye became languid and tearful, and her deportment entirely lost the elasticity of youth and beauty. The major in vain endeavoured to fathom the cause of her depression, and fruitlessly urged upon her the duty and necessity of exertion, till at length becoming seriously alarmed at her daily declining appearance, he consulted with Harriet, and from her he gathered sufficient to direct him to the true source of her anxiety and suffering. The major himself had entertained views with regard to an eventual connexion with the young clergyman, but had neither thought nor cared much as to the extent of his daughter's feelings on the subject. This discovery, however, threw a stronger light upon the future, and he already began to fear he might have ruined his own hopes. Nevertheless, it was now too late to retreat, and he endeavoured to reconcile himself as well as Felicia, with a remote hope of inducing Reginald to undertake the charge, on the understanding that they should submit themselves to the authority of the bishop. The plan appeared every way feasible. It mattered little to him as to how short the period of Reginald's ministrations might be,—and it was sure not to be a long one,—as he had little doubt but that a brief time would suffice to cement the bond which he flattered himself, already existed between him and his daughter. Young people, he argued, soon understand each other, whether words have been spoken or not. Reginald again, were he the kind of person represented by Felicia,

would be glad to be instrumental in healing the breach between the bishop and his people; and the bishop would be easily reconciled with the prospect of so valuable an addition to the church in the person of the young divine. Buoyed up with these fallacious expectations in which the less sanguine Felicia at length began to participate, the major redoubled his endeavours to complete his plans for carrying on the work.

Lady Margaret Ranstock, a friend and distant relative of his late wife, he knew to be a steady advocate of religion; he therefore directed Felicia to write and inform her of their plan of building a new church, simply stating that such a thing was wanted, and leaving it to her ladyship to promote the design in the way most agreeable to herself.

Felicia wrote as required, and received an early reply, stating the pleasure it afforded her ladyship to be able, in ever so small a degree, to promote the objects of religion, and especially of the church in Scotland, in which, having been early acquainted with it, she still continued to take a warm interest. Her ladyship stated her intention of sending twenty pounds in aid of the fund for building, which she meant to forward by the hands of the bishop, whom she claimed as an old friend and acquaintance.

This threw the party into an unexpected dilemma. Should Lady Margaret persevere in her intention of sending her subscription through the medium of the bishop, it would be sure to provoke a counter statement; and the major was not slow in perceiving that he should cut rather an unenviable figure in the transaction. For though truth may be truth, yet if it be but a part of a contrary whole, it wears a very awkward resemblance to falsehood.

Miss Olivia was again called into counsel. Ever fertile in

expedients, it was her own boast that she could manage a bad cause better than a good one.

The major was bound over to acquiescence and submission, and Miss Macgillivray proposed to dictate a letter to Lady Margaret to be written by Felicia. She began as follows :—

“ My dear Lady Margaret,—I can never sufficiently express the warmth of my gratitude for your ladyship’s kind and liberal contribution towards the erection of our new church. I trust it will bring the divine blessing on all concerned in raising it ; for it is much wanted in this particular parish. I trust, however, your ladyship will kindly forgive me, when I confess that I have not yet made papa acquainted with your ladyship’s—‘ bounty’ ” was to have been added, but Felicia stopped and said, “ But, Miss Macgillivray, this is not true ; I cannot say I have not made papa—”

“ Tut, tut,” interrupted her preceptress, “ remember I alone am responsible for the statement. You have nothing to do, but simply and mechanically to write what I dictate ; we *must* stretch a point in a case like this, and that too for the sake of doing good.”

“ But do you think, even if Lady Margaret did, that my own *conscience* would ever acquit me of so deliberate a falsehood ” calmly inquired Felicia.

“ Falsehood ? ” repeated Miss Macgillivray, her eyes flashing fire ; “ and how dare you apply that epithet to *me* ? ”

“ I did not apply it to you,” answered Felicia firmly ; “ I applied it to the statement I was about to make ; and which, if I had completed, it would have been mine, whether originating with me or not.”

“ But, Felicia dear,” said Miss Macgillivray, resuming her usual coaxing tone, “ remember,”

"I will remember nothing," said Felicia, haughtily rising from her seat; "papa himself should not compel me to make so dreadful an assertion;" and at the same moment, abruptly left the room.

She encountered the major on the stairs, who on observing some disturbance in her manner, asked what was the matter?

"Your daughter is a fool; that's all," replied Miss Macgillivray, who reached the spot at the precise moment.

"Probably," said the major; "although it is not every one who would venture to say so much to *me*."

"Nonsense," rejoined Miss Macgillivray. "Felicia has taken it into her head, that nothing short of the plain statement is fit for the ears of Lady Margaret; and if you happen to be of the same opinion, I may as well leave the matter in your own hands."

The major was evidently displeased, and poor Felicia burst into tears of shame and regret. At this moment, her sister made her appearance, and Miss Macgillivray said, "Come, Harriet, you and I shall perhaps get on better. A time will probably come, when Felicia will understand the conventional dealings of the world in their true light, and not with her present overcharged fancies and tiresome heroics."

Harriet, after a little previous coaxing, and a good deal of reluctance, continued the letter from the passage where Felicia had stopped. "You know something" the letter continued, "of papa's peculiar way of thinking on some subjects, and his very delicate sense of honour; and I fear, were I to mention your ladyship's intention of placing the money so generously subscribed, in the hands of the bishop, he might think it a kind of reflection upon his character as a gentleman and a man of honour, as he is the appointed

treasurer of the building committee, and, of course, will naturally expect all sums to be transmitted direct to himself.

"I know your ladyship's kindness of disposition too well to suppose you would intentionally incur the risk of giving unnecessary pain to any one; and as all subscriptions will be made *public*, I venture to express a hope that your ladyship will add to all your other kindnesses, the permission to acquaint my dear papa of your intention of transmitting the money direct to him.

Believe me ever to remain,

Dear Lady Margaret,

Your obliged and attached,

HARRIET LUCY BALDWIN."

"But," said Harriet, "her cheeks suffused with a feeling of shame at the recollection of the unequivocal falsehood, to which she had lent herself," if Felicia disliked so greatly the penning of this letter, I certainly think we ought to have begun afresh; as it is, she is as much implicated, as if she had actually written it."

"Never mind that," said Miss Macgillivray, hastily; while, for an instant a peculiar expression gleamed across her features; "Lady Margaret in all probability will care little who wrote it."

She then folded and sealed the letter, and putting it in her bag, stated her intention of posting it herself.

In about a week the major himself received an answer from Lady Margaret, announcing the receipt of a letter from the bishop, informing her that the church about which she was interesting herself, was not only built independent of, but in open defiance of his authority. Her ladyship gave the major very clearly to understand that she saw through the whole affair, in a way that neither reflected credit on him, nor his daughters; and concluded by stating her in-

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tention of still contributing the amount to which she was pledged, for the spiritual good of Glen Tilloch: but the money, she stated, was to be placed at Mr. Irvine's disposal.

We will not attempt to describe the major's wrath, neither the wretchedness of Felicia, who now felt more acutely conscious than ever, of the dangerous position in which they had placed themselves. She recalled to mind the gentle and unaffected piety of Reginald Hopetoun; and comparing it with the tortuous and turbulent dealings, of which she was the daily witness, she wept like an infant. "Well would it be," she exclaimed, "did we all believe in his beautiful theory of an unseen world witnessing our deeds! Could papa but think that *she* who is gone, was watching, with tender anxiety every word of his lips—every act of his life, how different would he be—how different would be his associates!"

In the meantime, Miss Macgillivray had her own mortifications. Collecting cards had been printed, and circulated far and wide, some for shilling, some for sixpenny, nay, we blush to record it, some for *penny* contributions! A few of these, especially the last mentioned, were filled up; but as she added up the sum total of twenty-four contributions, she pensively calculated that after all the trouble and begging they had cost, the amount was only two shillings! What rendered the matter more vexatious, was the return of other cards, some with ten, some with six, or even fewer names appended. One indeed, sent to a lady at Huntly, an active agent for the "churches," was returned void of a single name, the lady pleading poverty, and previous claims; but promising her "unceasing prayers" for the success of their undertaking, and enclosing a pair of cotton mitts of her own knitting, for their forthcoming bazaar!

Still, their finances on the whole, were in a prosperous

condition ; having already effected an agreement for a loan upon the building, when it should be sufficiently advanced to offer a competent security for the money. The bazaar was also at hand ; and it was hoped, would prove a profitable concern. Tea parties, and committees of management ; public discussions, and private confabs, were becoming daily more and more frequent. At first the individual appropriation of the several tables was anxiously debated by the separate *cliques*, which soon became a subject of hostile rivalry. To these succeeded jealousies, heart-burnings, and petty intrigues.

One lady who had proposed to herself a table of refreshments, as being likely to afford a popular medium of traffic with idlers, suggested for herself a central situation at the upper end of the room ; but this was strenuously opposed by Miss Macgillivray as eclipsing her own position, which she intended to be at the upper extremity of one of the sides. Numbers were in favour of the original motion ; but if Miss Macgillivray wanted numerical strength, she had that which sometimes answers the purpose as well—courage and determination. Words ran high ; but at length the matter was compromised between the belligerents, by the contested post being occupied by a sofa for the public accommodation, and the rival ladies placed *vis-a-vis*.

These, and similar matters of importance having been finally adjusted, and the hour of meeting on the day of the sale agreed upon, the ladies separated, each intent upon plans for eclipsing in taste and novelty the rest of the candidates for public admiration.

It had been arranged that the stall-holders should meet early on the eventful morning, in order to have time for adorning their several stands. All were punctually on the spot except Miss Macgillivray ; who having constituted

herself chief patroness and promoter of the scheme, and either expecting such deference as was implied in the gratuitous decoration of her particular post, or it might be inadvertently detained longer than usual at her toilette, did not make her appearance till within a few minutes of the public admission, when she burst upon them in a style of unusual splendour.

Her holiday smiles, however, were in an instant banished, on perceiving the neglected condition in which her appointed station was left. The party was again threatened with war and schism, till one or two possessed either of more prudence, or of easier tempers, endeavoured to salve over the wounds of the indignant Olivia, by hastening to contribute, each something, towards the architectural arrangement of the neglected table, and once more, peace was proclaimed.

A bazaar was a new thing at Glen Tilloch, and the room was consequently crowded. The curious, the idle, the thoughtless, and the indifferent, thus strengthening the hands of those whose object was more directly mischievous; whose purpose was deeper, more wilful, and more deliberately wicked.

The result was beyond their most sanguine expectations. All the small articles soon disappeared, and such as were considered too expensive, or of too little attraction for individual purchasers, were disposed of by a public raffle. Such are the ineffable meannesses which are deemed consistent with the cause of religion in the nineteenth century.



CHAPTER VIII.

" Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,¹
 The wise of heart in wood and stone,
 Who reared with stern and trusting hands
 The dark grey towers of days unknown !
 They filled those aisles with many a thought,
 They bade each nook some truth recall,
 The pillared arch its legend brought,
 A doctrine came with roof and wall."

HAWKER.

WE have headed this chapter with a few lines from an exquisite little poem, by a living author, as it will enable us the better to draw a parallel between ancient and modern notions of building to the honour of God.

It was a saying of Coleridge that an old gothic cathedral always looked to him like a "petrified religion." An idea full of meaning and significance. But what would be said of a modern church, supposing it to have withstood the lapse of time, such, that is to say, as the necessities of the period, wrung from the Christian world, in the early part of the present century ? It might indeed stand as a "petrified religion," but it would be emphatically the religion of the present day ; vacant, unmeaning, meagre, and ill-proportioned, a religion unknown and unrecognized by our fathers in the church of God.

Compare this with the vast idea, the open area, the wide expanse, the ennobling height which characterized the temples of old. Not cooping up in separate divisions, in exclusive castes, the Christian family ; but kneeling side by side as children of one common Father ; and as culprits before one common tribunal ; the rich taught to feel their level with the meanest of God's creatures ; the poor to feel the true nobility of virtue, the " princely heart of innocence."

Look again at the means employed ; the shilling contributions, the subscription balls, the fancy fairs, and all the miserable shifts and expedients had recourse to, to build a church at the least possible sacrifice of our heathen wealth. Then again, look at the meagre poverty, or tawdry imitations meant to conceal that poverty, which almost uniformly characterise churches built within the period of which we speak. The unsightly galleries, the cast-iron pillars, painted in weak imitation of the costly marble ; the out-of-view altar, the obtrusive pulpit, the plaster of Paris font, introduced merely as a cheap ornament ; the curtained pews, the warm stoves, and the " stand thou there" system of keeping the poor at the greatest possible distance !

Now compare the penury of this every day picture, with the building of a church in the olden time. Mark the graceful emulation, the active zeal, the eager hope which led multitudes to seek a blessing from the church, by devoting an ample portion of their substance to the service of God, and the good of their fellows. One dedicates the inheritance of his fathers to the increase of the church " as poor, yet making many rich ;" one builds a chancel, and another a tower. Then comes a window, enriched by everything that art can devise. After these, smaller offerings, presented with the same faith. An altar, a font, a book, a cushion.

This was, in truth, a church built for eternity! Observe again, the principle which pervades the whole, the significance of this divinely organized structure. Built up of individual stones, the very irregularity of whose courses setting forth the diversity of her members, rough hewn, and incomplete throughout, except the polished base, the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone. Mark the west entrance farthest away from light and life; its low doorway, through which, stooping under a lowly sense of our own nothingness, we approach the fount of grace, the baptismal passage to the inner courts; Christ, in the person of His ambassador, meeting us in the very infancy of our spiritual existence; and thence, by a course of holy teaching, and discipline, and prayer, we are led forward to the holy of holies, the very haven of our rest, the place where we actually come in contact with our blessed Redeemer, and have our happiness and peace consummated by a perfect union with Him through His Body and Blood, the blessed instruments of His saving grace. See, once more, the vaulted roof, symbol of the forsaken ship, whose owners are become fishers of men; the east window, tripled, and glowing with gorgeous light, fittest emblem of the ineffable Godhead! See, again, her foundations, defining the ever sacred cross, the blessed symbol of our faith, the charter of our hopes; the pointed window, the tapering spire, and the lofty tower emphatically pointing upwards—a perpetual memento of our pilgrimage to another, and a better country.

Turn we, however, from this picture of giant christianity, to the dwarfish features of modern religion!

The bazaar was forgotten, with all its vanities and vexations; and the new church was the leading topic of the day, amongst the inhabitants of Glen Tilloch. A build-

ing committee was called into existence ; plans suggested, and expenses calculated. It was at first thought desirable that the architect should furnish his own plans, but the major obviated the necessity for this, by presenting one of his own.

This consisted of an area, forming an oblong square, an entrance at one end, and a kind of apse, or as the major termed it, a recess at the other, where the communion table was to be placed ; the pulpit being in front, with a passage on each side.

He had, by a kind of instinct, made the entrance at the west end, placing the square sideways to the street, in order to throw the building to a little distance from it. And as there was a farm steading on the south side, consisting chiefly of stables and cow-sheds, the major had marked the plan for four windows on the north side. This part of the arrangement was, however, unanimously opposed, as it was thought especially desirable to enter from the street side, which would enable them, by means of a handsome door and a window above it, to give the church a better appearance from the outside. The ground plan was, therefore, so far altered ; and instead of running east and west, ran north and south ; the entrance being on the north, and the altar and the cow-sheds on the south.

Other objections to the major's plan were then started. It was necessary to economize their space as much as possible, in order to have the more room for "sittings." It was thought that some plan might be adopted in which less room would be occupied by the pulpit and reading-desk. Sundry ideas were suggested, and one in particular by farmer Ironside, which attracted immediate attention ; but as the farmer was reckoned a wag in his way, it is still uncertain whether

he meant it in joke, or in downright earnest. His plan was to suspend the pulpit from the roof, and to make it serve for the reading desk as well. But even the supine and indolent M'Duff saw an obstacle to this. How was the clergyman to get in and out of it? The farmer, with the most imperturbable gravity removed the difficulty by suggesting a pulley and cord. The major, however, either suspecting a joke in the wicked Ironside, or fearing, at any rate, that it might be turned to one, instantly and positively opposed the project. It was at length decided that the pulpit and reading-desk should be placed at the back of the recess, and the communion table brought forward, although this plan was nearly being overturned by the want of light in that part of the building; but this difficulty was happily obviated by the suggestion of a *skylight*, to which the committee unanimously agreed.

The middle area was now exclusively occupied by a row of pews, running from the door to the pulpit end, and divided on each hand, by narrow aisles, or rather passages, from a side row of pews facing the centre of the church.

Another question arose. Where was the clergyman to put on his surplice? There was no vestry. But this the major settled by proposing to throw two pews together, at one side of the entrance, which, when curtained off, would answer the purpose admirably.

There was nothing now for the meeting to settle, excepting the appropriation of the several pews, as it was thought necessary to fix on some plan to prevent future jealousies and disputes. The incorrigible Ironside suggested a raffle; but this was again overruled by the major, who thought the plan a little too democratic in its principle. Besides, he had a scheme of his own, to which no one could reasonably object, viz.

that the subscriber highest in amount on the list, should have the first choice, and so on down to the last: this was carried by a majority.

The meeting closed with the unanimous adoption of the major's plan, with the above alterations, and by a resolution to advertise for contracts at the lowest possible rate of building.

The ground was laid off, and preparations made for commencing the work at the earliest practicable period of the spring.

Note A.—Page 7.

The Author of this little work begs, once for all, to say, that in this, and one or two other passages, she has availed herself of opinions and expressions derived from various sources, where they were calculated to promote the object she had in view; viz., a true value and right understanding of the Church as a Divine Ordinance. Amongst those from whom she has derived the most valuable hints, she begs particularly to mention Mr. Gladstone, in his work on "Church and State," and the Rev. Patrick Cheyne, in his admirable preface to the second edition of a Sermon preached before the Synod of Aberdeen, in 1844.

CHAPTER IX.

“ Oh ! wherefore gleam those upland slopes so fair ?
 And why, through every woodland arch,
 Swells yon bright vale, as Eden rich and rare,
 Where Jordan winds his stately march ;
 If all must be forsaken, ruined all,
 If God have planted but to burn ? ”

KEBLE.

IN due time the spring arrived, neither hastened by the impatience, nor retarded by the wickedness of mankind. The contractor for the new church at Glen Tilloch was active and diligent in his undertaking, and by the beginning of June, the building was in such a state of forwardness, as to render it necessary to take immediate steps towards the establishment of a clergyman in the charge.

The Major's thoughts, during this time, had constantly reverted to Reginald Hopetoun ; but there was an awkwardness in his position extremely difficult to manage. While yet uncertain how to approach the subject, so as to make it sufficiently plausible to the young Divine, a circumstance occurred which seemed altogether favourable to his hopes. Felicia was reading a newspaper one morning, when she suddenly exclaimed, while her whole frame shook with agitation, “ O, papa ! Mr. Hopetoun is in Scotland ! Perhaps coming

here; for the paper mentions his arrival at Dunkeld, on a tour to the north."

"That's just as it should be," said the major, emphatically; "I will have him here at any rate, and will see what a little talking will do. *Anything* is better than confounded letter-writing."

"Papa," said Felicia, after a pause, though still trembling, "I remember hearing Mr. Hopetoun say, at Mrs. Crowther's, that had he been left to choose for himself, he should have preferred the Church in Scotland to any Church in the world."

"And what prevents his choosing it?" hastily asked the Major.

"If I recollect aright, he said, that having been ordained to the English Church, and a cure already assigned to him in it, he did not think himself justified in renouncing a post thus providentially marked out."

"So much the better," replied her father, with an ineffable sneer. "At any rate he can have no objection to a Scottish cure in the mean time. We must try to bait the hook *well*," he continued, with a significant smile at his daughter, who blushed at the unworthy suggestion.

Felicia's mind had undergone a material change, though still the victim to a morbid fancy. She had so long accustomed herself to think exclusively of Reginald Hopetoun, to recall his words, his looks, his gestures, and every circumstance in the slightest degree connected with him, that her very being seemed to be absorbed in the recollection of the past. She had tried in vain to remember some word, however casual, some look, however brief, upon which she might ground a hope. But now that he was in Scotland—it might be, on his way to Glen Tilloch—she asked for no other, no better hope, and at once yielded up her imagination to its

full possession. She strove to justify her affection on other grounds. "I feel," she said to Harriet, "that in loving him I am better and purer than I used to be, and more like himself; that in loving him I am loving heaven and heavenly things, every thing else appearing worthless, and vain, and hollow. Indeed, I think I could almost relinquish every hope with regard to him, might I only be permitted always to feel so exalted above my former self as I do, when dwelling on the perfection of his character.

In the mean time the Major addressed a letter to Reginald at Dunkeld, stating the casual sight of his name amongst the arrivals at that place, and politely reminding him of his promise to visit Glen Tilloch.

A few days brought the expected answer. In acknowledging the Major's kindness, Reginald said it was not in his power to avail himself of his friendly invitation, as he was travelling with two sisters, one of whom was an invalid; but, that if the Major knew of accommodations in Glen Tilloch, sufficient for himself, his two sisters, and a maid servant, he thought it not unlikely, as it was necessary to give his sister a little time to recruit her health, that they should take Glen Tilloch in their way, and probably stay a few weeks before they proceeded on their journey. The letter was dated from Aberfeldy.

The Major already began to exult in the success of his plan. Under any circumstances to have Reginald at Glen Tilloch, was the accomplishment of an important step. Vain of his daughter's beauty, and sanguine of its effect, he confidently anticipated the most favourable issue to the renewal of their acquaintance.

It was no easy matter, however, to meet with such accommodation as Mr. Hepetoun would probably require;

but as he had proposed no limit to the expence, the Major prevailed on a widow lady, a friend of his own, to vacate her house for the time, merely leaving a servant in charge of it. As soon as this was finally arranged, he wrote off, with an account of his success, to Reginald, who had promised to remain within reach of the post at Aberfeldy, till he had the Major's answer.

It was on a Saturday evening, about a week after the letter was despatched, that Major Baldwyn, standing at a front window in his own house, and debating with himself as to the probable time and mode of Mr. Hopetoun's arrival, observed a plain but elegant travelling carriage coming northward; and as it approached nearer, he could distinguish a gentleman and two ladies inside, and a person, having the appearance of an upper servant, on the dickey. It was Reginald Hopetoun.

"Felicia," he said, "put on your bonnet instantly."

Felicia had likewise seen the carriage.

"Do you wish *me* to go, papa?" she said hesitatingly, and blushing.

"Now don't be a fool, but do as you are told," he replied.

Felicia was ready in an instant, and in a few minutes they were at the inn door.

Reginald was giving orders to the attendants, when the Major and Felicia drew near. He shook them cordially by the hand, and expressed his pleasure at seeing them. The satisfaction that beamed in the calm soft eye of Reginald, thrilled through Felicia's heart, while the tremor and agitation of her manner, filled him with a mingled sensation of pain and pleasure.

He apologized very earnestly for not introducing his sisters immediately, but stated his fears lest the journey had already been too much for Emily, the invalid; explaining

that the greatest care and quiet had been recommended and enjoined.

Felicia's heart beat high, as she timidly expressed her intention of calling on his sisters on Monday.

"On Monday!" said the Major, "what do you mean by Monday. Mr. Hopetoun, and I trust, the ladies also, will dine with us to-morrow."

Reginald simply thanked the Major, but in such a way as superseded the necessity of a second invitation, as turning, he said to Felicia, "my sisters will both be delighted to see you; your name is already familiar to their ears."

The Major felt his daughter's arm tremble in his own; therefore recommending her to return home, he said he should do himself the honour of introducing Mr. Hopetoun to his new residence, before he left him.

Felicia obeyed, glad to escape from her embarrassment, after once more feeling her hand warmly enclosed in that of Reginald Hopetoun. She never saw him more! The Major had to taste of that visitation of sin reaching his own heart, as well as the generation after him, which setteth itself up above the worship and authority of God!

Reginald expressed himself pleased with the house and scenery, and added, "my sisters and I have been looking forward with peculiar pleasure to this visit."

On their way back to the inn, the Major took the opportunity of explaining to Reginald, their want of a clergyman to take charge of a newly formed congregation in Glen Tilloch, and hinting that circumstances of a peculiar nature, and important to the well-being of the Church, would render it necessary for them to look abroad for an able man to set them a-going, at any rate. He then ventured to suggest, that if he were not yet appointed to any particular place, the scenery and romantic interest of the spot, might perhaps aid

other and higher motives in inducing Mr. Hopetoun to make it his abode for a time.

Reginald seemed somewhat struck at the suggestion, but said it was a subject requiring serious consideration. He expressed himself desirous, however, of taking such duty as his strength would enable him to fulfil, and said that the health of his sister also required her to continue for some time in a bracing atmosphere, and that these considerations would probably have an influence on his decision wherever he fixed himself; but observed that as he should have frequent opportunities of seeing the Major during the ensuing week, it might be as well to defer the subject till then. Thus saying, they parted.

"Bravo!" said the Major, forgetful of the probable proximity of listeners.

"Bravo!" echoed a voice close to his ear, "who is your man?"

"Miss Macgillivray!" said the Major, "you are the very person I want. What think you of him for a parson?"

"A parson!" exclaimed the lady, "are you joking, or is that really the case?"

"I trust it *will* be the case," replied the Major; "but I have some difficulties to smooth over first of all."

"And what may they be?" inquired the lady.

"I mean our position with regard to Mr. Irvine and the Bishop. I suspect he is high Church" replied the Major.

"I don't wonder at your feeling the difficulty of your position," said Miss Macgillivray, "I thought we had had enough of high Church already; and will Major Baldwyn guarantee an insignificant ally from a second excommunication?" she asked with a sneer. "Come don't be perverse," he replied; "don't you see, my friend, how much more we shall do in opposing Mr. Irvine on his own grounds, than we should

by occupying that which is lower ? and there is much to be done yet, before we put a final stop to the tyranny to which we are at present subjected ; for I consider little done till we have entirely freed the parish."

" I have heard of people *burning* out a *burn*," said Miss Macgillivray, " perhaps you believe in the efficacy, if you do not in the pleasantness of the cure. However, if the face of your new man be an index to his mind, we might perhaps tolerate even a little popery for *his* sake."

" *Doubtless*," said the major, laughing, " I believe popery or paganism would be much the same with you ladies, provided the preacher of it be a handsome man." So saying, he kissed his hand and walked off.

" He little knows how much of a pagan he is himself," muttered the amiable authoress, as she turned aside to her own home, " or he would deal less liberally in the term."

In the meantime, Reginald had reached the inn, having previously ordered the carriage to be in waiting, to convey his sisters to Broomie Knowe, the place of their intended sojourn.

The following morning he was up early, and had taken a solitary breakfast, as was frequently the case, owing to the lengthened attendance of Constantia, his eldest sister, on the invalid.

The morning had broken in upon their slumbers, as clear and sunny as the brow of innocence. Who could imagine that sin and pain, and sorrow lay beneath that balmy scene ! Invited by the freshness of the air, and the beauty of the prospect, Reginald directed his steps towards a neighbouring hill, whose heathy sides he ascended for nearly a mile. The view was delightful. There lay the quiet town, like a still enchantment, surrounded by overhanging hills, whose sides, richly clothed with wood for a considerable height, were

occasionally broken and diversified by peeps of houses and other buildings scattered over their surface. Here and there the dashing water gleamed in the morning sun; now a wavy streak of pencilled light, and now a gushing mass of sparkling foam, till at length it was lost in the irregularities of the distant landscape, which calmly lay beneath the morning haze.

“Happy spot!” said Reginald, as he gazed on the dreamy landscape, “Holy and delicious stillness! And yet”—he checked himself—“vain and deceitful stillness! This day, and at this hour, England is calling her thousands together to worship in the faith of their forefathers; whilst thou, Scotland! ignorant of thy wasted inheritance thinkest not, carest not!—Would that we were as one—one in mind, one in voice—Scotland,—England,—the world! But—he paused, raised his hat, and looking up for a moment, bent his head in token of submission, and was silent.

Reginald turned his steps homewards. His first inquiry on reaching a strange place, had generally been as to whether there was an episcopal church; but taking it for granted, from the few words which had passed between Major Baldwin and himself, that they were as yet, without one, he prepared himself to read the service to his little domestic circle at home.

On his return thither, Reginald had deviated a little from the direct road, by which he found himself nearer the heart of the town. The streets were quiet and empty, except where one or two persons were seen approaching. Presently he heard the tuneless stroke of a single bell, which a man, loud in conversation with some one from within, was carelessly pulling on the outside of a large unsightly building. It was the presbyterian kirk; and in order to avoid

the advancing people, Reginald diverged a little farther from the direct line.

While looking about him to ascertain the direction he ought to take, he was attracted by another building, possessing considerably more of the characteristics of a church. It stood east and west, having the symbolic cross at the former extremity. On approaching the entrance, which was at the opposite end, he was struck with the simple but venerable gothic doorway, and still more with the view from within.

There was a marked propriety in the whole arrangement of the place, which left him without a doubt. He stood in the house of God! A white headed man was busy in arranging the books on a reading desk, placed, as well as the pulpit, on one side, leaving the centre aisle free from obstruction, and giving to view the small but decent chancel, with its handsomely furnished altar.

Astonished, and pleased beyond measure, he waited till the old man had completed his arrangements; who, on observing a stranger in the doorway, advanced and respectfully returned the salutation with which Reginald greeted him.

"Am I right" asked Mr. Hopetoun, "in supposing this to be an episcopal church?"

"'Deed are ye, an' naethin' less; an' what's mair," said the old man, evidently proud of his vocation, "there's nae anither in a' the toun."

Reginald was more than ever bewildered. "But," he said, "I understood from Major Baldwyn,—at least his silence on the subject gave me reason to suppose,—that there was no church in this place?"

"An' are ye a frien' o' the Major's, sir?" asked the old man, looking a little disconcerted at the idea.

Reginald Hopetoun was angry with himself for feeling ashamed to acknowledge a friendship with Major Baldwyn.

After a moment he said, "I am certainly acquainted with Major Baldwyn, indeed it was by his invitation that I am here."

"Weel, weel, sirs, "but it wad hae been nane the war for us, an' we had niver seen his face in this bonnie toun."

"And in what way, my good friend, has Major Baldwyn given you offence? He seems to be a kind-hearted and well-disposed person?"

"'Deed sirs! An' is that a' that ye ken about the Major? Maybe ye think it was kind hearted o' the likes o' him to persecute the guid auld minister as if he had been as great a sinner as himsel'? An' maybe ye think it was weel-disposed to 'tice awa' the tae half o' the puir folk frae' St. Mary's, an' to big another church in spite o' him an' the Bishop as weel?"

Reginald Hopetoun's astonishment almost deprived him of speech. A faint blush transfused itself over his face, and a thrill of shame and resentment shot through his frame.

"Of what have I been guilty," he asked himself, "to have drawn down such an indignity upon my head, and upon mine office? What has this man seen in me to suppose me capable of such turpitude?" But immediately resuming his usual composure, he said, "this indeed, is reason enough for you to wish you had never seen his face in Glen Tilloch. What is the name of your clergyman, and where does he live?"

The old man turned himself round, and pointing to a small, but extremely neat looking cottage, about fifty yards distant, he said, "Mr. Irvine bides there sir, an' has deen sae for five and thretty years."

Reginald was at the door in less than a minute.

"Is Mr. Irvine within?"

The servant hesitated, and Reginald continued, "I am aware that this is an awkward and inconvenient hour to call; but if I might be allowed to see him, I should not detain him for more than a very few minutes, and should feel extremely obliged moreover."

At this moment Mr. Irvine made his appearance at the door of an inner apartment, habited in his cassock.

"Pray walk in sir," was the cordial invitation. Effie knows I do not willingly see people on a Sunday morning, or your welcome would have been a readier one."

Effie excused herself by saying she knew his reverence was just ready for church. "And so I am Effie; but we ought to make no rule so stringent as to prevent our breaking it when occasion requires it." So saying, he led the way into his sitting room, apologizing to Reginald for the hasty reception he was obliged to give him.

"Pray make no apology, I beseech you sir," said Reginald, "if any apology be due, it surely is from me, for this most uncereemonious visit:" and as he regarded the mild and venerable aspect of the aged divine, and thought he could trace deep lines of suffering, even through the cheerfulness that pervaded his manner, he again felt the blood tingle in his veins. "I suspect sir, the business which has brought me here will require more time than can be afforded at present; but I have one or two questions to put which my impatience will scarcely allow me to postpone. I am a Scotchman, and a clergyman, though graduated at an English University. I met Major Baldwyn by chance in Edinburgh a year ago, which led to a slight acquaintance. Discovering that I was again travelling in Scotland, he sent me an invitation to come and see the place, of which so much is spoken. As I should at all events have been very near to it, and thinking the spot might be beneficial to an in-

valid sister, who is with me, I agreed to come, provided we could be comfortably accommodated for a week or two. I arrived late last night, and was directed to Mrs. Gordon's of Broomie Knowe. On our way thither, Major Baldwin threw out some hints about my taking the charge of an episcopal congregation here, which is just forming, and who are building a church. As I am not in sufficient health at present to undertake the arduous duties of an English parish, and as it occurred to me that the place might be beneficial to my sister, I promised to consider the matter, and to talk again upon the subject. Fancy my astonishment, when, on returning this morning from an early walk, I came across your little church ! What am I to think of this singular affair ?"

"I fear," said Mr. Irvine, "that you can only regard it in one point of view :—as an affair of deliberate and systematic enmity to the Church ; coming with more danger, because with a fairer face, as being the work of her own members. But do not," he continued, "disturb your mind upon this painful subject just now ; for the hour of prayer is at hand. I will see you, God permitting, to-morrow morning betimes." So saying, he shook him warmly by the hand, and they parted.

CHAPTER X.

" One only way to life,
 One faith, delivered once for all ;
 One holy band, endowed with heaven's high call ;
 One earnest, endless strife ;—
 This is the Church, th' eternal framed of old."

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

REGINALD returned to Broomie Knowe, after parting with Mr. Irvine, and repeated to his sisters, as briefly as possible, the events just related, expressing his intention of attending the morning service. It was impossible for his sisters to be ready in time, and not choosing to interrupt the devotion of others by a late attendance, it was agreed they should remain at home. Reginald was greatly pleased with the devout manner in which the whole of the service was conducted. It was some comfort to Mr. Irvine, that if the congregation was thinned, it was of those who were little more than nominal members ; such, that is to say, who, though baptized into Christ's Body, the Church, saw and acknowledged no difference between the fine gold of the sanctuary and the tinselled imitations around it.

The very spirit and mind of the minister seemed to be infused into the people. The responses, and other portions allotted to the congregation, were audibly repeated, and in such a way as proved how much they understood and appre-

ciated the services of the Church. Not sitting idly by, like mere spectators, or judges of a certain performance, but entering with warmth and earnestness into its meaning and intention, whether in the deep confession, the warm response, or the emphatic "AMEN."

If any thing could have added to the sweetness and solemnity of the worship in this humble temple of God, it was the manner in which the singing was conducted, so often regarded as a kind of reprieve or entertainment. Here it was evidently a part—and an important and exalted part of divine worship. Could we but realize the church as she is! Could we but think of ourselves as members one of another—Christ our Head—united in Him—compact together—one actual and real body—animated by the same Spirit—having one faith—one baptism—one God and Father of us all!—Could we but realize our priests as the very ambassadors of Christ—sent by Him—endowed with His Spirit—armed with His authority! Could we but fancy angels, and arch-angels, and all the company of heaven lauding and magnifying His name, and saying, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!" How would our hearts expand and dilate with a sense of infinitude! How should we realize the weak sounds uttered on earth, repeated and repeated till they reached the very footstool of Him who is the "ALPHA AND OMEGA" of all being, space, and eternity!

It was scarcely possible to believe that Mr. Irvine was conscious of being the centre of a large concourse of people. He stood, and looked so like one who knew himself more immediately in the Eternal Presence. So calm, so subdued; so earnest, so solemn, and so abstracted from all around him—so present with his God!

His sermon too, was such as to make a deep impression on Reginald, not only for its sound and scriptural doctrine, but for its solemn enunciation of catholic truth.

He began by stating how few of those who take the scriptures for the "rule of faith," really receive the doctrines, and embrace the principles which our Lord revealed, the apostles inculcated, and which the faithful in all ages have maintained. "It is positive trifling," continued he, "to affect an exclusive veneration for the Bible, while we are at no pains to ascertain what the Bible really teaches. Let us for example," he said, "only take a few verses from the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, of which my text is one. 'Then they that gladly received His word were baptized, and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls; and they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship; and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.' This may be considered as the foundation of all that we, as churchmen, feel it to be our duty to contend for; of all that distinguishes and separates us from those who hold the doctrines and principles peculiar to the middle ages, and from every sect and denomination of the present day. In short, it is the foundation of all that in former days led our fathers to throw off the Roman yoke; and in our own calls upon us to stand fast in the inheritance they bequeathed to us. Now, as the preaching of these doctrines in the mouth of St. Peter, brought thousands in one day to unite themselves to the Church, and as, in the present day, so far from these wondrous effects following the preaching of the Word, it is no uncommon thing for those who have ever tasted of the privileges of the Church to turn aside from her fellowship, it behoves us to inquire whether it be really the same system which is now so little venerated, but which carried conviction to the minds of such multitudes,

when the apostles began to build up that spiritual Temple of which we are members, and of which our blessed Lord is the Head and Chief Corner Stone.

“The word so gladly received by the three thousand converts, was this—‘Know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ!’ Now when those who heard, being pricked in their heart, cried out, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do?’ Peter said unto them, ‘Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.’..... Then they that gladly received his word, were baptized, and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls; and they continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers.”

“Here are four things,” continued the preacher, “of the utmost importance. First the converts continued in the apostles’ *doctrine*; they did not assume any private opinions of their own; they received the blessed word which had been revealed, neither adding to it, nor taking from it, for they continued *steadfastly* in what they were taught. Again, they continued in the apostles’ *fellowship*; there was no schism in the body. They with one mind, and one mouth, glorified God. The ministry which our Lord appointed was revered; there was no separation from the apostles; there was one *body*, even as there was one faith, one baptism, one Lord. Thirdly, they continued in the breaking of *the* bread; (such is the original;) and the meaning is, that after they were baptized, and had received the Holy Ghost, they partook regularly of the blessed Sacrament of our Lord’s Body and Blood. The fourth, and last thing recorded is,

that they continued steadfastly in *the* prayers. That is, doubtless, the common prayers which were used in the assemblies of the Apostles. They had not every one a psalm, an interpretation; but they all with one accord, glorified God. There can therefore, be no doubt about the doctrines preached to the early Christians, nor about the means by which they were admitted into the Church, nor about their entire unanimity both in faith and in practice, and their steadfast adherence to the communion of the Saints. These were the features by which the Church was distinguished, when its foundations were laid; and its purpose was to bring sinners to Christ, and to furnish those who were incorporated into its community, with the means of grace. It was not merely instrumental as a teacher, but also sacramental as a medium of the believer's personal union with his Saviour. Now, let us inquire what are the doctrines which we in the present day preach as a branch of the one Holy Catholic Church?

“When St. Peter preached for the first time after the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Church of Christ was represented by the Apostles, and such of the disciples of our Lord, as continued in their ‘doctrine and fellowship.’ We therefore look upon the words of the inspired Apostles, as the voice of the infant Church, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation.

“That all men stand in need of a Saviour lies at the very foundation of the Apostles’ teaching; and that Jesus, who is Christ the Lord, came to proclaim peace and salvation on earth, is the leading doctrine of their gospel.

“Of the teaching of the Church, it may be affirmed that Christ is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Not the voice, be it remembered, of the individual preacher,

but that of the Church, speaking in her formularies, from the period of her infancy to the present time. In these formularies you will find that day by day, and year by year, Christ is her constant theme. In His incarnation and humiliation; His sufferings and death; in His resurrection, ascension, and glorification, Christ is the one grand object, in connection with our fallen state, to which she calls our attention. It is in Christ Jesus the only Son of God that she calls upon us to believe; it is through His name that she offers up every prayer; it is through His merits alone that she teaches us to look for acceptance with the Father; it is through His propitiatory sacrifice, that she leads us to hope for pardon and peace, and for the glories of eternal salvation in the life to come.

"This," continued Mr. Irvine, "is the lot of your inheritance, which some have bartered for the gratification of a momentary appetite. But be ye steadfast," he continued, "in this doctrine, and also in this fellowship, as branches grafted into the true vine, and ye shall be fed with the sap of holy principle and faith, and grow up to be trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, fit to be transferred in due season, to the Paradise of God; remembering that the branches that abide not in Him, are withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

Reginald was delighted with what he had heard and witnessed, and waited to express his satisfaction to Mr. Irvine. He remained till nearly the last person had left the church, when he rose from his seat, hoping to see him before he retired from the vestry. But observing a few people still loitering about the door, and at the same time catching a glimpse of the old man, to whose information he was indebted for his recent gratification, he advanced towards

him, and slipping half-a-crown into his hand, inquired how soon Mr. Irvine was likely to make his appearance.

"Guid sirs!" exclaimed the astonished functionary,—"but he winna be lang."

"The service is over for the morning, is it not?" asked Reginald.

"Aye, aye," said the old man, "that's ower as ye ken; but the minister has gotten some puir ignorant boddies to ca' to order, that he is na richt satisfie'd wi'. These are times when folk canna thole fish an' flesh in ae breath; kirk an' chapel dinna gang weel thegither for as muckle as the kirk folk think o' their ain." "Ye ken, nae doubt," he continued, after a pause, "the sair heart, the young leddy up yonder, has gi'en the minister, for as weel far'd a face as she has o' her ain?"

"What young lady do you mean?" said Reginald, while a strange pang shot through his heart, "I know nothing whatever about the matter."

"'Deed then, an' ye *are* a muckle stranger to the Major, for by the place, seein' ye speer for that," said the man, looking surprised. "An' ye dinna ken that it was her ye ca' Feleecie or some sicken an ill-ken't name, that communicated at the kirk, on richt set purpose to vex the heart o' the guid auld minister, because that boddie Miss 'Gillivray was nae weel pleas't wi' the minister's doctrine?"

Reginald's heart beat quick as he listened to this painful account, and hastily expressing his general ignorance of the entire circumstances, he turned away from his garrulous informer, deeply affected at this further development of the affair.

On reaching home, he found an interested audience in his two sisters; who, like himself, deeply imbued with an earnest belief in the great practical system, and divine

polity of the Church, were united with him and with each other, in bonds, dearer even than that of family, or kindred, or tastes.

It now became a subject of anxious debate as to their further proceedings with reference to Major Baldwyn. Reginald's uncompromising belief in the power and authority of the Church, necessarily led him to regard the Major as *ipso facto* excommunicated, and to hold unnecessary intercourse with him while under this burden, was repugnant to every principle of his belief. In addition to this, he could not but remember the indignity which had been offered to himself, and in his person to the Church, which confirmed the impossibility of a friendly intercourse; and though it would be vain to say that Reginald had not loved to dream over the recollection of Felicia Baldwyn, it required but a momentary struggle to tear her image from his heart, or at least, to place it in abeyance to his duty as a christian soldier.

Moreover, Constantia, who had no intention of glossing over differences so serious in their nature, was extremely averse to any communication with the Baldwyns. She felt she could not now meet them agreeably without violating her own views, and her sense of consistency as a Church woman. "If," she said, "I believed with sectarians, that all forms of religion were alike, charity would oblige me to mix with others, however opposed to my opinions; but persuaded as I am that there is but one Holy Universal Church, I cannot consistently countenance those who wilfully cut themselves off from her communion. Had Felicia Baldwyn," she continued, "been bred *without* the pale of the Church, I might have pitied her, and loved her not the less; and rejoiced to think of the treasures there were yet in store for her in the household of God; but as she

has once tasted of the heavenly gift, there is no alternative, no choice, but to sanction or reprove ; the one I cannot, the other I may not do. It is better therefore, never to see her, than to see, only to disturb and offend her." It was therefore finally decided that Reginald should write to Major Baldwyn, and by this means anticipate further overtures either of a specific or of a general character.

CHAPTER XI.

"As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ; for by one Spirit are ye all baptized into one body; . . . now are they many members; yet but one body."

1 Cor. xii.

ON Monday morning, Felicia Baldwyn descended to the breakfast parlour, beaming with joy and happiness. No doubtful shadows disturbed the bright serenity of her glowing hopes. Reginald Hopetoun had satisfied her heart. He had said that her name was already familiar to his sister's ears. What was this but to say that it had been in his thoughts—on his lips. One word from him, she argued, was worth volumes from others; what more could she require from one so good, so pure, and so truthful! One only recollection dashed the cup of her happiness. How should she be able to meet the reproof of his eye, when once her fault—pregnant with such important consequences—should become known to him? In vain she strove to crush this rebellious thought, to stifle its obtrusive whisper. "Still," she argued, "he loves me; and I know how easy it is for the heart to forgive, which has once yielded to the gentle yoke of true affection."

Whilst thus yielding to the transports of an undisciplined imagination, Felicia observed her father and Miss Macgillivray, whom he had encountered in an early walk, coming towards the house. She flew to meet them, her face radiant with smiles. "Really," said Miss Macgillivray, "I begin to think that handsome preachers are as potent as you were pleased to affirm, Major Baldwyn!"

The major laughed as he exultingly contemplated his daughter's beauty, and said, "I knew I was telling you the truth; and we shall soon see," he continued with a significant smile, "what effect pagan doctrines have upon the heart of Felicia."

Miss Macgillivray knew there was something in these words, more than met the ear; but too cunning to betray a curiosity which she knew would soon be gratuitously satisfied, she readily and without remark accepted the Major's invitation to take breakfast with them. The meal passed off gaily, under the exhilarating influence of anticipated success, and was nearly concluded, when the servant delivered a note to Major Baldwyn. "It is from our pagan preacher," he said gaily, "read it Harriet." Harriet read as follows—

"Sir,—I understand the church you are now building, and of which you paid me the compliment of inviting me to take the charge, is one built in schismatical opposition to the bishop of the diocese, and to the Church at large. I will endeavour to pass over the indignity you have thus offered to my principles as a churchman, and my feelings as a christian minister; trusting, that time will convince you of the value of the one, and of the sincerity of the other. I will, nevertheless, cordially bear in mind the kindness you originally meant towards me, and candidly acknowledge the deep regret I experience in the sudden rupture of an intimacy from which I had anticipated more happi-

ness than it is generally my habit to look for in the friendship of the world. Farewell. May God lead you into a better reception of the truth.

REGINALD F. HOPETOUN."

When Harriet had read the note to the end, she instinctively turned her eyes towards her sister, who had risen from her chair with the obvious intention of reaching the door, but failed. She was deadly pale, and before Harriet could catch hold of her, she had fallen forward, her face coming with great violence against the floor.

The Major flew to her assistance, and was horrified at perceiving the blood pouring from her mouth and nostrils. Medical aid was immediately called in, but with little avail. Nothing could be done but to keep the patient perfectly still and quiet, in hopes that nature would exert itself in stopping the progress of the disease. A vessel had been ruptured by the agony of the shock occasioned by Reginald's letter.

The Major, distracted between rage and fear, paced the room from end to end throughout the whole of the day; now sending for the doctor, now for Harriet, and again and again stealing to the door of his daughter's apartment to catch a hope from any change that might appear in the deathlike expression of her face. Towards evening the hemorrhage entirely ceased, and everything now depended upon the perfect calmness in which she was kept, both mentally and physically. Happily the wretched sufferer appeared unconscious of her own situation, though evidently recognizing those around her. She seemed continually striving to grasp something before her, to which she endeavoured to draw attention; at the same time, when her father spoke to her, she pressed the hand in which her own lay, in token of recognition.

In the midst of all this grief and alarm, the Major had to endure the additional mortification of having had Miss Macgillivray the witness of his humiliation; convinced that every circumstance would be eagerly chronicled throughout the length and breadth of Glen Tilloch.

In the mean time, Reginald paid his promised visit to Mr. Irvine who was anxiously waiting to receive it. The young clergyman put a copy of the letter which he had addressed to the Major into Mr. Irvine's hand. "You have done quite right," said the latter on perusing it, "the tone of uncompromising disgust you have adopted, will probably have more effect than the most elaborate arguments. The actual bearings of the Church question, as it may be called, is one upon which a lamentable degree of ignorance prevails, even with people more deeply versed in polemical discussions than the Major is; and as he and his colleagues are, in the mean time, attending the preachings at the kirk, he is scarcely in a way to be made sensible of his error. Indeed, I fear he is too deeply involved in this most wicked undertaking to allow of anything now operating favourably on his determination."

Mr. Irvine then went into the whole particulars of the case from the very outset, and by so doing, afforded an additional argument to Reginald, had such been required, in favour of his resolution to avoid further intercourse with the Major. Reginald's temper, remarkable for its sweetness and equanimity, had been unusually disturbed by recent occurrences; but the calm and placid deportment of Mr. Irvine acted like oil on the troubled waters, and again his mind assumed its usual balance and composure.

Mr. Irvine agreed to dine with his young friend that day, and proposed in the interim to show the ladies some of the beauties of the neighbouring scenery. The party met by

appointment at one o'clock, and after partaking of a slight repast at the Knowe, they commenced their peregrinations, Emily mounted on a steady Shetland pony, to visit the falls and their immediate neighbourhood.

With minds happily attuned to the sweet influences of domestic scenery, and impressed with a deep feeling of the wonders and beauties of creation, the morning passed delightfully away with the whole party ; and their pleasure was increased by the peculiar enhancement of a religious sympathy. Constantia succeeded, by persevering courage, in reaching several points of view inaccessible to the ordinary scrambler. These she prepared to sketch, leaving Emily seated on her camp stool, reading her favourite poet, George Herbert ; the gentlemen, now at the side of the one, now of the other ; at one time discussing the quaint peculiarities of the Christian poet, and then passing their judgments on the rapid performances of Constantia's pencil ; the intervals being passed in conversation deeply interesting to the Christian minister.

Unconscious of the lapse of time, they were surprised by the near approach of the dinner hour ; and they hastened from the scene of their enjoyment full of the sentiment of Sir John More, that, " which way soever you turn your eyes, the smiling face of the earth pleases, the sweet temper of the air refresheth, and the goodly aspect of the heavens delighteth you. You see nothing there but the bountiful gifts of nature, and some holy footsteps of innocence."

The appearance of reserve, generally chargeable on the manners of Reginald Hopetoun, entirely disappeared in the society of Mr. Irvine, whose conversation,

" Giving to the soul sweet senses of larger room,"

never for a moment wearied or flagged. Sometimes gay, sometimes grave ; yet ever corrected by a sound judgment,

and enlivened by a keen sensibility, a playful fancy, and a happy taste. And this was an occasion in which the whole armoury of his mind was called into active display. The companions with whom he so suddenly found himself associated, seemed raised by some mysterious agency, far above the tenor of ordinary society, and yet in a degree so simple, so natural, and so free from effort, as to render it difficult to say in what the charm peculiarly consisted. It was, in fact, the absence of whatever is wrong, rather than a forward display of what is right, which threw a charm of such touching grace around this orphan family. Constantia had in her deportment, something of quiet maternal dignity, attributable, probably, to the circumstance of her early position as mistress of her father's house; and was, in fact, treated by Reginald and Emily more as a mother than as a sister, excepting in the easy familiarity arising from a closer proximity in years and tastes. Emily, possessing perhaps less of that peculiar firmness of purpose so characteristic of Constantia, had nevertheless a mind cast in a similar mould; to which was added, a graceful and poetic fancy, which in Arcadian days, would have made her the divinity of pastoral scenes.

The conversation naturally turned on the recent affairs which had so fortuitously brought them together; and in speaking of the new church, and of the mode adopted for raising the necessary funds, Mr. Irvine incidentally reverted to the bazaar.

"It is a strange and mortifying fact," he said, "that people, otherwise well-informed, should exhibit such deplorable ignorance and inconsistency in affairs of the Church. I do not speak," said he, "of such as have separated themselves from her communion; although impelled by an evil principle, we may yet suppose they are actuated by what they believe to

be lawful. I rather speak of those who profess a steadfast adherence to her communion. Persons of this kind will exhibit the utmost shrewdness, and form the nicest distinctions on questions bearing on the affairs of common life; but the moment you present a subject affecting the Church as a thing of eternity, they are either incapable of judging, even upon the most irrefragable arguments, or—what I fear is often nearer the truth—they regard the question as altogether *unreal*. The Church is a thing towards which they profess respect and belief, as a matter of course, but in which there is, to their apprehension, no real, tangible existence. Thus, it is no common thing for a person solemnly to repeat, in the witnessing presence of the congregation of God's people, 'I believe *one* catholic and apostolic church,' who, if you press the question home, will openly refuse his consent to this doctrine of the saints—a belief in *one* only Church, catholic and indivisible.—It is a kind of figurative speaking which they admit *as such*; but which conveys to them no lively type of an actual and spiritual reality. In fact, reality to such persons, is simply *corporeality*; they realize nothing of which their bodily faculties are not cognizant; they have no definite idea of a Church, fitted, compacted, cemented together; nourished by the same food, animated by the same Spirit, speaking the same thing, and growing up into a perfect building, day by day, and year by year, as the harvest of eternal life is being gathered in—perfect in architectural beauty, and made fit for the reception of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting. It is sad to think," continued he, after a pause, "that those who, thus loosely regarding the system of Christ's Church, see no inconsistency in lending a helping hand to the schism from which they are repeatedly praying to be delivered! Can these people ever *remember* that, when

offering up this petition in the service of the sanctuary, they 'take words,' and standing in the awful presence of the eternal God, do actually present them to Him, while perhaps, their plans are formed, their schemes laid—carelessly it may be—but still laid, for aiding and abetting the declared enemies of the Church? See these scenes of frivolity, these fancy fairs, visited and supported by our laity, and—I blush to acknowledge it—by our very *clergy* themselves!"

"There is the less hope of remedy," said Reginald, "since our own household words are taken from us, and applied to things of which we have no knowledge. We hear much of 'liberality,' and 'charity,' and 'Christian kindness;' a liberality which appears to me very similar to that of a servant, who stood by with folded hands, or, even assisted, whilst his master's house was being ransacked; a charity less of 'kind feeling,' than 'a compromise of principle;' a Christian kindness, very nearly akin to sloth and indifference. What were St. Paul's notions of charity respecting his brethren in the flesh? Did he try to smooth down the differences which lay, like a mountain, between him and them? Did he think it charity to cry 'peace, peace, when there was no peace?' Did he argue, that provided they did so with a conscientious conviction of its justness, his brethren might retain their unbelief? Did he not rather, in the fulness of his heart, and in the deep yearnings of his noble affection, exclaim, 'I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.' *This* was love; *this* was charity! How unlike the sluggish, temporizing counterfeit of the present day, which, salving over the wound, leaves it to fester and eat into the very heart! As churchmen we are bound to pray for those who are without; as Christians we are bound to strive to win them over, by every means in our power, to

the blessings and privileges of the Church ; and as ' brethren—as kinsmen according to the flesh,' to sacrifice everything—O how cheaply sacrificed!—to bring them over to the true Catholic faith. Christ has declared the Church to be His Body, of which He Himself is the ever glorious Head. There cannot be many bodies, nor can they be parts of one body, who wilfully walk *contrary* to that body ; neither can there exist schisms *in* the body ; because whatever is cut off, is no longer of the body, but perisheth. ' If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered.' The question here, is, ' how is a man to abide in Christ ?' Surely it is by being a member of His one Holy Body, the Church. There is *one* body, and *one* Spirit, even as ye are called in *one* hope of your calling ; *one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism ; *one* God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all !' One body cannot move in contrary ways at the same moment ; one Spirit cannot call us in different hopes of our calling ; one Lord cannot be the author of confusion and division ; nor can one faith teach us to receive and deny with the same mouth. Therefore we cannot *all* be right ; and who can have a better hope of treading the ' good way,' to speak only hypothetically, than he who follows in humble obedience, the exact pattern of the apostles and early fathers of the Church ? We know that the sins of a nation, once the elect of God, have brought upon it the curse of judicial blindness. Is this lesson never to be rightly read of men ?"

Much in this way, in the manly interchange of Christian reflection, passed the first day of Reginald's intimacy with Mr. Irvine, the latter, leaving Broomie Knowe with the promise of an early visit on the following morning.

CHAPTER XII.

" Oft, ere the common source be known,
 The kindred drops will claim their own,
 And throbbing pulses silently
 Move heart towards heart by sympathy."

KEBLE.

THE following morning, even before the early hour of Reginald's usual rising, a note was brought from Mr. Irvine. It conveyed the distressing intelligence of Felicia Baldwyn's alarming illness, which had reached Mr. Irvine on his return home the preceding evening. Reports had also gone abroad, that she had been jilted by the clergyman who had come to take the new charge in Glen Tilloch. Mr. Irvine had no doubt of the falsehood of this latter rumour; and therefore thought it unnecessary to disturb the mind of his young friend by repeating the scandal. *One* portion of the statement he could refute; namely, that he came to undertake the new charge; and as this was false, it was the more likely that the whole account, as far as Reginald was concerned, was a mere fabrication. Mr. Irvine concluded the note by mentioning his intention of accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson on a visit to Broomie Knowe, about the middle of the day.

Reginald was unaffectedly grieved at the account of Felicia's illness, although not the slightest suspicion crossed his mind that he was, in any way, implicated as being the cause of

it. He thought chiefly of the evil alternative to which she had reduced herself, either to have shut herself out from the sustaining comforts of the Church; or, what was still worse, to be insensible to the loss she had thus incurred. He remembered the evening spent at Mrs. Crowther's; and if an involuntary sigh escaped his lips at the fair vision of domestic happiness, associated with that visit, it was immediately hushed in the serene calm of a rectified will.

At the appointed hour the party arrived, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, and Mr. Irvine. After sitting half an hour, during which time a mutual understanding and just appreciation of character seemed to exist throughout the party, Mr. Farquharson, having his own horses with him, insisted on driving the ladies out, instead of their own carriage being furnished from the inn. He was anxious, moreover, to show them some particular scenery, at a distance from the town; and as they would necessarily pass Auchvenean on their way home, he insisted on being indulged in the plan he had laid down of taking them there to dinner, where the two clergymen would join them. This occasioned some demur, as the ladies declared against leaving Mr. Irvine and Reginald, the carriage being scarcely large enough for the whole party. At length it was agreed that the former should mount his own pony, and that Reginald should take Emily's Shetlander, which had been hired for the period of their stay. This would enable them to keep pace with the carriage through the rough and hilly roads they would have to pass.

Matters thus adjusted, the party, in high spirits, commenced their drive; Reginald and his companion sometimes falling far behind, and sometimes riding close enough, where the nature of the road would admit, to enable them to exchange remarks with those within.

Constantia, who passionately loved the wild character of

uncultivated nature, was almost oppressed with a feeling of awe, as she gazed on the vastness and grandeur of the deep ravines, and impending precipices which surrounded them ; and was frequently indulged by a few minutes' pause, that she might commit to paper, the general features, at least, of these wild passes ; and Emily, equally enchanted, was frequently threatened with future imprisonment at home, unless she would restrain her enthusiasm within the quiet bounds of silent admiration.

They had reached the termination of their drive, and were on their return homewards, when some person, either ignorant of the fact of a carriage being so near, or careless of the circumstance, suddenly fired off a gun from the top of the rock, along the shelving side of which the party were moving. One of the horses becoming frightened, immediately began to plunge with great violence, and driving the carriage backwards against the rocky side of the road, in an instant overturned it. Mr. Farquharson and the coachman were both thrown off the box, and a good deal bruised ; Mrs. Farquharson and Constantia escaped as by a miracle, with very little hurt ; but the unfortunate Emily lay bleeding and lifeless on the ground.

Mr. Irvine and Reginald witnessed the accident from a distance, and before Mr. Farquharson could extricate himself, Reginald was kneeling on the ground, with his sister in his arms. He silently undid her bonnet, and bending over her lifeless form, he gazed for a moment on her death-like features, and then imprinted a passionate kiss upon her lips, the next moment raising his eyes to Constantia's face. Constantia saw the look, a hot flush passed across her forehead, and the next moment she reeled, and was caught in Mr. Irvine's arms, who had instinctively moved to her side. "No

no," cried Mr. Farquharson, who took in the whole of this fearful scene, "she is not dead! Thank God! thank God! she breathes," he continued, as he stooped over her to ascertain the certainty of his own hopes. Reginald spoke not; but his lips, perfectly white, were seen to move, while his trembling arms still surrounded the fainting girl. After some time she opened her eyes, and gazing around her, at length fixed them on Constantia, still motionless in the arms of Mr. Irvine, and instantly closed them again, like one who cared not to see the light. "Dear Emily," whispered Reginald, "Constantia is not hurt—it is only alarm for you. Tell me, are you much hurt?"

"Something pains me here," she said faintly, as she pressed her hand upon her head. Reginald hastily parted the hair, and was shocked to see a severe cut a little above the ear, from which the blood was copiously flowing. He immediately applied his handkerchief to the wound, and binding it down with another, prevailed upon her to taste a mouthful of water, which Mrs. Farquharson had brought in Constantia's palette glass from a neighbouring spring.

He now turned his anxious attention towards his elder sister, still perfectly senseless, and upon whom neither water, nor any other available restorative, had had the slightest effect. Emily at length found relief in tears, and Mrs. Farquharson, taking Reginald's place at her side, released him to the aid of Constantia. After a little time, she began to show signs of re-animation, and at length, able to recognize objects around her, she saw Emily, apparently safe in Mrs. Farquharson's charge. She did not speak; but holding out her arms, Emily bounded into them, and was thankfully, and devoutly folded to her heart.

In the meantime men having been procured from a

neighbouring farm, the carriage had been righted, and put in a condition to convey the party forward.

This time Reginald begged he might be permitted to accompany his sisters, which was easily arranged by Mr. Farquharson taking Reginald's horse, the coachman leading forward the startled animal, till he could safely trust him to the rein.

It was now Mrs. Farquharson's turn to be absolute. As soon as they had reached Auchvenean, she dispatched a messenger for Miss Hopetoun's maid, and insisted on taking the personal oversight of the two sisters. "I will have no rebellion," she said, playfully; "and will even lay my embargo here," she continued, placing her hand on Mr. Irvine's arm. He has long owed me a visit, and can never pay it so agreeably to himself, as while I have such inducements to offer as my present company afford."

The plan thus arranged, the sisters were severally conveyed to their rooms, medical aid having been sent for immediately on reaching Auchvenean. Emily was severely hurt, and became extremely feverish in the course of the evening; she was watched with evident anxiety by the medical attendant—Reginald and Constantia sitting by her side the whole night. She battled on, however, through a fluctuating recovery for several days, at the end of which time, she was allowed once more to take her place in the drawing-room, to the great delight of her brother and sister, and the happiness of the whole party.

A few more days elapsed, and Emily was again able to enjoy air and gentle exercise, and Reginald began to talk of their departure from the neighbourhood of Glen Tilloch. Their kind hosts evinced the greatest reluctance to part with their visitors, and Mr. Irvine felt as though some impending trial awaited him; so endeared to his affections, had the

youthful visitors become. How strange and inexplicable, upon other than Christian grounds, is the fact that a day—nay an hour, will sometimes bring hearts together in the closest bonds of affection; when in other cases, no external circumstances of fitness and advantage are able to surmount the barrier that seems to intervene. Societies have been formed by the devices of men, in which they have surrounded themselves by the most stringent obligations to move in one common bond of mutual friendship; but how infinitely short do they come of that mysterious unison of the heart's deep pulses, touched by the common chord of Christian sympathies.

Speaking one evening of the wondrous change that a few years had worked upon the great mass of Christian worshippers, Mr. Farquharson observed, "An old aunt of mine—a good creature, in spite of a few peculiarities—and Mrs. Pettigrew, my godmother, were great friends. There was one subject, however, upon which they could never agree. My aunt strenuously maintained that prayer ought to be the spontaneous outpourings of a religious spirit as best calculated to find the fittest expression for its own wants and desires. Mrs. Pettigrew on the other hand argued that an obedient and systematic fulfilment of a Christian duty and privilege, especially where two or three are gathered together in united prayer, could not be less acceptable to God, who had indeed, attached a special promise to such assemblies. Acting upon this belief, Mrs. Pettigrew eventually retired to a collegiate town in the north of England, in order that she might have daily access to the Church. This, in my aunt's estimation, was bigotted formalism. However, on the investigation of Mrs. Pettigrew's affairs after her death, it was discovered that this 'formalist' had, for years, quietly devoted two-thirds of a moderate income in the performance of un-

ostentatious deeds of charity. I never heard auntie talk about 'formalism' after that," added Mr. Farquharson.

"It does appear very strange," said Reginald, "that the calm, conscientious fulfilment of daily duty should be considered as less likely, from its very consistency and uniformity, to meet with acceptance, than the presumptuous overflowings of a heated imagination. Surely it is enough to warm our hearts, and to animate our sensibilities, that we are permitted to approach the God of our salvation, in spiritual communion. Indeed, it appears to me that we should rather require something to temper and correct our thoughts, than to inflame and agitate them. I cannot help regarding the services of the Church as peculiarly designed to repress this presumptuous mistake."

"It is worthy of remark," said Mr. Irvine, "that the admission of one fundamental error, by a kind of judicial consequence, invariably leads to innumerable others. The denial of regeneration in baptism, leads men to look for other signs than that of baptism by which to judge of the change in their nature; and as they refuse to believe in the external sign, they are necessarily driven to seek for it in internal sensation. Hence the perpetual endeavour of those, who refuse to receive this doctrine, to discover something in themselves which may afford a satisfactory conviction of the necessary change from death to life; and this again, to a thousand errors in principle and practice. Thus the sober, practical experience of the Christian hope, is lost in the glare of artificial heat. Too much honour can scarcely be given to the so-called evangelical party in England, for the impulse they gave to Christian zeal, piety, and activity in the work of charity; but, ever going back to the *foundation* of the Christian scheme—ever preaching experimental faith, that is, trying to find it—to experience it in themselves, they at

length lost sight, in the contemplation of this one grace, of almost every thing towards which, faith, as the instrument, should have directed their view ; in short they mistook *the commencement of life, for the life itself*. The Church never, therefore, could get beyond this mere impulse, till the more ample development of her powers gave rest and stability to many weary spirits. They doubtless laid the foundation of faith, to many a fair structure that has subsequently been erected ; thus far, at any rate, their faith was fruitful unto eternal life. I cannot see," continued Mr. Irvine, "how it can be disputed that, as in the case of the Ethiopian Eunuch whom Philip was sent to teach in the way of life, faith is to be preached as the preliminary and foundation to the Christian hope—not merely as the superstructure. Thus, the Church in her baptismal service, publicly requires a declaration of faith in the several articles of her doctrine from the sponsor, before the child, for whom he is answering, can be admitted into the communion and fellowship of the Church—the spiritual Body of Christ. Thus baptism is the first result of faith ; henceforth we are to walk as the children of the light, pressing forward, by works of holiness, to the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus."

"It is a singular fact," observed Constantia, "that where faith is held up, practically, to the exclusion of all other Christian graces, so little of faith is really entertained. It is like boasting of a sturdy belief, in how very little there is to believe. I tremble to think how many scriptural truths, these upholders of a 'saving faith' utterly repudiate. It appears to me," she continued, "that the rejection of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and that of the Christian priesthood as an exclusive ecclesiastical polity, have been the fruitful, not to say the sole causes of all the confusion, the

divisions, and the schisms throughout England, since the Reformation."

"The analogy existing between the Christian covenant, and the miraculous deliverance of the Israelites, is so replete with instruction," said Mrs. Farquharson, "as to leave one without an excuse, as it seems to me, for error on the subject of these ordinances."

"This error has in it the root and seed of the Calvinistic doctrine," said Mr. Irvine. "The pride of man has ever been striving to compass the wisdom of infinity. The Calvinist cannot understand how God should will the salvation of man, and yet fail to secure it; they overlook the fact that though God be infinite in power, He, is not, necessarily, infinite in His works; as, for instance, may be seen in the case of certain animals to whom particular faculties are uniformly denied. This defect in the theory of necessity, which was acknowledged by the philosophers of the heathen world, and which forced them to place the Deity himself under a superior power, which they called 'destiny,' has led in modern speculators to the rejection of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. *Regeneration* with them is synonymous with *predestination*. They deny this doctrine, that baptism puts man within the reach of salvation, without *necessarily* securing it to him. With them, if he be regenerate, he is predestinated to eternal life; God has willed it, and God will perform it. They reject the idea that baptism places us once more in covenant with our Creator, in which He again speaks to us after this manner; 'do this and live:' not that the *doing* will save us, but as being necessary to prove our submission to the law of obedience, under which, by the mercy of God, we have again been brought. Few will affirm, whatever may be the theories of a particular school,*

* *Vide*, Warburton, &c.

that the obedience of Adam purchased for him the felicity of paradise; and yet his diobedience caused him to be driven forth from it. Nor will *our* obedience be the means of our salvation; and yet, we cannot be saved without this obedience. In other words, our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden perfectly irrespective of any merits of their own; God, of His mercy, placing them there, and willing their happiness, and even affording them the wonderful privilege of personal communion with Himself. 'And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden.' This privilege, however, was not coercive on their obedience, for they fell, and forfeited their heritage. In exact analogy to this, *we* have been brought within reach of the Christian privileges, quite irrespective of our own worth; for we were 'carnal,' 'sold under sin,' aliens from God, and lying under the sentence of eternal death. Christ died for the remission of this condemnation, and for our restoration to the covenanted mercies of God; and being baptized into His death, we are restored to newness of life, and again 'walk with God,' through the operations of the Spirit, and again we hear 'do this, and live.' In short, works are 'a dutiful *necessity*,' to which we are bound, not the *means* by which we obtain the gift of redemption: necessary to it, but not productive of it. In this way, food cannot produce life, but life cannot be sustained without food. The dealings of God with the Israelites, are also wonderfully typical of His covenant with us under Christ. It was not for any deeds done by this 'stiff-necked and rebellious' people, that God led them into the wilderness. It was because they were the children of promise, the elect and chosen seed of Abraham. They were in bondage in the land of darkness, but they heard God's call, and believed, and went forward, not doubting of their deliverance though they saw not the way of

it. They were guided by the 'pillar of fire,' and were baptized in the Red Sea. In their journey through the wilderness of their probation, they 'drank of that spiritual rock which followed them,' and ate of the heavenly manna. Here the brazen serpent—type and figure of eternity and of the eternal God—was raised for their healing; and here the ark of God's covenant was established by his command, and made after the exact pattern of His will; and here, be it remembered, some fell away and perished in the gainsaying of Korah. Thus in the Church, we are taken from the bondage of Satan; transplanted by the waters of baptism—we ask not how—into a new state wherein we walk; having God's guidance, through the Spirit, by day and by night. Here the true Rock that was smitten for us, is ever giving out its healing waters; here it is, that we eat of the 'hidden manna,' which is Christ, whose Body and Blood verily and indeed taken by the faithful, is given for the nurturing and strengthening of the spiritual life. It is here that the cross is preached; and here that the ark of God's covenant is erected after the rule of God's commandments; and here, alas! that some rebel against the leadings of the Spirit, and 'have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water,' and have cut themselves off from the Church of God."

Soon after the close of this conversation, Mr. Irvine rose to take his leave, resisting the united efforts of the whole party to keep him with them a day or two longer. Emily declared he was the most wayward, wilful, despotic old man she had ever met with.

"Making you the prophet of your own fate," he replied, "I mean to lay my commands upon the whole party tomorrow, from which, I warn you, there is no swerving."

"And pray what is your imperial pleasure, with regard to the morrow!" asked the laughing girl, "for I love your despotism dearly."

"I mean first to take you captive," he replied, "and incarcerate you in my castle, and there to subject you to the torture of an old man's kindness;"—a slight quiver was perceptible on his lip; "may the God of goodness forgive the unthankful murmer!" he continued, momentarily raising his eyes to heaven; "I had well nigh said, why was I not indeed blessed with such a staff to mine old age,—a daughter like this fair child, to smooth my passage to the grave! But it is far better as it is; for if I cannot now leave you, even for a few hours without pain, how should I have prepared my heart to leave you for ever?"

Thus saying, and pressing the hand of the tearful girl to his lips, he hastily retired, after a promise from the party to spend the following day with him at his little parsonage.



CHAPTER XIII.

"The priest was such as Chaucer drew
 In very lineament and hue ;
 Save when his love o'er children bent,
 It something to the surface sent ;—
 A child-like soul, which takes delight
 In lowly deeds, and shows aright,
 The true and guileless Israelite,
 Often he seemed by toil oppress'd,
 Oftener in very toil at rest ;
 Nor ever deemed his labour done
 Till he that last repose had won,
 Where now the chequer'd shadows wave,
 And breathe that peace above his grave."

THE BAPTISTERY.

REGINALD and his sisters were gone ; and Mr. Irvine for the first time felt what it really was to be alone ; and had it not been for the lively sallies of the ever cheerful Farquharson, and the kind and considerate attentions of his amiable wife, he had felt utterly forlorn.

Felicia Baldwyn was slowly recovering ; but as her bodily strength returned, the bitterness of her recent disappointment seemed to increase. Convinced at length that all hope was utterly futile, she made every effort to dismiss the image of Reginald Hopetoun from her heart. But it is only in replacing the idol of our affections, by another and a higher

object, that we can expect to remove it. By constantly endeavouring to reason herself out of her hopeless attachment, she kept him ever in mind, and at length yielded to the conviction, that nothing would ever avail to banish him from her heart.

The Major, piqued and irritated at the intimacy of the Farquharsons, with the visitors he had considered as exclusively his own; and enraged by Reginald's rejection, as he considered it, of his daughter, pushed on the completion of the church, resolved in this, at any rate, not to be defeated. Advertisements were despatched, and every preparation made for a grand opening. The only previous arrangement to be made, being the appropriation of the several pews and sittings—*kneelings* were out of the question. This however, threatened to be a more difficult matter than had been anticipated. The Major's temper had been a good deal ruffled by recent events, and few people came near him without, in some way, being made sensible of the fact. Even M'Duff had received an intimation that the Major must be taken on his own terms. In spite of M'Duff's constitutional indolence, he was easily offended, and he had resented the tone assumed towards him by the Major; in consequence of which a coldness had sprung up, which laid the seeds of a jealous rivalry between the friends.

It will be remembered that the Major's plan for the church contained a row of pews up the centre, having an aisle or passage on each side. The pew next the communion table was fixed upon by Major Baldwyn, who, in virtue of his being first on the list of subscribers, assumed it as his right. M'Duff came second, but having also given the ground, and the stones for building, he likewise claimed a right to the first choice. Words ran high; the Major and M'Duff being equally determined not to yield. The managers became seriously alarmed for the consequences of this untimely

breach between the leaders of their party, and various plans were devised with the hope of compromising the difference. It was at length proposed to conciliate M'Duff by throwing two pews into one, at one side of the entrance, and to curtain it off, to correspond with "the vestry" at the other side. It must be confessed that M'Duff was not altogether insensible to the aristocratic exclusiveness of this arrangement, and although far from forgiving the Major his victory, he accepted the alternative.

The chief belligerents having been pacified, all minor difficulties were soon disposed of, and a day was fixed for the opening of the church, and the selection of a preacher. We will not enter upon the degradation of these clerical exhibitions. Congregations sitting in judgment upon their spiritual teachers; clergymen submitting to this unheard-of tribunal, and thus fostering the notion that the fulfilment of their sacred functions, the duties of their sacred office, is a mere performance—a trial of oratorical skill.

Several of the candidates produced very satisfactory testimonials, but these scarcely met with the civility of a perusal—a fine reader and a popular preacher was all they cared for; and these they eventually obtained in a Mr. Clarkson, who, fully answering the above requirements, was finally elected. He had originally belonged to a dissenting community in England, but believing that the Church offered a wider field for his abilities, he had, with some difficulty, procured ordination as a *literate*, and was now elected to the charge of "Lucy Chapel," this being the name assigned to the new church, at the Major's instance, in honour of his deceased wife.

Whether Mr. Clarkson had been disappointed in his expectations, or for what other reason he had left the richer pastures of the English Church, no one cared to inquire. The congregation of Lucy Chapel had all they asked for—a

fine reader, a popular preacher, a sociable companion, and a plausible friend.

Mr. Clarkson's preaching especially pleased. It was familiar, florid, declamatory, and replete with the most debasing pictures of man's utter depravity and total helplessness. Man, in his view, was a mere machine, equally without the power, and without the will to move. Denying the life-giving efficacy of holy baptism, which enables us to serve God acceptably through Jesus Christ; he necessarily left man lying under a deadly curse—an inert mass, to be moved by the miraculous power of God. Thus man, instead of losing himself in the ineffable contemplation of Christ as his Redeemer and Sanctifier,—resting in certain hope of his inheritance in the heavenly kingdom—must have his eyes constantly drawn off, that he may watch the fluctuating symptoms of his own variable dispositions. Instead of making his inclinations to bend to the rule of his faith, his faith is taken from the state of his inclinations. Now, what is the Catholic teaching? With a thorough sense of his own entire nothingness, man can yet rest in perfect peace in the faith of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice on the cross; and though ever warring against the infirmities of his nature, he can yet press forward, unencumbered with doubts, towards the prize of his high calling in Christ Jesus. Full of fear! yet full of comfort! working out his own salvation with fear and trembling, yet knowing that it is "God who worketh in him, both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

Every good work offered up as a sacrifice to God—offered, it is true, with a feeble hand, and faltering heart—we are nevertheless taught to believe, is acceptable through the means and the merits of our Redeemer; but this Mr. Clarkson denounced as self righteousness, and the setting up of works in the stead of Christ. In short, in the very plenitude of an

undefined and loose theory of words, he astonished and dazzled by the very uncertainty in which they were involved.—Such was the teaching of Lucy Chapel: or, as the waggish Ironside insisted on calling it, “Mrs. Baldwyn’s saloon.”

Thus matters proceeded for some time. Mr. Clarkson went on in his sermons, depicting his hearers in the darkest conceivable colours; but on all other occasions delighting, them by his bland and conciliatory manners, and by the most soothing and flattering intimations of profound esteem.

There were still, nevertheless, under this apparent sunshine, the elements of future mischief. M’Duff had never forgiven the Major’s triumph with regard to the disputed pre-eminence in the church, which, with his subsequent captious ill-breeding and overbearing deportment, had entirely alienated M’Duff’s friendship. Instead of the Sabbath bringing with it peace and kindness, and brotherly love, it became the constant harbinger of fresh mortifications and renewed hostilities. M’Duff, tired of his exclusiveness behind the green curtains, began to complain of the difficulty in hearing at that distance, and declared that the sermon was quite lost to him. Mr. Clarkson, entering warmly into this privation, raised his voice to a more accommodating pitch; but M’Duff had no desire to be accommodated, and he now complained of an intolerable echo. This was being placed between scylla and charibdis—to touch the precise medium to sooth M’Duff’s splenetic humour, exceeded even the plastic abilities of a Clarkson. Every possible means of conciliation were suggested, some proposing one thing and some another. At length farmer Ironside, who always had a way of seeing things peculiar to himself, proposed an expedient by throwing out a kind of wing from each side of the pulpit, in order to assist the clear emission of the voice. But Mr. Clarkson, who had no idea of being placed at the point of an angle, in a fashion so per-

fectly unprecedented, declared his entire disapprobation of this measure. It was not without some difficulty however; for to many, the plan appeared perfectly feasible; and they could see no reason why Mr. Clarkson should object to preach from the apex of the roof, if by doing so he could please the people. The farmer himself, however, came to his aid, by giving him a friendly side hint, that a little opposition would be sure to confirm their resolution. To do Mr. Clarkson justice, he was willing to fall in with any plan of a reasonable nature for removing the difficulty; but a spirit had been evoked, which required more than the Glendower of Lucy Chapel to exorcise.

M'Duff was a general favourite. Old associations, family influence, his own kind good nature, all acting affirmatively, together with the negative value of Major Baldwin's less popular qualities, soon created a formidable party on the non-hearing side of the congregation. Even the farmer said he could not hear; but when pressed a little more on the subject, he merely asserted that he had earned as good a right to have a deaf side as M'Duff. Thus matters grew worse and worse, and the bewildered Clarkson was at his wit's end. The Major insinuated that M'Duff might take himself off to the old church, which probably he would have done had it not been for this friendly suggestion; and M'Duff declared his intention of remaining, merely to prevent Major Baldwin from being bishop over Lucy Chapel. At length M'Duff, finding probably that his adversary was not to be moved from his position, suddenly suggested the removal of the pulpit into the middle of the church, as being a more equitable mode of dealing with the whole congregation. This was, of course, imperiously resisted by the Major, as it virtually destroyed the pre-eminence of his position, a circumstance of considerable moment to the Major's pride and vanity. Therefore,

between threats, and arguments, and cajolements, he succeeded in keeping the managers and people in a state of ineffectual debate and dispute. At last came the grand struggle. The half-yearly term for renting the pews and for collecting the funds was proclaimed, when M'Duff, and nearly one-half of the congregation, seceded, leaving the Major and the quiescents responsible for all demands made on the resources of the chapel. This manœuvre immediately called for a truce between the belligerent parties, and the pulpit was removed into the middle of the church, between two of the side windows; the Major and his adherents being propitiated by having their seats reversed so as to face the preacher, leaving them, like honest neighbours, confronting each other.

And now an interval of peace succeeded, and the affairs of Lucy Chapel began to assume an aspect and stability, notwithstanding that a few, repenting of their precipitancy, had quietly crept back to their ancient pastor. The congregation, nevertheless, was frequently receiving accessions to its numerical force, by stragglers from other sectarian bodies drawn there by the florid declamations of this preacher of popular doctrines.

Time crept on, and gossip, as usual, was busy with the private affairs of the various families of the place. A report gained ground that Mr. Clarkson was about to be married to the fair authoress; others as positively affirmed that Miss Baldwyn was the happy object of his particular attention. These conflicting rumours gave point to many an unheeded word, carelessly uttered by the several individuals, and brought them under the special observation of the whole town.

Another topic of conversation, and of sincere interest, was the declining state of Mr. Irvine's health. He had been gradually drooping for some months, and a general apprehen-

sion prevailed as to the nature of his disorder. Daily accounts at length confirmed this apprehension, and many hearts already began to look back on his faithful ministrations, and to yearn towards their aged and dying pastor. Amongst these M'Duff was one of the first, and the most deeply affected. After many ineffectual attempts to reach the bedside of the sufferer, which the caution of the medical attendant strictly forbade, his entreaties were at length yielded to, and sobbing like a child, M'Duff threw himself on his knees by the side of the dying man. Mr. Irvine signed to him to approach; and after affectionately urging upon him an immediate return to his duty, and witnessing his solemn renunciation of all further share in the schism in which he had unhappily suffered himself to become an abettor, Mr. Irvine, in a manner calculated to make the deepest and most lasting impression, pronounced his forgiveness in the words of the Church, and blessed him with the fervour of a reconciled father.

Time wore on, and still M'Duff was at the sick man's side. A few days more—nay, a few hours—would probably terminate the sufferings of the dying pastor, who was still conscious to all that passed around him, but unable to utter more than a few words at a time, and these with difficulty; and as his venerable white hairs lay in thin locks around his serene temples, and his hands were raised in frequent supplications to the Author of his hope, M'Duff felt as if his heart would break, recollecting in the bitterness of a tardy repentance the extent of his ingratitude to his own and his father's friend.

It was after one of these paroxysms of unavailing regret, as he viewed the furrowed cheek of his gentle preceptor, deepened, without doubt, by his own reckless indifference, that Effie entered the apartment and signed to him to follow

her. She led the way, without speaking, to the little sitting room, where he found Mrs. Farquharson, who had been unremitting in her attentions to the invalid, and a gentleman whom, to his surprise, she introduced as Mr. Hopetoun. She had sent Reginald a daily account of Mr. Irvine's state, but no one had thought of anticipating a visit from him at so great a distance.

Mrs. Farquharson offered to break the grateful intelligence of Reginald's arrival to Mr. Irvine, although extremely doubtful as to the effect upon his weakened and debilitated frame. She retired to the sick room, and after the usual enquiries, she took her accustomed place by the bed side, her hand still holding that of the sick man. At length she pressed his hand in the way she usually did when wishing to call his attention. He returned the pressure but without opening his eyes. After a little time she repeated the pressure, and this time, as if to ascertain her meaning, he looked up, and appearing to understand that some communication was about to be made to him, he gently inclined his head in token of attention.

"Is there any one you would particularly desire to see?" asked his kind nurse.

The patient looked doubtfully but inquiringly in her face, and mournfully shook his head.

"I cannot help thinking," persevered Mrs. Farquharson, "that there is one at least, you would like to see."

Mr. Irvine started from his pillow with an energy that might have been thought impossible. "He cannot surely be here?"

"Dear sir, you must be calm," said Mrs. Farquharson, soothingly, "or I shall repent of my temerity—Reginald Hopetoun is in the house."

"I will, I will," he said, "only let me see him; but no, not

just yet," he continued, "I must have a brief space to myself—God bless you"—he pressed her hand—"Go, give him a kind welcome."

She left the room, but recommended M'Duff to take up his position immediately outside the apartment, that he might be at hand on the slightest appearance of disturbance.

After a few moments he heard a slight movement about the bed, a few low words, and then a heavy muffled sound, like something falling. He sprang into the room and found Mr. Irvine stretched lifeless on his face upon the bed, his head being towards the foot. He had evidently attempted to assume a kneeling posture, and had fainted in the effort. M'Duff hastily rang the bell, and in a moment the visitor, Mrs. Farquharson, and Effie were at his side. A few minutes restored the sufferer to consciousness, and on opening his eyes, he found himself eagerly supported in the arms of Reginald Hopetoun.

"God keep you! dear sir," whispered Reginald.

"Amen!" responded the invalid, "He is good."

Mrs. Farquharson now laid her finger significantly on her lips, and after administering a slight restorative, Reginald laid him gently on the pillow, and took his place affectionately by his side.

Mr. Irvine lay long in a very enfeebled and languid state; but at length, he fell into a gentle sleep, lasting nearly an hour which appeared greatly to restore him. After some time he spoke, and addressing himself to Reginald, said, "This is kind, may God ever bless and keep you!"

"I trust, dear sir, that your mind is stayed in perfect peace," whispered Reginald, "and in the sure promises of God, through Jesus Christ?"

"His will be done : my time is in His hand, and in Him is my trust, He upholds me even now."

A considerable pause ensued ; at length Reginald said in a low voice, " I have strange feelings of joy on seeing you even in the midst of these sufferings. Some might express sorrow, but I cannot, I feel that you are on the verge of a kingdom full of peace and full of joy ; how can I regret your departure to that blissful scene ! Farewell ! God is at hand !"

" Even so, come, Lord Jesus !"

He now became silent, but an expression of perfect peace was shed over his countenance, as he listened to the words of comfort supplied by the Church for her suffering members, and which were so intimately endeared to his affections.

His three friends watched by his bedside during the whole night, through which he appeared to fluctuate between extreme weakness, and utter debility.

Mrs. Farquharson informed Reginald that a neighbouring clergyman had constantly attended to administer the holy Eucharist, and that he was expected early in the morning. His appearance was looked for with considerable anxiety, owing to the drooping state of the sufferer. Immediately on his arrival, the whole party, including Mr. Farquharson, who had been constantly at the sick man's side, joined with feelings of deep devotion in the solemn rite, the last earthly act of the dying saint.

Reginald, M'Duff, and Mrs. Farquharson never again left him. About three in the afternoon, he quietly breathed his last.

Reginald Hopetoun returned to England, where, soon after, he succeeded to a country benefice in every way suited to his habits, and to the calm fulfilment of his pastoral duties.

He was accompanied by Mr. M'Duff, on whom, during a visit of some months, a complete change was effected. He soon became deeply sensible of the culpability of party spirit, and had, in the working of Reginald's parish, an opportunity of making a fair estimate of what the Church was capable of effecting, when allowed to work out her own perfect system.



CHAPTER XIV

" Ere sin hath brushed away the morning bloom,
 How great the care to holy childhood due,
 When streaks of purple morn the cheek illume,
 And light the drops of the baptismal dew !
 It is a precious sight which angels view
 In trembling joy and hope ; immortal love
 Hangs o'er it, watching every opening hue,
 For such alone on this bad earth may prove
 Meet for his golden house in heaven above."

THE BAPTISTERY.

THUS far we have been enabled to trace the history of the Church at Glen Tilloch, through all the vicissitudes of her chequered fortunes. We have seen her stricken by the hand of power ; dispersed and crushed under a fanatical and suicidal persecution ; becoming faint and feeble for want of a wholesome discipline ; and at length put to her last trial, by the open and reckless separation of her undutiful members ; nevertheless, through all these trials and sufferings, holding fast the doctrines, and witnessing to the truth of apostolical teaching. Though some of her stones had been rejected and thrown aside as unfit for the Master's use, nevertheless she grew up a goodly temple, " her praises in all the Churches," and her sure confidence in God.

We shall now have to show the workings of a worldly

policy. As faith grew cold, as men began to look out from her bright interior, and to regard her mean and despised appearance in the eyes of the world ; as the temporizing maxims of a hollow expediency found a place in the very heart of the sanctuary, she no longer stood upon the rock of ages, but like a house built on the sand, against which, the "winds and the rain" were beating, she fell to the ground.

It had been a subject of some comfort to Mr. Irvine during his late trial, that few or none had left him whose hearts were really in the Church, or whose notions respecting its claims rose much above the predilections of habit or education. So that, when liberated from the tyranny of private opinion, of which they, who had left him, were the avowed champions, and quietly pursuing his endeavours to return to the unerring path of ritual conformity, he had soon had the satisfaction of seeing a degree of order restored, full of comfort to himself, and of edification to his people. Perhaps a more remarkable proof of this order and discipline, purchased at the price of a few nominal churchmen, could scarcely have been afforded, than in the unanimous resolution of St. Mary's congregation, to submit the choice of a successor to Mr. Irvine, unreservedly to their diocesan.

Mr. Clarkson's declamatory orations and bold imagery, were still the popular theme of admiration. Even those who ought to have detected the flimsy veil of language thrown over a train of reasoning, the least inductive, and arguments the most inconsequent, allowed themselves to be dazzled by this show of words, to which they gave the name of eloquence ; and even such as could rightly estimate the worthlessness of any preaching, unsanctioned by the voice of authority, were led unguardedly to admire it, while yet acknowledging it to be a mere oratorical display.

Whether a patient waiting upon God, in humble faith, is not safer than an endeavour to accelerate, by questionable means, objects even of undoubted importance, on the low ground of expediency, is still, it would seem, an open question, being one upon which even good men differ; but at any rate, it was thought desirable that some one should be elected to the charge of St. Mary's congregation, who might act as a counterpoise to Mr. Clarkson's popularity. Possessing it was thought the requisite qualifications, the Rev. Basil Honeywood, an Englishman, and of English ordination, was eventually appointed to St. Mary's, and certainly gave every outward promise of complete success in the delicate task assigned to him.

He entered upon the duties of his charge, under a system of perfect neutrality, adopting a gentle courtesy in his deportment towards all parties, irrespective of their particular opinions.

He affected to smile at the recital of Mr. Irvine's endeavours after a stricter ritual conformity, treating it as an amiable weakness, neither worthy of being controverted nor resisted; and while he dextrously conciliated the prejudices of such as held low views of the Church as a divine polity, he cautiously prevented the subject from assuming sufficient importance to provoke discussion between himself and those who held contrary opinions.

By thus uniformly avoiding all subjects of controversy on matters of form and administration, and affecting a kind of supercilious incredulity as to the weight attached to them, some way or other, people at length began to feel ashamed of giving the subject that degree of importance it had hitherto commanded.

This might be called his defensive policy. His active

operations were in exact conformity. "Sink all differences" might have been his motto; "make no distinctions" was certainly his theory.

The first step in the active discharge of his duties, was a complete revisal of the schools connected with St. Mary's. The unpretending school house, hitherto considered eligible, and sufficient for the wants of the congregation, was enlarged and beautified. Then came the uncereemonious dismissal of the teachers, an excellent and conscientious churchman and his wife, who had held the situation with credit to themselves for nearly twenty years. These were to be superseded by a presbyterian and his wife, a recusant from the Church, who were to introduce new plans, a new method, and a royal road to learning. These measures, however, required an increased expenditure, and in a short time additional grants had been obtained from available Church funds, designed for the education of her younger members, which were no sooner obtained, than the schools were thrown open indiscriminately to families of every creed and denomination. Everything, in fact, was conducted upon the "liberal" system; even Miss Macgillivray was satisfied with this oblation to popular feeling, and actually came over to the parent stock, triumphantly proceeding to church, familiarly escorted by Mr. Honeywood; a kind of first fruits of expediency.

She soon became a most assiduous teacher of a Sunday class, held by her in the body of the church, making praying and singing a prominent part of her instruction, and frequently allowing herself to be surprised in the exercise of extemporary prayer, by Mr. Honeywood, when he entered the church for the morning service.

Another amiable feature which evinced itself under the non-restriction system, was the perfect cordiality existing between the two clergymen. They met as brothers in the

sacred ministry, preaching occasionally each other's sermons, and exchanging duties wherever it was convenient and practicable.

The Farquharsons were deeply sensible of these worst evils now coming upon the Church, but were utterly powerless to prevent them. Christianity was now made to sit so easy, and so hand and glove with the world, that less accommodating principles were branded with the epithets of bigotry, intolerance, and a want of Christian charity.

Indeed, so genuine was the distress experienced by this amiable family, that they determined to remove to England; the education of their children rendering such a step otherwise desirable, but before so decided a measure was adopted, Mrs. Farquharson determined to try the effect of one last appeal to Mr. Honeywood. She had always been a steady and consistent supporter of the schools, and had been deeply grieved at the recent changes brought about with regard to them, and indignant at the unprincipled indifference which had marked the progress of these changes.

Mrs. Farquharson, whose character was at once marked by great firmness and the most feminine gentleness, requested an interview with Mr. Honeywood on the subject. She began by expressing her anxiety as to the result of the recent measures taken for increasing the schools at the risk of sacrificing the distinctive principles of the Church.

Mr. Honeywood replied by saying he did not see the risk of such a sacrifice, as the children belonging to the congregation would receive the same instruction as heretofore.

"But," asked Mrs. Farquharson, "may I be permitted to put the question; Upon what grounds of common justice can you apply the funds granted specifically by the Church for the nurture of her little ones, on behalf of those who oppose her teaching, and despise her authority?"

Mr. Honeywood plausibly replied that "it must be a matter as nearly affecting the interests of the Church to win little ones into her fold, as to feed those already within it."

"If it be your intention to make converts of these children, would it not be better openly to avow your purpose?" asked Mrs. Farquharson.

"I did not say," replied Mr. Honeywood, "that I meant to make converts; I only suppose that being brought within the influence of the light, they may at length, learn to see."

"But," again urged Mrs. Farquharson, "do you think it advisable to increase the responsibilities of another, without putting him in the way of discharging his conscience of these responsibilities?"

Mr. Honeywood smiled, and said, "If I take away the film from the eyes of the blind, surely neither he nor I can be accountable for the injury the light may do him—hypothetically supposing there is really danger in the case?"

"The question is not the danger of the light, but that of refusing to walk by that light. However, this is not exactly the point to which I am anxious to invite your attention," said Mrs. Farquharson. "If children thus introduced into the schools, learn what is right, whether intuitively, or by the force of teaching, we may hope that God of His goodness will regard it as bread cast 'upon the waters,' which after many days may be found; but *are* they taught, or *do* they hear exclusively what the Church teaches?" she firmly enquired.

"They have the use of their faculties," replied Mr. Honeywood, evasively; "if they see pearls before them, and refuse to pick them up, surely that is no fault of mine."

"The superintendence and management of the schools belong to you?" said Mrs. Farquharson.

"Of course they do," was the reply.

"And you also examine the children as to their proficiency?" continued Mrs. Farquharson.

"Most certainly," again he answered.

"I have here a printed circular," persevered Mrs. Farquharson, "in which I observe a rule that children of presbyterian parents are to be examined in their *own* catechisms; how am I to understand this?"

"I was obliged to agree to this," said Mr. Honeywood, carelessly, "because presbyterians objected to send their children on any other terms; and you know Mrs. Farquharson," added he, coaxingly, "we want funds as well as converts, and every child is bound to contribute *something* towards the support of the schools."

"And will you permit me to ask," continued Mrs. Farquharson, "waiving the terrible exhibition of a priest of the Holy Catholic Church, testing an infant's proficiency in doctrines which that Church denounces, whether she can require, with any show of reason and consistency, her members to stand firm in the faith, when she herself is become the handmaid—the very pander to schism?"

"You speak strongly," said Mr. Honeywood.

"I *feel* strongly," interrupted Mrs. Farquharson. "Supposing your teaching to be pure as that of angels, by which you train up the children of the sanctuary, how can they feel the immutability of truth, how will you venture to put the creed into their mouths by which they are to witness before men and angels, their belief in one only Church—the communion of the saints, if you yourself teach them practically, that there are other creeds, other communities, and other doctrines by which men may be saved?"

"Really, Mrs. Farquharson, you take a most prejudiced view of this subject," said Mr. Honeywood. "I can only say I have the sanction of my superior for every thing I do."

"I regret it the more," replied Mrs. Farquharson. "And will you allow me to enquire, if he also sanctions the putting of his little ones, the very lambs of his flock, under the tender leading of presbyterian teachers? No wonder," she continued, her eyes swimming in tears, and her voice almost choked with emotion, "that the Church is desolate, that she is left standing as 'a beacon on the hills!' No wonder that so much of her only is left, as bears witness—like her venerable but crumbling columns—that she once *has been!*"

Mrs. Farquharson knew she had failed, but she had discharged her conscience of a weight, by openly testifying against the present nugatory and destructive system of teaching, and henceforth turned her eyes towards a more genial climate.



CHAPTER XV.

"They have watched her last and quivering breath,
 And the maiden's soul has flown;
 They have wrapp'd her in the robes of death,
 And laid her dark and alone."

DOANE.

IN the mean time Felicia Baldwin's health was partially restored, although her mind had never recovered its original tone. Time had, however, done more towards her restoration than she had considered it possible; and had left her moreover softened and subdued under the iron touch of affliction. Whisperings, though of a conflicting nature, were still rife, as to the terms upon which she stood with Mr. Clarkson. Many ascribed a peculiar character to his attentions, an opinion decidedly entertained by the Major himself, who gave the most unequivocal encouragement to his advances. He had, indeed, gone so far as to lay the matter in an advantageous point of view before his daughter, urging it upon her favourable consideration as calculated, independent of its intrinsic recommendations, to supersede an earlier, and now hopeless attachment. At first Felicia received the suggestion with feelings little short of loathing; but as the idea became more and more familiar, and as Mr. Clarkson's well-directed and flattering attentions, which had begun to create a void in her heart whenever he was absent, became

a necessary ingredient in her daily enjoyments—contrasted moreover with her own hopeless and forlorn prospects—her heart gradually gave way to visions of peace and rest, if not to dreams of positive happiness.

At the same time, Mr. Clarkson, chiefly intent on the art of pleasing, and never looking beyond the gratifications of a pampered appetite for applause, seldom or ever stopped to calculate on the probable consequences of his selfish vanity. His delight was to dally on the very brink of a precipice, that he might show the steadiness of his head, and the correctness of his eye, while contemplating the abyss beneath; he cared not, how much others suffered by his temerity.

During one of the evenings, now spent almost as a thing of course at Major Baldwyn's, the conversation had assumed an interesting character: *marriage* being the theme, a subject handled by our divine with consummate skill and delicacy. Adopting without scruple the language of Coleridge as the result of his own reflections, he dwelt with animation and force on the unsufficingness of self, for self; and the predisposition of a generous nature, to see in the being of another, the supplement and completion of its own. He dwelt long and feelingly on the sweetness of woman's nature, and of the rare and gentle qualities with which she was endowed.

He had a pleased and graceful audience in the two sisters—the Major being from home. Felicia especially, yielded to a sense of happiness in the conviction, that one so exquisitely alive to the abundant sources of delight arising from a tender union of congenial minds, could scarcely prove otherwise than an unfailing source of happiness to those in whom his own was intimately bound up.

The theme was still far from exhausted, indeed it rather seemed to be expanding under the happy treatment.

eloquent divine, when a servant entered the room, to say that Mr. Clarkson was wanted. It was no uncommon thing to be thus called off upon very trivial occasions; but not much relishing this particular interruption, he desired the person to be directed to call on the following morning, when he should be at home and disengaged. The servant was heard to deliver the message; to which a woman's voice, in a tone of imperious insolence replied, "Tell Mr. Clarkson, I will see him *now*."

Mr. Clarkson's frame shook with a sudden and uncontrollable tremour. "Tell her, I will see her at home," he said, as he hastily advanced towards the door, as if in pursuance of his intention, but was intercepted at the entrance of the apartment by the person herself.

"That your reverence," said the stranger, sarcastically, "would much prefer seeing me alone, I have no doubt; but my impatience to see my husband, although engaged in a way not very flattering to my feelings, exceeds all consideration for established forms and ceremonies."

Astonishment, anger, and dismay, prevailed through the whole party. Mr. Clarkson pale, and speechless with rage; Harriet possessed with an undefinable dread; and Felicia an object of the most pitiable concern, her eyes starting from their sockets, and her ashy and quivering lips eloquent of the most intense suffering.

This was not lost upon the observation of Mrs. Clarkson, for for such she really was; but hardened beyond all feeling or delicacy by a long career of reckless profligacy, she was neither moved nor restrained by the distress she witnessed; but turning to her husband, thanked him, with a mock civility, for the benefit of a scene in which he had often proved himself to be so able an actor.

"Wretched woman," exclaimed the exasperated husband,

"begone!" He stopped, while there was something terrible in the anguish of the unhappy man, as he continued after a minute. "Miserable and abandoned woman, your guilt is indeed my shame! Had I not loathed to reveal the true nature of my disgrace, I had not been tempted to deceive, nor you enabled to triumph in this crowning point of my wretchedness, and of your infamy! Begone!" he shouted into her very ear, almost choking with the impotency of his passion.

Apparently awed out of her usual assurance by this violence, she made no reply; but gazing on him for a moment with undisguised astonishment, she turned from the spot, and flung out of the house.

Her departure produced an instantaneous calm. Mr. Clarkson stood for a few moments, motionless as a statue, when suddenly approaching Felicia, he attempted to take her hand. But she waved him off, and without deigning more than a distant bow, she left the room.

The unfortunate man paced the apartment for some time, in a state little short of mental distraction, and then uttering a few hasty and incoherent apologies to the bewildered Harriet, he rushed from the house, like one pursued by the furies.

Poor Felicia! Harriet found her on her knees by the bedside, her hands cold and clammy, and her frame rigid as marble.

"Dear Felicia," said Harriet tenderly, "let me help you into bed."

"Yes, into bed," echoed the miserable girl; but in a tone so utterly wretched and helpless as to pierce the heart of her sister.

In the agony of her first feelings, she had put a bottle of laudanum to her mouth, unheedful and unconscious of the

quantity she swallowed ; a few hours more, and Felicia Baldwin had ceased to exist !

We will not attempt to depict the feelings of the unhappy father. He well nigh cursed the church which had brought such an accumulation of griefs and mortifications upon his head. He remembered the forfeited kindness of Lady Margaret Ranstock ; the irritating stand taken by Mr. Irvine ; the cold dismissal of his appeal by the bishop ; the indignity offered to him, as he thought, in the affair of Reginald Hopetoun ; the obstinacy and alienation of his friend M'Duff ; and to crown all, the deplorable and early death of his favourite child. But he saw nothing retributive in these crosses, laid upon him during the progressive course of his disobedience and rebellion ; he thought of nothing but a rapid succession of schemes of vengeance, which he was powerless to execute.

In the meantime, the affair of Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson occupied the attention of the whole town. On the following Sunday, a notice was appended to Lucy Chapel, that Mr. Clarkson was too ill to perform the service ; but no one was allowed access to his presence. On the other hand, his unfortunate wife, far from manifesting a wish to hide herself from public curiosity, took every possible opportunity of exhibiting herself to the stare of the crowd. At length her efforts even to *attract* observation, became so palpable, and at times so absurd, as to excite a growing suspicion that her conduct originated in something beyond either weakness or wilfulness.

Her manner, always flighty and unsettled, soon became decidedly eccentric. She never remained at home for an entire day under any circumstances of time or weather ; sometimes roaming from street to street, and sometimes spending whole days either in the wide country, or scam-

bling without apparent object or aim, over the most inaccessible portions of the neighbouring ravines. Night after night she might be seen returning to her lodgings, her dress disordered, her hair dishevelled, and her countenance unsettled, after a day spent in these eccentric rambles.

Mr. Clarkson was informed of the current rumours, and humanely employed a person to watch her footsteps. One day the man, engaged to look after her, wearied with the perpetual changes she was making, and almost despairing of keeping her in sight, observed her, towards the close of the day, approach the very brink of the stupendous braes, immediately beneath which, the water of Glen Tilloch poured its boiling torrent over the projecting and broken rocks. Alarmed at the imminence of the danger, should she make a false step, he gave a loud halloo to warn her from the spot. She paused as if to ascertain the direction or certainty of the sound, and the next moment, passing over the brink, disappeared from his view. The man became excessively alarmed, and hastily ran towards the spot; when, on looking from the height, he observed her descending the steep and slippery face of the brae with incredible activity, in the direction of the fall, at a place where it was broken by the jutting rocks. Uncertain what measures to take, he again called to warn her of her danger, but no answer reached his ear.

After listening for some time, he thought he heard a cry, it might be of fear, or surprise: once more on approaching the spot by a safer path, he heard the same thrilling sound; and the moment after, as he again came in sight of the waters, the boiling torrent threw up a dark mass, clearly distinguishable from its own light foam! The alarm was immediately given, and in less than an hour, the body of the unhappy woman was discovered, wedged in among the

pieces of broken rock which lay in rude masses below the fall. Even the Major was appalled by this awful catastrophe, and for a time smothered his resentment against the unfortunate husband. Notice was immediately issued that Lucy Chapel was necessarily closed for a few weeks, owing to the increased illness of Mr. Clarkson, which, in this instance at any rate, was no fiction.

It was now the Major's time to mature his plans, which were intended to effect a re-union of the two churches upon his own specific conditions. This would answer the purposes of getting rid of Clarkson, and of reading the bishop a lesson on the neglected importance of the laity—Major Baldwyn, of course, forming the principal item. Mr. Honeywood was exactly the man to deal with; and the Major knew it. With him, accordingly, he entered into immediate correspondence; and when at length his terms were distinctly specified, namely, that the bishop should grant an unqualified liberty to the congregation to return to the former usages of the Church, Mr. Honeywood actually laughed at the Major's simplicity. Coming there with no specific views of his own, and signing the Scottish canons merely as a thing of course, before taking office in the Church, he had no principle to subdue, no scruples to overcome. Having signed these canons as a matter of expediency, as a matter of expediency he was now in close league and friendship with a leader and an abettor of schism.

"Surely," said he, "if Mr. Irvine found himself at liberty to harass his congregation by the introduction of novelties, or at all events, with customs so entirely obsolete, as to have the semblance of novelties, I may claim a similar liberty with a view to repair the mischief effected by his experiment? And till bishops are proved to be men of less

fallibility than ourselves, I shall certainly use my own discretion in things which mean nothing, one way or the other, excepting as a rallying point for contention."

"But," said the Major, "I fear there may be a difficulty in getting the people ostensibly to come over, without some formal understanding between the bishop and ourselves."

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Honeywood, significantly. "I can easily arrange that, I suspect."

"Yes, doubtless," answered the Major, unwilling to have his own peculiar resentments so conveniently slurred over, "but unless our conditions are specific, we are still exposed, whatever our confidence may be in you, individually, to the Quixotic crusade of the Irvines of the day, against old and established usages; and I confess I am not disposed again to go over the ground which I have recently done."

Mr. Honeywood was not slow in perceiving the drift of these objections. He saw plainly that either the bishop or the people must go to the wall, and the question scarcely required a moment's consideration. After a little reflection he said, "some caution may be necessary in a case like this. Suppose we stipulate for the English Communion Office? *That*, you observe, will be ground enough upon which to establish the independence of your present position. And moreover, after this is conceded, there will be the less probability of interference on minor points."

"Possibly," said the Major; "nevertheless I confess I should prefer the stipulations to be made upon more specific, as well as upon more extended grounds."

"Surely there is as much independence in *taking* a thing, as there is in *asking for it*?" said the wily colloquist.—"Besides," he resumed after a minute, "You obviously take the high ground in demanding terms *at all*; the nature

of the terms in this case especially, can be a matter of little importance to a man of sense like yourself."

This was a *coup-de-grace*. The Major yielded, with the victory still in view.

Mr. Honeywood immediately addressed himself to the bishop, placing the matter hypothetically before him, and asking whether the English Office under certain circumstances would be conceded to his congregation, stating it as the *sine qua non* of a party who were desirous of returning to their allegiance. The concession was made. Thus an Office, declared by the Scoto-Catholic Church to be of "primary authority," and which is admitted to be nearer to those of apostolical usage, than any now extant; an Office which the American Church adopted as her model, and of which she has reaped the fruits in a greater increase to her children than has any parallel since the days of St. Augustine, was yielded to the clamour of a single individual, palpably ignorant of its peculiar character and excellency!

This important concession secured, Mr. Honeywood, in a way which left it almost doubtful of his consciousness of the change, quietly and furtively resumed all the old ritual irregularities. The offertory sentences were omitted, and the offerings tumbled into a common receptacle in the ears of the congregation; at one stroke completely secularizing a practice of apostolical faith and usage. The Athanasian Creed was omitted at the first opportunity; baptisms, at the time of public worship, were entirely abandoned; and the words of the inspired Psalmist were removed to make way for the more flowing versicals of sectarian hymn writers. In short, step by step, sometimes with the stealthy tread of the fox, and sometimes with the bold ferocity of the wolf, the Church was strip-

ped of every peculiarity which could distinguish her from the veriest conventicle in Christendom.

The Farquharsons were now in England ; but still anxiously watching the progress of events in Glen Tilloch. As a last effort they respectfully addressed a memorial to the bishop as their chief pastor, laying before him a pathetic detail of the havoc made in the order of the Church services, which had been restored at the expense of so much of the peace and tranquillity of Mr. Irvine's latter days. But the bishop, harassed by the difficulties and turmoils with which he was beset, timidly replied, that having declined to interfere on a former occasion in the administrations of the Church, he did not see how he could consistently interfere now. That old customs, and long habit, had so engrafted certain modes and usages in the affections and prejudices of the people, as to render it more prudent to leave matters to the gradual development of time and circumstances on the system of the Church, generally, rather than to accelerate them by an undue and hazardous precipitancy.

Our tale is meant to illustrate how far a system of expediency and timid concession, is calculated to heal the breaches, and quell the disturbances which so grievously threaten the peace and stability of the Church. The people whom all this temporizing was meant to conciliate, had, like the prodigal son, gone out of their father's house, had demanded their portion, and had "spent it in riotous living." That is so say, they had taken with them the whole of their inheritance, their tithes and their offerings ; they had shaken off the authority of the Church, which is the spouse of Christ, and had given of their substance to an "harlot," to one who was living after the devices of a carnal understanding. But with the desire to return to their father's house, they adopted not the language of the penitent. "I will arise, and go to

my father, and will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants." "No ;" they say, "we will not repent ; we will not humble ourselves ; we will come back into our father's house, but we will bring with us our spotted and polluted garments, and we will live as kings amongst you."

Blessed for the Church when she shall once more stand aloof till her rebellious children have learnt the language of self-abasement and humility ! Blessed for her when she shall once more "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord ;" and know that "in quietness and in confidence" is her strength, instead of shaping her means after the rule of a carnal policy !



CHAPTER XVI.

" Lo hear a little volume, but great book,
 Fear it not, sweet,
 It is no hypocrite,
 Much larger in itself, than in its look.
 It is the armoury of right;
 Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields
 To holy hands and humble hearts,
 More swords and shields,
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts."

CRAWSHAW.

THREE months had worn away; Mr. Clarkson had returned to Glen Tilloch, but disgusted with the havoc his rival had made in the congregation of Lucy Chapel, he had responded to a "call" to another charge, similarly situated to that he was about to leave, after having exhibited his performances for the criticism of those whom his office had imparted to him, the power and authority to teach.

Woe to the Church when her sacrament, by which we become one with Christ—through which we derive strength and grace for our daily warfare with sin; when the prayers by which we approach God in humble confession and petitions for the pardon of our daily infirmities; when the praises in which we acknowledge and experience communion

with the Saints, fade and vanish before the oratory of a man, chosen for his much speaking!

Mr. Clarkson, however, did not go unaccompanied. Miss Macgillivray had left Glen Tilloch at the time of his departure, having recently succeeded to an ample fortune, amassed by the miserable penury of a near kinsman. In about a fortnight after he had quitted the place, the following announcement appeared in the public prints—

“Married, on the 21st inst. at 17, — Street, Edinburgh, the Rev. Otway Charles Clarkson, late incumbent of Lucy Chapel, Glen Tilloch, to Olivia Jane Macgillivray, niece and heiress of the late George Macgillivray, Esq., merchant of Calcutta.”

How this event came about was never precisely ascertained, although it was the current belief that they met at an inn where the coaches, by which they were severally travelling, changed horses, and that some kindly impulse of the moment had induced the divine to throw himself at the feet of the amiable authoress, and brought about a resolution that they should henceforth travel together.

Matters were now become practicable and easy for a reunion of the two congregations. The Major had no longer a powerful rival in M'Duff, to counteract or interfere with his measures, while at the same time he had a coadjutor in Mr. Honeywood, who cared little for the nature of these measures, provided they secured to him an accession to his hearers. No petitions for restoration to their forfeited privileges; no repentance for open transgression; no humiliations under a sense of scandal brought upon the household of God, marked their return! One solitary voice only was heard in this wilderness of disorder and ruin; and one silent and unerring witness yet testified in favour of the truth.

The voice was M'Duff's—that spirit-gifted witness, the Book of Prayer!

M'Duff had recently returned from England, an altered man. His first care after reaching the scene of these reckless proceedings, was to pay a friendly and conciliatory visit to the Major. Passing over all allusion to the more reprehensible features of the case, he expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of a return to the Church; but calmly, patiently, and firmly urged upon his former friend, the propriety of a specific recantation of their errors, as well as the fitness of a formal restoration to the Church's privileges; and expressing, to the astonishment of the Major, his firm conviction that this righteous act of public humiliation would be productive both of general and of individual blessing; and, that in his own case, at least, it would be a circumstance of peculiar comfort and satisfaction.

The Major thought it charitable to pronounce M'Duff insane—the only result of this interview!

There was yet one other witness—the still voice of the Church, which has ever testified to the truth, throughout the ages of Christianity; having been spoken by the saints and fathers of every age of her history, and now being the rule of her teaching in her—Book of Prayer. This was still vouchsafed to them, though despoiled of half its beauty, and, by mutilation and disfigurement, deprived of its full efficacy in the work of grace. This voice of the Church was unheeded; her days of humiliation and intercession—her fasts, festivals, and holy discipline, scoffed at; her daily offering of prayer and praise, neglected and despised—nay more, even counted an unholy thing; that is to say, a ritual of dead formality. Her doctrine of the holy Eucharist, so full of joy, of comfort, and peace, was repudiated; her sacred ordinances fulfilled—not in God's holy Temple as being more especially

sanctified by His presence—but in drawing-rooms, in barns, in any place—O sad report!—but in that where God has vouchsafed a more especial hearing! Baptism into the mystical Body of Christ, instead of being regarded as the blessed seal of our covenant with God, was little better esteemed than a mere merry-making, a time of feasting and joy—but of a feasting and joy deprived of that significancy which a sanctified acceptance of this wonderful privilege should afford to the heart of the christian parent. Marriage, instead of being regarded as a holy ordinance, having the mystical union of Christ and His Church for its type and figure, was now considered as a mere civil contract, the confirming of which had, at length, by the tardy justice of Scotland, been restored to the degraded mother of Christendom.

Indeed, Mr. Honeywood seemed actually to expatiate in this licensed liberty; inter-communicating with schismatical bodies; admitting their members to the rites of the Church without form or enquiry, and allowing his own people, without shame, and without rebuke, to hearken to doctrines, and to teaching which are not hers. In short, he treated with systematic contempt, every peculiarity of usage, and right of membership, which places the Church apart from every other community, as the one Holy Catholic Body, and representative of Christ.

At length the bishop was compelled to take his rebellious presbyter in hand. Unwilling, if he could avoid it, to open up strifes in the Church, he commenced by an earnest and affectionate expostulation; reminding him of the force of his ordination vows, and of his immediate allegiance to the Scottish branch of the Church, to whose body he had solemnly joined himself, and whose canons he had deliberately and unhesitatingly signed. And lastly reminding him of the

obedience due to himself as his lawful superior, and the chief pastor of the diocese.

Mr. Honeywood's reply was characteristic. He first fell back upon his English orders, as paramount to all subsequent obligations; claiming a mental reservation in his subscription to the Scottish canons; and denying the spiritual authority of the bishop over him as an English divine. Again the bishop addressed him in the language of exhortation and persuasion. He inquired what evil influences could so far have operated upon him, as so completely to have changed his views within the brief period since he had joined their communion, especially on finding himself placed at the head of a congregation so remarkable at that time for its Christian order and sobriety? He concluded by beseeching him to take these things into his serious consideration, and to return to his duty before the further inroads of mischief and calamity had convinced him of his error.

To this fatherly appeal the bishop received the audacious and reprobate reply from the wretched man, that when he came there he was as *one man*; he was now a *multitude*!

Deeply did the venerable father of the Church mourn over the calamitous result of his well-intended design in admitting this specious rambler into his fold; but at length, roused to action by the wanton derelictions of the dissembling hypocrite, he firmly convened his presbyters, and as a father with his children, took counsel against the delinquent.

The prompt and energetic response to this appeal, resulted in a firm and emphatic sentence of excommunication.

A brief course of evil teaching, and corrupt practice had sufficed to deaden the consciences and to alienate the hearts of this little community, whose light had once been kept steadily burning through years of suffering and persecution. The deceitful influence of a specious talker, the baleful effects

of a timid toleration, and the faltering assertion of spiritual authority, had now brought them to the very verge of schism — one step more, and their footing altogether failed. Leagued with their apostate minister against the authority of the Church, rather than acknowledge their error, they yielded in an evil hour, to his selfish suggestions, and cut themselves off from her communion.

A judicial darkness had blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts. Some, here and there, it is true, “shook the dust from off their feet,” and were driven for refuge from this “last state,” so much “worse than the first,” to such neighbouring churches, as lay nearest to their several homes.

Such were the progressive results of a proud and rebellious opposition to a divine appointment, and such the fruits of a timid and temporizing policy in those whom God had appointed as the keepers of His vineyard; and it is a truth worthy of all acceptance, and sanctioned by all history, that wherever a doctrine has been impugned, or even a discipline neglected, the whole cycle of Christian truths becomes disturbed in its operations; and that it is through toil, and mortification, and suffering, that the Church will have to travel back, should she ever wish again to tread the “old paths, where is the good way.”

For an immediate illustration of this belief, we have only to cast our eyes over the southern and more favoured portion of these realms, where the Church is now drinking deep of the consequences of a neglected discipline, a lax toleration, and a multiform doctrine. Observe her struggle with a semi-dissenting laity; her defaced and mutilated ritual, her controverted and rejected doctrines. And to what does she owe this state of helpless inefficiency and fierce contention? Surely “the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.” First the government has relaxed her

principles, giving up her pure and Catholic maternity, and taking to her bosom the heretic, the schismatic, and the infidel ; who have thus been empowered to lay their unsanctified hands upon the ark of God. Again, the Church—and by a parity of reasoning, the throne—has been assailed by rude and sacrilegious hands, while, like a helpless woman, she cries “keep off, and I will give you more.” Her bishops have stood aloof, or have even lent a hand, while their house was being robbed, and their brethren despoiled ; and the priests and the people have stood by and exclaimed, “let be, let us see whether Elias will come.” The disease travelled *downwards*, but the remedy must proceed *upwards*. Fathers must teach their children, as those having authority, and to whom a precious trust has been committed ; priests must lead their people, as having power from above, though “possessing their treasure in earthen vessels ;” bishops must administer godly discipline in the Church, and resist the evil, even to the “spoiling of their goods ;” and government must seek an unction from above, by treading firmly in the footsteps of the Church. Of this Church the monarch is the baptized child, and in every step of his legal existence, he has acknowledged her as his spiritual mother. As a child, he is sworn to serve and obey her ; as a sovereign, to defend and fight for her ; and as a witness and a confessor, he is bound, if need be, to die for her. We do not speak of the Church as a mere ecclesiastical polity, but as a sacred and Christian hierarchy—the very life and soul of our spiritual existence.

CONCLUSION.

The old church of St. Mary's, the silent witness of former days, had become much delapidated—sad and fit emblem of her destiny! Planted there in the vigour of early faith, her youth was one of beauty and promise, even in the midst of suffering; but she had become debased to the purposes of modern scepticism, and she stood there, the faded image of departed loveliness.

It was agreed by the associated managers of the two congregations, that the old church should be disused, and the services transferred to Lucy Chapel; or, as farmer Ironside still pertinaciously called it, "Mrs. Baldwyn's saloon." There stood the pulpit in the centre of the church, the focus of attraction, and a standing memorial of shame to the repentant M'Duff; and there sat the people, half of them with their faces irreverently turned from the east, whence cometh our hope, the scene of our Lord's advent, the type of His glory, the promise of His coming!

To these "spiritual worshippers," who call the bowing of the head, and the lowly bending of the knee, popish idolatry, turning to the east—that attitude of a lively hope, and of a pregnant faith—is without meaning, and without efficacy; who yet blush not to turn their faces to the real star of their idolatry—the popular preacher—and there they worship!

The Farquharsons never returned to Scotland. Finding an eligible exchange of property in an estate within the parish and sphere of Reginald Hopetoun's ministrations, Mr. Farquharson gave up, at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, the inheritance of his fathers, and threw in his lot with the Church in England. M'Duff likewise, soon after joined himself to the little community, rendered dear to him as the scene of his earthly happiness, as well as of his eternal hopes.

In a year or two after their first acquaintance, he married the playful but now womanly Emily. Constantia continues to reside with her brother, the faithful and efficient coadjutor in all his labours—the cherished friend and counsellor of all.

Major Baldwin is still in Glen Tilloch.

Mr. Honeywood, while yet in the zenith of his popularity, married the quiet, and unobtrusive Harriet. Her father has become gouty, irritable, and discontented; and as it is supposed her husband was not remarkable for his kindness and attention to her, she has left him, and makes her parent's infirmities a plea for returning to her former home.

Farmer Ironside bought, some time ago, the old church of St. Mary's, the materials of which had been advertised for sale. Rumour assigns to him a strange motive. He is a wealthy man, and without children; and whispers are current, that, grieved in spirit at the share he took in her desolation, he means to bequeath the whole of his property for the endowment of the venerable pile, and to place it at the disposal of the bishop, in the hope of proving once more what the Church is capable of effecting, when free from the *voluntary system*—the true parent of **EXPEDIENCY**.

THE END OF VOL. I.

ERRATA TO PART I.

Page.	Line.				
7	27	for	<i>practice</i>	read	<i>practise.</i>
16	6	"	<i>but</i>	"	<i>and.</i>
28	7	"	<i>smilingly</i>	"	<i>smiling.</i>
51	26	"	<i>to be.</i>	"	<i>was.</i>
53	7	"	<i>reconciled</i>	"	<i>appeased.</i>
56	22	"	<i>monstrocities</i>	"	<i>monstrosities.</i>
78	3	"	<i>architect</i>	"	<i>builder.</i>

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VOL. II.

Rev.

W. Buchanan ②
A LETTER

FROM

A BLACKSMITH

TO

THE MINISTERS AND ELDERS OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND:

IN WHICH THE MANNER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP IN THAT
CHURCH IS CONSIDERED,

ITS INCONVENIENCES AND DEFECTS POINTED OUT, AND METHODS
FOR REMOVING THEM HUMBLY PROPOSED;

WELL WORTHY THE MOST SERIOUS CONSIDERATION OF CHRISTIANS
OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

"MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY."—ST. LUKE, XVIII. 1.

"LET NOT YOUR GOOD BE EVIL SPOKEN OF"—ROMANS, XIV. 16.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1. THESS. V. 21.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Blacksmith's Letter was first printed in London in the year 1759, and has since passed through many editions. Several editions were published in America, and one, at least, in Ireland. It was, in Scotland, first printed at Leith upwards of half a century ago, but it was brought chiefly into notice by the present Bishop of Glasgow, who printed it in the *Episcopal Magazine*. which he was then conducting. The last editor then took it up, and carried it through five editions, all of which were printed in Edinburgh.

That this little work should have excited so much attention is not at all surprising, for it is one of the best works on the subject that has ever been penned. Its argument is complete, its reasoning unanswerable, and the truth of its representations cannot be questioned. An attempt was made by an "Irish Presbyterian" to reply to it, but his total failure only showed the weakness of the cause which he had espoused. The vanity of his labours was completely established by the former editor, who was also the author of a "Letter to J. A. Haldane, Esq., on his sermon upon the late fires, &c." And it is not to be expected

that any one, who has the least regard to his own fame, will again attempt a work which must ultimately lead to his utter discomfiture.

It has been often asked, who is the author of the *Blacksmith*? Is it really written by a mechanic? These questions it is now impossible to answer; nor is there any clue to the unraveling of the mystery of which I am aware. Certain it is, that, if really an artizan, he must have been one of no ordinary attainments; for he manifests no mean acquaintance with the classics, and writes the English language with a purity and vigour, in his day, seldom attained by Scotchmen. It is, however, well known that there was a blacksmith in Inverary, about the middle of last century, of uncommon talents and attainments, whose family afterwards removed into Glasgow, commenced business as manufacturers, and soon amassed a large fortune. But whether he was an Episcopalian I am not aware. It has also been conjectured that the "Letter" was written by a clergyman of the name of Smith, who, humorously punning upon the colour of his garments, described himself as *Black Smith*.

It is not, however, a matter of any great importance. Whoever he may have been, he has rendered great service to Catholic truth, by giving to the world a work of great ability, which, with all the fulness necessary, establishes every point on which

he touches. In a masterly manner he has shown the indispensable necessity of a precomposed form in the worship of Almighty God, known alike to minister and people, without which it is utterly impossible for the latter to *join* in the public services of the sanctuary. Of this the inattention and irreverent listlessness of the people in a Presbyterian meeting-house, while the teacher is engaged in converting his sermon into a prayer, is sufficient proof. No other argument is necessary to show that the people feel that they have no part in this matter, that it is the minister's business alone, and that, if they do not materially disturb him in his work, it is all that can reasonably be expected of them. Hence the practice of many to leave immediately after the sermon; and hence, also, it is that the noise of the people sitting down drowns the last sentence or two, and prevents them hearing the reference to the atonement with which it is usual to conclude that long address which they denominate "the prayer."

That the Presbyterians may have no fellowship with Catholicity, they generally adopt customs and practices the very reverse of those followed, *every where and by all*, in the Christian Church. Thus their prayers are conducted without the assistance of a liturgy, and, therefore, are too frequently anything but what prayers ought to be. They stand when

they pray, and sit when they sing, and never kneel but to their earthly sovereign the Queen.

The only part of the Blacksmith's work which may, at the present day, appear exaggerated, is where he speaks of the extraordinary proceedings at the sacramental occasions. Whatever it may be deemed now, however, there cannot be a doubt that it affords a fair exposition of what was common in his days. Burns' "holy fair," though a satyr, is universally allowed by moderate Presbyterians to overstep the reality very little, if any. But the Blacksmith saw these proceedings at a still earlier date, when the refinement of manners was less, and the covenanting prejudices were yet in their vigour. He saw them, too, conducted by illiterate ministers who had neither taste nor refinement to see the evil or to check it. For it was long after the Revolution before Presbyterianism was able to supply the places of the Episcopal clergy with men possessed of ordinary attainments. But, indeed, the evils to which the Blacksmith directs attention are yet continued in many places, chiefly, however, in the remoter districts of the country. A few years ago, a considerable effort was made to do them away in the low country, but, since the disruption, they have been revived by the Free Kirk, as a fitting medium of excitement. From what I have seen and heard, I cannot hesitate to say

that there is not the slightest reason to question the accuracy of a single statement made by the Blacksmith. At all the parishes in this neighbourhood, and throughout Perthshire generally, it was customary, till within the last few years, to have tents pitched at some convenient spot near to the kirk, where a succession of ministers vied with each other the whole day in stimulating the itching ears of the people, many of whom had come from a great distance to enjoy this species of theatrical excitement. Between the tents and the public houses of the village there was a constant passing and repassing—a carrying backwards and forwards of chairs and benches. And the scenes mentioned by the Blacksmith as common among those farthest removed from the preacher, I have witnessed in all their reality as he describes them. At a parish within a few miles of this, it was the regular practice, till about six or seven years ago, to permit a neighbouring publican to erect a booth for the sale of refreshments, where there was no lack of food for the hungry, and drink for the thirsty, nor any lack of customers for either. At these places ridiculous scenes were of continual occurrence. There never was an occasion when all the worshippers could return to their homes by the straight path. And not unfrequently did there occur immoral scenes, which provided work for the

kirk-sessions some months thereafter. These occasions have contributed, in no small degree, to keep up the character of Scotland as the most immoral country in the world.* But I do not wish to notice these things farther than is necessary to vindicate the veracity of the Blacksmith. A simple anecdote or two shall, therefore, conclude our observations on this head. Among the terms of agreement between masters and servants, especially in the Western counties, it was customary for the latter to stipulate for so many days to themselves, for the purpose of attending so many neighbouring markets, or so many sacramental occasions, as it might be most convenient for the former to give them liberty—thus placing on an *equality* the festivities of each. There are few masters, at all advanced in life, who could not give many examples of this kind. On one occasion, after the morning service was over, the people went to the booth already mentioned to regale themselves, while

* In proof that the moral sense, in reference to the seventh commandment, is very much blunted in Scotland, it is only necessary to mention that, in that country, its violation brings no stain on the female culprit's character among the lower orders. Indeed, it is often, with great prudence on her part, made a stepping stone to matrimony. And when the poor creature reaches the borders of the period of despair, she is as frequently the seducer as the seduced. These assertions it would be easy to prove, were the truth of them not too well known to need proof.

the ministers were similarly occupied in the session-house. The individual who was to officiate in the evening helped himself so liberally that the wine began evidently to have an effect upon him. He was reminded that he was the preacher, and admonished to be careful. He, however, told them not to be alarmed, as he would get through very well. It turned out as he said; he had one of his most affecting sermons with him—the raising of the widow's son at Nain; and as he described the wretchedness of the disconsolate widow, he wept—the wine contributing to this issue as much as his own eloquence; and hardly did one escape the contagion. There was a handkerchief at each face, and Mr. ——— was never more admired than on that occasion, though few but those behind the scenes knew the real cause of this unusual burst of eloquence. So important a part of the service was the tent-display in the eyes of the people, that it was a common remark, in reference to the abilities of their ministers—"He is a grand man at a tent that;" "there was never ane yet that would beat Mr. ——— at a tent."

To English readers it may be interesting to know the mode of celebrating the Lord's Supper in the kirks in Scotland. In the morning, the parish minister preaches and prays in the usual off-hand manner, and, during the sermon, or in an address immediately

after it, points out the requisite qualifications for receiving the communion, and forbids all who are guilty of gross crimes to come forward. This they call *fencing* the tables. He then comes down, and, with the other assisting ministers, stands at a small table in front of the pulpit, or in the passage, where he goes over the history of the institution of the Lord's Supper, making his own comments, then hands patens to two or three lay assistants called *elders*, saying, I give this bread to "you, and to you, and to you all." These lay elders then carry it to the people, who are *seated* at long tables, place it at one end, when the first person helps himself and passes it on, till, in this way, it reaches the other end of the table, where another elder is waiting to receive and pass it to the next table, and so on, till all have helped themselves. The vessels are then taken back to be replenished for a new set. The same method is followed with the wine. Before they begin, while they are thus occupied, and for some time after, one of the ministers makes a long harangue on the death of Christ, the benefits it confers on the elect, and the greater condemnation it brings to the reprobate, on the sacrament itself, or on some kindred subject. But as it depends entirely on the taste and talents of the individual, it is sometimes more and sometimes less appropriate, and not unfrequently a complete outrage

on taste and judgment, having little or no application to the subject in hand. This they call *serving the tables*. Every minister considers it necessary to prepare, and commit to memory, three or four such addresses, that, when needful, they may be able to serve as many tables. Sometimes, however, they do not take this trouble, and then, on the spur of the moment, they string together a few patches from some of their sermons, which, according to custom, they generally commit to memory in order that they may be considered to preach *extempore*, as the expression goes. The length of time occupied by each set of tables may be from half an hour to an hour, depending not on the time necessary for receiving the bread and wine, but on the talent of the minister at prolonging his address. When these tables, which will hold a hundred more or less, remove to make room for others, there is often the greatest pressure, and confusion, and noise—every one trying to get before his neighbour. To provide for duly keeping up the excitement, two or three ministers come from other places to help the parish minister; so that, for the most part, there is a new orator at every serving of the tables. It used to be no uncommon thing for a popular minister to be absent from his own parish every second Sunday all the summer, and without making any provision for the supply of his own pulpit.

His own services were in request to serve tables, and to preach on these sacramental occasions in other parishes; and his people might follow him, or wander elsewhere, as they chose. In short, preaching is everything with them; and they would, without it, consider their sacramental occasion nothing. They do not, with other Christians, look upon the Supper of the Lord as the most solemn act of devotion, but simply regard the time of its administration as a time of peculiar excitement; which is gratified to the full by an interminable succession of long sermons. Hence the Thursday preceding it, which they denominate their *fast day*, is spent in preaching, and usually, that it may be more attractive, by strangers. “Preparation Saturday” and “Thanksgiving Monday” pass much in the same manner, save that they generally on these days confine themselves to one very long service, if their preachings can, with any propriety, be so denominated,—varying often from three to four hours. In the interval between these last two days, comes the day of celebration—the *Sabbath*, as they Pharisaically denominate the Lord’s day, the whole of which, from ten in the morning till seven or eight at night, is occupied with one interminable succession of sermons. On the *fast day* all work is at a stand still; every one makes it a day of rest and pleasure, whether interested in the occasion or not.

Ease of body, a plentiful supply of preaching, a better dinner than usual, and plenty of drink, constitute a *fast*, according to Presbyterian views. The numbers of people who get drunk on these festive days are very great, and the rioting which frequently takes place anything but creditable to the religious solemnities of the occasion. No longer since than last Sunday, there was, in a neighbouring village, a regular riot, with fighting, swearing, and the other accompaniments of drunkenness, in one of the public-houses. Indeed, the parties most anxious to maintain the tent preachings, as best calculated to gather a large concourse of people, are the publicans ; for, in many places, it is the only day on which they do any considerable business. I have observed that their whisky casks are usually replenished early in the week before the occasion.

I have already said that the people sit at long tables. The old practice was to arrange the centre portion of the kirk with moveable seats, which were removed in order to make room for a set of long tables, which were kept ready for the purpose. These were in two, three, or four sets, according to the size of the building, and were placed with the ends towards the pulpit. But modern architects have discovered a plan of arranging the tables without interfering materially with the pews, by letting down the seats, which are made with hinges for the purpose, in every alter-

nate pew, and placing a larger board on the top of the pew instead of the book-board. As the *occasion* is celebrated oftener now than formerly, this is of great importance to those who have to keep the building in repair, by saving a great deal of tear and wear; but those of the old school did not like the novelty, being afraid it might endanger the luxurious custom of their Covenanting forefathers. At the time of the Revolution, it was not uncommon to pass a year or two without the sacrament at all, but for long it was the custom in the country to have it once a-year, and in towns twice. Now, however, it is almost everywhere celebrated twice a-year, and I have known it three times; but in the latter case it was given up because the heritors would not make an additional allowance for bread and wine, though what they allowed for two occasions was enough for four.

After perusing this account of their mode of celebrating the Holy Supper, and what is said by the Blacksmith, there are few, acquainted with the practices of the Universal Church in her purest and best days, who will not be ready to pronounce that these occasions, even when conducted with ability, and managed in the best manner in which they are capable, are little better than a burlesque of the sacramental eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Christ, which he commanded to be done in remem-

brance of him. The irreverent posture of sitting, after the example of the Pope, almost implies a blasphemous assumption of equality with the Divine Redeemer. Their pressing forward, and each trying to get where he can help himself before his neighbour, and their elevating preaching above the Supper itself, seem to indicate a participation in the Corinthian's sin of "not discerning the Lord's body." While the intemperance, rioting, strifes, envyings, which are its almost unfailing companions, render it impossible to believe that it can be attended with the Divine blessing. And being a human device, substituted in the room of the institution of the Lord Jesus Christ, it is equally difficult to believe that it can have the Divine sanction. It is, in short, but a pretended sacrament, because administered by men who have never received any authority from God for that purpose,—men who are precisely in the same position as John Wesley's lay teachers of the succession of Jabez Bunting. The Presbyterians in Scotland, having no Bishops, or acknowledging none, suspended all ordinations for about thirty years after the Reformation. During this time lay teachers occupied the places of the ministers of God. And when afterwards they resumed the practice of laying on of hands, at the request of James the Sixth, and transferred the administration of that rite to Presbyteries, the first parties who exercised

this privilege—if that be a privilege which invests with no power—were themselves laymen ; and, having never received any Divine authority to minister the word and sacraments, could not convey to others what they had themselves never received. To illustrate this :—Wesley was a priest of the English Church, but never pretended to possess, nor presumed to exercise, the power of ordination. His class-leaders and other teachers were strictly prohibited by him from administering either of the sacraments. But as the schism progressed, his followers did not like this restraint upon their “ Christian liberty.” They first assumed one part, then another, and another of the ministerial office, till, at last, about seven or eight years ago, they threw off the mask entirely, and beguiled their followers with the vain show of an ordination ceremony. They felt themselves outcasts among the Sects, and disdained to appear any longer under the borrowed plumage of the Church of England, which, owing to their subjection to her, they hated worse than any body of Dissenters. At the instigation, therefore, of Dr. Jabez Bunting, they adopted the form of ordination, though it wanted the power and the Spirit. I believe the year 1838 is noted for the first unrighteous assumption of a power which did not belong to them, by that deceitful and insidious Sect. The case is, as we have seen, precisely the

same with the Scottish Presbyterian Sects. They assumed a right of conveying what they had never themselves received—of giving to others what they did not possess. But it was a vain delusion, calculated to deceive both themselves and their followers, and could be of no real use to the one or the other, except by helping to perpetuate the deception. They were as much laymen after this pretended laying on of hands as before ; and the sacraments they pretended to administer were no more the sacraments of Christ than if celebrated by a professed layman. Now, we know that salvation is the free gift of God, and that sacraments are means of grace instituted by him for the purpose of helping on the work of salvation among his followers. But the gift must come from God, and the sacraments, to be means of grace, must be celebrated in the way of God's appointment, and by persons having his authority. Without this they lose their divine character, and become merely human inventions. These are facts supported by the Word of God, and the testimony of the Apostles and their more immediate successors,—facts which cannot be denied by any one at all acquainted with either. Still men seem, now-a-days, afraid to promulgate these truths, though there is a necessity laid upon all Christians fearlessly to propagate the truth, and to endeavour to undeceive those who unfortunately, and, pro-

bably, unintentionally, “believe a lie.” It may be, this may fall into the hand of some truth-loving dissenter from Christ’s Church in England or Scotland,—among whom we rank the members of the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment, with its many offshoots; and this simple statement—that their ministers are laymen, their sacraments no true sacraments, and their community in a state of sinful schism from the Church of God, may awaken them to a sense of their danger, make them think seriously of the loss they sustain, and, perhaps, induce them to read and inquire, and so, in time, return whence they have fallen. If the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession, which rests on the promise of the Redeemer to be with the Apostles and their Successors in the exercise of the commission which he left with them, fail, then is there not a promise nor a truth to be relied on in the Word of God. Weigh this well, and act up to what God requires, all ye who are more anxious to promote His honour, than to defend the leaders of the sect by which you have hitherto been deceived. Remember that in England and in Scotland there are pure Branches of the Church Catholic, from which you cannot be aliens, without sin.

A LETTER FROM A BLACKSMITH

TO THE MINISTERS AND ELDERS OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

&c.

RIGHT REVEREND AND HONOURABLE,

I HAVE presumed to address you upon a subject which appears to me of the greatest importance, and worthy of the consideration of the Ministers and Elders of the Church of Scotland. Thank God, I have reason to hope, from your wisdom, learning, and piety, that I shall be favoured with a fair and patient hearing, though my sphere in life be low, and my sentiments set off with no other advantages than sincerity and truth, as far as I can distinguish it; for God and my own heart bear witness, that I present this address with no other view than to promote (as much as I can) the glory of God, the interests of true religion, and the honour, purity, and peace of the Church of Scotland. Could I have found any better method of communicating my thoughts than by a letter, I would willingly have chosen it; or had I hoped ever to have seen a more favourable season than the present, I would patiently have waited for it. But now we are blessed with a learned body of clergy, with a prince well disposed to promote true piety among his people, and we have the happiness to live in an age in which the prejudices of

parties are mostly worn off, the rage of dispute abated, and men disposed to hear truth and obey reason. Such peaceful happy days are designed by heaven, and ought to be employed by men, to repair in religion what has been pulled down by mad passions in turbulent times; to restore to its first beauty whatever has been defaced by party prejudices in the days of contention, and to recover the purity of our faith, and decency of our worship, from the rust and low superstition which they have contracted in the ignorant ages, and tinctures of enthusiasm they imbibed in the shock and tumult of the Reformation. There was no Church that met with greater opposition, or was more violently agitated than ours; and though it stood out the storm, yet it suffered very severely. When the fury was in some degree abated, and men had time to look about them, our Church appeared little better than a ruin; her sacred buildings levelled with the ground, or bare shattered walls, the standing monuments of religious madness; her treasures robbed by sacrilegious hands; her registers destroyed, or carried off; her funds applied to profane uses, and her clergy left to starve. Would to God she had suffered only in these less essential things!

But along with these she contracted a singular and whimsical taste, her principles of faith grew dark and mysterious, and her method of worship defective and unreasonable. Some of these ruins she never can repair; some of them, indeed, time has in a great measure patched up, and some of them remain to be repaired by the present rulers of our Church, or by succeeding generations. Of this kind is our public worship, in which there are several things that demand your serious attention, and call loudly for the diligence and learning of the pre-

sent age. I will presume, with due deference, to point out a few of them ; hoping that my poor endeavours may at least obtain pardon, out of respect to the importance of the subject, and the sincerity of my intention ; and that some able head and good heart will take the hint, and fully point out the flaws in our present way of worship, and direct us how to amend them. Some unprejudiced and happy genius may perhaps appear, whose persuasive eloquence, refined expression, and conclusive arguments may command attention, and gain assent, in spite of the bigotry of the ignorant, the vain ambition of those that are fond of popularity, and the whimsical opinions of enthusiasts. Till such an one shall appear, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I offer my remarks, especially as I beg leave to assure you, that this my address does not proceed from a fondness of novelty, much less any intention to disturb the peace of the Church established by law, or indeed from any other or any worse motive, than that her public service may be such as seems best calculated for promoting the interests of religion and virtue, and most suitable for reasonable creatures to offer, and an infinitely wise God to accept.

1. First, I submit to your serious consideration, whether a larger portion of the Scriptures should not be read every Lord's-day in our public assemblies. The reading of the Scriptures always made a part of the public service in all the churches of God. The law and the prophets were solemnly read* in the synagogues every Sabbath day ; our Saviour countenanced and sanctified this practice† with his presence and example ; the Apostle Paul peremptorily commands Timothy to give attendance to reading,

* Acts, xv. 28.

† Luke, iv. 17.

as well as to exhortation and doctrine ; and the primitive Church religiously observed this command, as Justin Martyr* bears witness : “ Upon the day that is called Sunday (says he), all that live in the country, or in the towns, assemble in one place, and the commentaries of the apostles, and the writings of the prophets are read, till the time allotted for them be expired.” Nay, more, our own Directory for Public Worship (which perhaps may have more weight with some than the example of our Saviour, the command of his Apostles, or the practice of the purest antiquity), recommends† that ordinarily one chapter out of each Testament should be read at every meeting. I am at a loss whether to ascribe the negligence of this essential part of our service to the pride of the clergy or the perverseness of the people ; perhaps it may be in some degree owing to both. The clergy, probably, think that it would not give them a sufficient opportunity to display their own talents ; and the people, that it does not so fully please their ears, always itching with the desire of something new. To the first I shall only observe, that though we have, as we always ought to have, a very great respect for the observations and discourses of our spiritual guides, yet, at the same time, we cannot but wish to hear what the *Spirit saith unto the churches*, in his own words. We have room to wish for this, as we are told by the Apostle, that the Scriptures *are profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness ; and that by them the man of God may be made perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works*. It is true you indulge us now and then with ten or a dozen of verses of

* Apol. li., p. 28. Tertul. ad. Gent., p. 47.

† 498.

pure Scripture in our public assemblies ; but as we* have no regular plan of reading the scriptures, of consequence we only hear detached places, chosen at the pleasure of the preacher, and applied to what purposes he thinks fit. This leaves our understandings too much in the power of the clergy, and exposes the simple and ignorant (who make the greatest part of our congregations) to be seduced by the party principles and whimsical opinions of the preacher. It may at first sight appear, that the whole plan of our worship is as happily calculated for making a property of the laity, and keeping their judgments and consciences in the power of the parson, as any part of the Popish system. For the minister needs not read any part of the Scriptures unless he pleases ; he may choose what place he thinks proper, may begin where he inclines, and break off when he has a mind ; he may mangle them in any manner he thinks fit, and make them say whatever he would have them to say.

But allow me to tell you, that as the reading of the Scriptures in public assemblies is of divine appointment, no power upon earth can dispense with the obligation. As they contain the articles of our faith, and the rules by which we are to regulate our lives, nothing can supply, and therefore nothing ought to usurp their place ; and as all the Reformed Churches are agreed, that the Scriptures are plain in things necessary to salvation, we ought to hear them as they are, without your glosses and comments. Nay, what can be more effectual for our salvation, or so proper for instruction, seeing they bear witness for themselves, that the *word of God is sharper than a two-*

* Our Directory declares that it is requisite that all the canonical books be read over in order ; but our parsons proceed in a very different method.

*edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and is a discerner of thoughts and intents of the heart ;** *that it converts the soul, and makes the simple wise.*† Is there any thing that can be substituted in the place of the Scriptures, from which such great and happy effects may be expected? But if this shameful negligence be owing to the perverse humour of the people, who, perhaps, may think that the reading of the Scriptures is a dry insipid part of the service, you will not I hope take it ill, if I say, that amusements are more their errand to church than instruction, and they are more desirous of new words than sound doctrine, and that, in fact, their hearts are carnal, and estranged from the things of the Spirit ; for the Apostle informs us, that the natural man receiveth not things of the Spirit, for they are foolishness to him. Pardon me if I think that your compliance with this humour is like Aaron's to the folly of the Israelites. As he set up a calf made with his own hands, to be the object of the people's worship, instead of the living God ; so you set up your own compositions, to direct the faith, and regulate the manners of the people, in the place of the Scriptures of truth, dictated by the Holy Spirit. The service of God in the way of his own appointment ever was, and ever will be, disliked by the bulk of the people. The Jews would willingly have embraced any religion but that which was given them from heaven ; they would have sacrificed in any place but in that pointed out by their Maker, and thought no rites burdensome but those that God was pleased to appoint : but with respect to those, the prophet upbraids them with saying, as our people say, *Behold what a weariness is it.*‡ It is the

* Heb. iv. 12.

† Psal. xix. 7.

‡ Malachi, i. 13.

business and duty of ministers to check and resist this humour of the people, and not encourage it by a mean compliance with a vitiated taste, and a base betraying of the trust reposed in them ; but, alas ! the taste of the people in this coincides with the inclinations of the pastor, and flatters his pride and vanity too much to be restrained. However, with all humility, I presume to beg, that you would be pleased to consider, how you can answer to God, to your own consciences, and to us your hearers, for such a dangerous and wilful neglect.

2. As to praise, we seem to study to give this part of our worship as much the air of rusticity and contempt of God as possible. Because we thought that the engagement of the heart was (as indeed it is) the essence of this part of worship, we have whimsically thrown out every thing that helped to engage and elevate the heart. Many of the words we use are obsolete and low, the versification is mean and barbarous, and the music harsh and ill performed ; our harmony, otherwise not very sweet, is entirely lost, and the sense broke off, at every line.* Our posture, too, is the most indecent, negligent, and improper for singing well that we could have contrived. It is true, the posture is of no importance, farther than as it expresses our reverence to the God whom we worship ; yet it is as necessary that it should be decent, as that our words should be proper, for both are only signs of inward sensations. Should we find a fellow crying very bitterly, and dancing very briskly, these are signs of sensations so opposite, that we would be apt to imagine he was distracted ; and what shall we conclude, when we hear a con-

* He refers here to the old practice of reading each line of the psalm before singing it, a practice now pretty generally discontinued. (Ed. Sixth Edition.)

gregation addressing God in some ardent hymn, or earnest petition, and see them sitting upon their breech, or lolling with the most negligent air and posture upon their seats? The signs here point to very different sensations! Quintillian seems to think that there may be a solecism in gesture as well as in the expression; and if such a thing can be, we seem guilty of a very great one, in using the most indifferent, negligent posture, when we are employed in the most interesting and serious affair, I mean offering praise to the living God.

3. I cannot help thinking that all the rational people of our communion must be shocked with the indecencies and follies that attend the administration of our Lord's Supper, known among the common people by the name of an *occasion*. We accuse the Roman Church of superstition, and that very justly, but in this instance she may fairly retort, and tell us that we blame in others what we approve of, or at least allow, in ourselves. For if our people did not imagine that there was some superior virtue in sermons preached upon these *occasions*, some sanctity in the place, or some merit in their attendance, it is unlikely that such numbers, who have no intention to communicate, should crowd from all quarters, leave their parish churches almost empty, and slight as good sermons which they might hear without the fatigue of travelling or the inconveniences that attend a crowd. Superstition in all countries has the same effect, though it may be directed to different objects. In Popish countries, people crowd from place to place to visit the shrines of the saints, and pray before the most famous images. In Scotland, they run from kirk to kirk, as it were after the host, and flock to see a sacrament as those to share in the procession—and too many of our people (with shame we must confess)

make the same use of our *occasions* that the Papists do of their pilgrimages and processions; that is, to indulge themselves in drunkenness, lust, and idleness. Most of the servants, when they agree to serve their masters in the western parts of the kingdom, make a special provision that they shall have liberty to go to a certain number of sacraments; and as they consider a sacrament or an *occasion* (as they call the administration of the Lord's Supper in a neighbouring parish) in the same light in which they do a fair, so they behave at it much in the same manner. I defy Italy, in spite of all its superstition, to produce a scene better fitted to raise pity and regret in a religious, humane, and understanding heart, or to afford an ampler field for ridicule to the careless and profane, than what they call a field-preaching upon one of those *occasions*. At the time of the administration of the Lord's Supper (ye know), that upon the Thursday, Saturday, and Monday, we have preaching in the fields near the church, which, it seems, we must not use upon that occasion. I have often thought that the frequency of the sight makes it familiar, and, consequently, less shocking to you, or that, being in the inner circle, you seldom have access to see the indecency and absurdity of the whole scene, otherwise you would not encourage it. Allow me then to describe it as it really is. At first you find a great number of men and women lying upon the grass; here they are sleeping and snoring, some with their faces towards heaven, others with their faces turned downwards, or covered with their bonnets; there you find a knot of young fellows and girls making assignations to go home together in the evening, or to meet in some ale-house; in another place you see a pious circle sitting round an ale-barrel, many of which stand ready upon carts for the refreshment of

the saints. The heat of the summer season, the fatigue of travelling, and the greatness of the crowd, naturally dispose them to drink, which inclines some of them to sleep, works up the enthusiasm of others, and contributes not a little to produce those miraculous conversions that sometimes happen at these *occasions*. In a word, in this *sacred* assembly there is an odd mixture of religion, sleep, drinking, courtship, and a confusion of sexes, ages, and characters. When you get a little nearer the speaker, so as to be within the reach of the sound, though not of the sense of the words, for that can only reach a small circle, even when the preacher is favoured with a calm, and when there happens to be any wind stirring, hardly can one sentence be heard distinctly at any considerable distance. In this second circle you will find some weeping, and others laughing, some pressing to get nearer the tent or tub in which the parson is sweating, bawling, jumping, and beating the desk; others fainting with the stifling heat, or wrestling to extricate themselves from the crowd. One seems very devout and serious, and the next moment is scolding and cursing his neighbour for squeezing or treading on him; in an instant after, all his countenance is composed to the religious gloom, and he is groaning, sighing, and weeping for his sins. In a word, there is such an absurd mixture of the serious and comic, that were we convened for any other purpose than that of worshipping the God and Governor of nature, the scene would exceed all power of face.

But when one considers what solemn awe should accompany the pronunciation of his name, and what decent gravity attend his worship, and see such an unhappy contrast, if his heart be not entirely unacquainted with the feelings of humanity, the sigh will force its way, and the

pitying tear start into his eye, especially if he knows that many of the clergy encourage this absurdity ; that this is the time when they vie with one another for popularity, and try who can convene the greatest mob ; that some of the elders are so fond of these religious farces, that they have threatened to abandon their churches if the absurd practice of preaching without doors should be discontinued, and that even those of the clergy, who have sense to perceive its inconveniences, and ingenuity to own that it is wrong, yet want courage to oppose the popular frenzy, and resolution to reform what in their own hearts they cannot but condemn. Whether we consider this practice in a moral, political, or religious light, we shall find it attended with very bad consequences. How much must it encourage drunkenness, when such crowds are convened from all quarters ? What must the consequence be when a whole country side is thrown loose, and young fellows and girls are going home together at night, in the gayest season of the year, when every thing naturally inspires warm desires, and silence, secrecy, and darkness encourage them ? When I was a young fellow at my apprenticeship, I was a great frequenter of these *occasions*, and know them so well that, whatever others may think, I would not choose a wife that had often frequented them, nor trust a daughter too much among those rambling saints. Old maids may, perhaps, be allowed to revenge themselves of the world, by growing religious at the easy rate of running from sacrament to sacrament ; and they who are in pain to be provided with husbands, may possibly find their account in frequenting those *sacred* assemblies ; but I would advise others to go but seldom, and never to a greater distance than that they can return before sun-set, lest, by frequenting them too much, they

contract an idle disposition of mind, and, by staying too late, they get into a *bad habit of body*. Nor are the consequences of this practice, considered in a political light, more favourable than in a moral. Our Church disclaims all holy days, and I should offend at once against truth and the rules of our Church if I said that we observed any such. But I presume that the number of our idle days will fall very little short of the number in the Popish kalendar, and all the difference is, that their holy days are fixed, and our idle days moveable; theirs are dedicated to some saint, and ours are devoted to some *occasion*; theirs foster superstition and idleness, and so do ours; theirs are signalized now and then by miraculous cures, by which the patient's health is seldom bettered; and ours by miraculous conversions,* by which the converts' morals are rarely mended; and, to do the Papists justice, they deal more fairly in their miracles than we; for a man can see if a crooked limb be made straight, because it is the object of the senses, but a miracle wrought instantaneously in the mind must be taken upon the word of the patient or the parson. But the truth is, their holy days and our idle days, whatever miracles they may produce, do hurt to true religion: the people lose many labouring days by them, and the country is deprived of the fruit of their industry. I have seen above three thousand people at one of these *occasions*; but supposing that one with another there are only fifteen hundred, and that each of them, one with another, might earn sixpence a day, every Sacrament, by its three idle days, will cost the country much about £112 10s. Sterling, not including the days that they who live at a great distance must lose in coming

* See two volumes published at Glasgow by Mr. Gillies.

and going, nor the losses the farmer must sustain when *occasions* happen in the hay, harvest, or seed times; the man of business when they chance to fall upon market days; or the tradesman, when any particular piece of work is in hand that requires dispatch. Now, supposing the Sacrament should be administered only twice a year in all our churches, which, if it be not, it ought to be, these *occasions*, as they are managed at present, will cost Scotland at least £235,000 Sterling,—an immense sum for sermons! the greatest part of which might be saved, and much disorder and irregularity prevented, would the Assembly be graciously pleased to appoint some particular Sundays in the four seasons * for the administration of this Sacrament over all the kingdom. We were too fond of novelties, and, perhaps, too proud of our own judgments, when we altered established practices, founded on reason, and approved by long experience; and we could hardly have pitched upon a more unnatural method than the present, consider it in what light you will. For if the design of this Sacrament, next to setting forth the death of our Lord, be to remain as a pledge of love and charity among Christians, it does not with us seem at all to answer the design; as our congregations, like discontented children, take a private hour as it were, and eat their bread by themselves in a corner;—whereas all the rest of the Christian world do, Christian-like, communicate together three times in the year. As they show forth the same meritorious death, they show it forth at the same season, and, like brethren, sit down at once to the same love feast.

But, besides this, the great noise that we make about

* This was the method several years about the time of the Reformation.

these *occasions*, leads our people to lay too great a stress upon them, and to imagine that there is something meritorious, nay, that the life of religion lies in hearing a great number of sacramental sermons. They serve nearly the same ends in our Church that confession and absolution do among the Papists. Our people put on a very demure look some days before the Sacrament; the gloom gradually gathers upon their faces as it approaches, and they look like criminals going to execution when the day is come. Just so may it be seen in the Popish countries, in the seasons set apart for confession and penance; but in both countries the professed repentance proves only a flash of devotion, and, as if matters were made up with the Deity, and all former accounts cleared, the Papist soon puts off his penitential countenance, and the Presbyterian lays by his sacramental face, and they and we, in a little time, are the same men that we were before.

And as these *occasions* make our people lay too great a stress upon the outward means, while they neglect the great end of all religion, I mean, to better the heart and reform the conduct, so they raise contention, heart-burnings, envy, and factions among our clergy, while they contend for popularity, vie with one another who shall convene the greatest crowd, and work up the mob to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; and they often succeed so well, that they bring the weak and ignorant to the very brink of downright madness. I have seen scenes of this nature that had much more of the fury of the bacchanalia, than the calm, serious, sincere devotion of a Christian sacrament. It is here that the ministers display that false eloquence which catches the crowd, and consists in a *strong voice, a melancholy tone, and thundering out at random damnation, death, and hell, fire and flames, devils,*

darkness, and gnashing of teeth. *Any one who has good lungs, and can borrow the beggar's cunt and the merry-andrew's action, may become very popular, and make a great figure at an occasion ; for the contention there is not who shall reason most justly, deliver most gracefully, or direct their discourse in the best manner for bettering the heart and reforming the manners of the audience, but who shall appear most frantic, cry loudest, speak with the deepest, strangest, and most hollow tone, and be most wrapt up in mystery and scholastic terms. I have known these qualifications make nonsense triumph over sense, ignorance be preferred to learning, and incoherent, unintelligible, nay, contradictory rhapsodies, be received with admiration by the gazing crowd, while plain, learned, and pious sermons, delivered with a becoming modesty and gravity, have been preached almost to the empty pews.* Quintillian, assigning the reasons why the ignorant orators were heard with more applause by the mob than the ingenious and learned, paints so justly the methods by which our ministers contend for popularity at the occasions, that the passage is worth transcribing : *Clamant ubique, et omnia levata (ut ipsi dicunt) manu emugiunt, multo discursu, anhelitu, jactatione, gesta, motuque capitis furentes—mire ad pul-latum circulum facit——cum ille eruditus modestus et esse, et videri malit—at illi hanc vim appellant, que est potius violentia.** The art of managing mankind (says

* Quintil. Inst., lib. ii., cap. 12.—They always cry loud, and deliver all their discourse in a sort of ecstasy, with a hollow bellowing tone, a frantic action, deep sighs, furious gestures, violent tossing of their arms, and mad-like motions of their heads.—'Tis wonderful what effect these things have upon the surrounding mob. A man of learning suits his pronunciation and action to his subject, chooses to be modest, and to appear so. They call this delivering their discourse with force, though it be rather with fury.

Mr. Addison, speaking of quacks in physic,) is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, and to let nothing be familiar to them. This art is perfectly well understood by our parsons ; for, at these *occasions*, they try who shall make the people stare most ; and sometimes they make them stare so long and so eagerly, that the poor people stand almost *stark staring mad*. We are damned an hundred times over in one day, and damned, too, without any sort of discretion. For most of our ministers that I have had occasion to hear seem to have embraced, and do certainly propagate, Hoadly's notions of the Sacrament of the Supper ; and yet they go on damning us still, when their master says, and they sometimes say, that the communion is little more than a mere ceremony. Poor laymen, I own, ought not to dictate to the parson what notions he is to embrace and teach ; but I humbly hope that we have a right to expect that the parson be consistent with himself, so far, at least, as not to damn us, where, at other times, he teaches us that there is no danger.

But as it is not likely that these opportunities of speaking *great and swelling words** will be given up, while men are so *presumptuous and self-willed*, I submit to your consideration, whether it would not be proper to pitch upon the place designed for the scene of the field preaching, at least upon the communion Sunday, at a considerable distance from the church. This would draw off the mob, the contrast between the solemn action within doors and the comical scene without, would be less striking ; the communicants would breathe a free air, they would be less distracted in their devotions, have easier access

* 2 Peter, ii. 8.

to come up to the table, or to return to their seats, and the whole might be transacted with less bustle and confusion, and with more decency and order. As it is managed at present, it is liker any thing than the administration of the Supper of our Lord; not a man amongst us would be content with a common meal served up in such confusion. I am sure that it is impossible for me, and I believe it is very difficult for any one, to carry up with him that sedateness of soul, and calmness of thought, that I presume to think are necessary, when he approaches the Table of the Lord? How should he? when he is forced to *wrestle through a crowd, to push and be pushed, stunned with a general hubbub, the seats rattling, the galleries sounding, the people singing, the communicants jostling one another in the crowded passages, some falling, others fainting, and in all corners of the church, hurry, confusion and noise.* I never see our tables* filled up, but it gives me an idea of the *distraction at Babel*, when the confusion of languages began to be felt. I submit it, whether the apostle's censure of the Corinthian Church be not pertinent here, *This is not to eat the Lord's Supper.*†

Perhaps the communicants should be left a little more to their own meditations. At least, for my own part, I could wish, that while the elements are handing about there were observed (if it be possible) a solemn and universal silence, that we might have time for our private devotions, and an opportunity to ask a blessing of God upon his word and ordinances; especially as it is either

* In the kirks of Scotland they have long tables, at which they sit and communicate; they will hold about an hundred or more; and when these remove, to make room for others, there is the utmost confusion, as the kirk is crowded with spectators, and one part is struggling to get from the table, and the other wrestling to get to it.

† 2 Corinth., ii. 29.

forbidden, or become unfashionable with us, to do so when we take our seats, or finish the service. These things I have mentioned, and I submit my thoughts to the wisdom and candour of the rulers of our church.

4. There still remains a very solemn and interesting part of our worship, I mean that of public prayer, upon which I beg leave with all submission to make some few remarks, earnestly entreating that they may be considered with calmness and impartiality by your reverences, and the other members of our church; and that, though my sentiments should not please, yet in charity you will believe that I wish well to the Protestant cause, the interest of religion, and the purity and peace of the Church of Scotland. These, I presume to think, would be greatly promoted by the composition and establishment of some devout liturgy, or form of prayer, for public worship. Have patience, and hear me out! I was once as much prejudiced against a proposal of this nature as you can be at present; and, if you will consider the inconveniences that attend our present way of worship as calmly as I think I have done, you may perhaps see the necessity and advantages of a form of prayer as clearly as I do.

I beseech you, then, to reflect, that our present extemporary way of worship is contrary to the practice and opinion of all mankind, in all ages, and of all religions, until it was introduced amidst the ferment and confusion of the sixteenth century. For before that time, whatever was the object of men's worship, whatever the matter of their prayers, or however widely they differed in the articles of their creed, yet they agreed as unanimously in the use of forms of prayer for their public worship as they did in the belief of a God. Greeks and Romans, the Magi and the Mahometans, Jews and Christians, have all

agreed in this practice. I have often heard our Mass John, honest man, urge the universal consent and opinion of mankind against the atheists as a proof of the existence of a Deity. If this argument be conclusive, when applied to the first and greatest article of religion—I mean the existence of God—sure it will be so, too, with respect to the best and fittest way of worshipping him. But what is still more, God himself prescribed this way of worship to the Jews, as in the cases of murder, when the person who committed it was unknown, of suspicion of adultery, and when the first fruits were presented. His Son, our Saviour, honoured this way of worship with his presence ;—for the worship of the synagogues was by a form of prayer. He sanctified it by his practice, for, in his agony in the garden, he rose up, awakened, and rebuked the disciples, returned to the same place, repeated the same form of words three times over, and, before he expired upon the cross, he offered up his devotions in the words of the twenty-second Psalm. He authorised it by his command ; for our directory for prayer informs us that our Lord's prayer is not only a pattern for prayer, but is itself a most comprehensive prayer. So that, if the command of God himself, the example, practice, and command of his Son, be sufficient to point out in what way he would be worshipped, a form of prayer is pointed out for that purpose ; whereas it cannot be proved that ever God commanded extemporary *public* prayer ; that ever his Son attended worship performed in that way ; that ever he practised it, or ever commanded it. Nay, I am not certain that there is one example of extemporary *public* prayer in all the Bible, at least, I am sure, there is not an instance that will correspond with our situation, or authorize us in the use of it, when so many and so great inconveniencies do attend it.

We complain, and very justly too, that the Popish clergy are too assuming, and claim a superiority over the laity, inconsistent with the natural rights of mankind, and the relation of brethren formed by the covenant of grace. Pardon me, gentlemen, if I say that you claim a very extraordinary superiority over the laity, in the case before us. Every one of you claims an exclusive privilege of manufacturing our public prayers, and assumes a right of making us say to the Deity whatever he thinks fit. In the most momentous affair in which we can be concerned upon earth, we must depend entirely upon the discretion, honesty, and ability of every private parson, and take the words and matter of our addresses to our God and Maker such as he is pleased to give, without ever seeing, examining, or judging for ourselves. This is really treating us as if we were children or fools. We allow that you have a right to offer our prayers; and as it is not fit that we should all speak, the minister may be called the mouth of the congregation, but the mouth of the congregation should speak the mind of the congregation. In our congregations, the mouth runs before the mind, and speaks without giving us any opportunity of thinking what we ought to speak, and often says things that we should certainly reject, and sometimes offers petitions that we should absolutely abhor, had we time calmly to examine them. Our mouth leads us into the gross blunder of presenting our addresses to the Deity first, and next judging whether they be proper addresses after they are offered, when we cannot mend what is wrong or alter what is improper. We absurdly begin where we should end; for, in the natural order of things, the congregation should first be satisfied that the prayers are proper to be offered, and then the minister should offer them in their name; just as a

prudent man will think before he speaks. But in our *admirable* plan of worship, the congregation speaks by its mouth before it has considered what it is to say—that is, the parson offers up the petition, and the people may judge of its propriety after it is offered, if they please.

The absurdity here is so glaring that it is astonishing that it escapes the observation of the laity; and it would not escape them in any other instance. Should the ablest member of the House of Commons propose to offer an address to his Majesty, in the name of the House, without communicating it to the members, the impropriety would be immediately perceived. When the estates or counties design to address their Sovereign, offer your service, and tell them, “Pray, gentlemen, give yourselves no trouble about the matter, we and our brethren will each of us address the King in our own way; trust the whole affair to us; every individual of the cloth is more than sufficient for the undertaking; it is your business to approve of whatever we are pleased to say for you, or, at least, you may consider how you like the address after it has been offered.” Take this advice, and try if the laity will be as complaisant with respect to the honour of their Prince, and the concerns of their bodies, as they are with respect to the honour of their God and the interests of their souls. Yet one would be tempted to think (if the common consent of this nation were not against the opinion) that the laity are as much interested in an address to the Deity as in one to the King, and that they would be at least as loath to trust the first as the last to the discretion, ability, or honesty of every man who chanced to put on a black coat, or wear a starched band. But the grossest absurdity will be swallowed down when it is in fashion, and I think there can hardly be a grosser one than that a gentleman

should mount the pulpit of whose principles or discretion we have no knowledge at all, and that this man should have a right to dictate the prayers of the whole congregation. If we will believe the author of the *Characteristics*,* who seems to speak from experience, there are among you many whose principles are very dangerous, and very inconsistent with the religion of Jesus, yet these men not only lead, but even compose the devotions of the people, and make us poor laymen address our Maker upon any principles that they please.

I have come from my house a sound orthodox Christian, and have hardly taken my seat in the church when I have found myself praying, or at least one was praying in my name, as a rank Socinian. I have been made an Arian, as to my prayers, very often; and, in short, there has hardly any whimsical opinion been broached among the clergy for these forty years that I have not, some time or other, found mixed with my public prayers, though, for my part, I am a plain old-fashioned man, and content myself with the Apostles' creed. Sometimes, indeed, for my heart, I could not have told upon what particular principles my prayers were offered. They were so *excellently well contrived, and so free from all narrow notions*, that they would have served a Jewish synagogue, a Mahometan mosque, or a congregation of Persian magi, as well, or better than a Christian Assembly. If the minister that officiates be a sceptic, I am made to pray like a sceptic; if an enthusiast, he addresses God, in my name, according to his own enthusiastical notions. When he chances to be a factious firebrand, or a keen party man, though I be a very peaceable tradesman, my prayers breathe faction,

* *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*, published at Glasgow, 1756.

my devotions in public are flaming with party heat, and tintured with the fury of his faction. It is well known that, when any disputes happen, and differences arise among the clergy in their synods or assemblies, both sides appeal to heaven in their public prayers, and force the laity to appeal with them (we are not supposed to have any right to judge for ourselves in these cases), and what is even worse, by an unlucky change of ministers, or by stepping into another church, I have often been made to appeal to heaven as an advocate for both sides of the question, and pray for and against each of the parties in one day. For though our churches have the appearance of the same worship, yet, in fact, their *worship* is as different as the tempers, principles, and parties of the parsons *who manufacture it*, and this leads the laity into the dangerous blunder of offering contradictory petitions, and praying at different times upon principles as opposite to one another as light is to darkness. It is no unusual thing amongst us to pray for and against presentations in one week. I have thanked God for his decrees of election and reprobation in the forenoon, and, in the afternoon, offered my humble thanks that all men have equal access to salvation by faith and virtue. In a word, there is no party, nor different principle among our clergy, with respect to which I have not been made to play fast and loose with the Deity, to ask what I did not want, and to pray against what I most earnestly wished for. This we call worshipping God! but did we deal so with our fellow-men, they would call it mockery, and take it as a gross affront. I cannot help thinking, gentlemen, that this will appear, even to yourselves, hard treatment of the laity, and that you will acknowledge that their judgment ought not to be so entirely made a property of, as to oblige them to have

their public worship offered upon what principles the parson pleases to espouse, or upon opposite principles, as the minister, for the time, is of this or the other party. *One of your cloth complains that we betray a *visible impatience till prayer be over.* Is it any wonder if we do? For, as it is managed at present, prayer is to us a very dangerous part of worship; for, as that judicious gentleman observes, *a great deal more—a vast deal more—depends upon our own performance of this duty with judgment and propriety than most people seem to be aware of.* They who are aware of this, cannot help being impatient and uneasy when a duty of such vast importance is trusted to every individual of the clergy; and they who seldom think of its nature or importance will always esteem it a dry and lifeless part of our service.

I am apt to think that it is sometimes happy for our laity that they only hear prayer as they do sermons, and cannot, I believe, as it is at present performed, or, at least, I am sure, do not join in it. For though it be criminal not to worship God in public, yet it seems to be as great, if not a greater crime, to offer an irrational worship, to insult him with contradictory petitions, with ministers of opposite parties, and to have our devotion tinged with the spirit of faction, the wild dreams of enthusiasts, the dangerous notions of sceptics, and the absurd follies of men whose heads are filled with vapours and whims. Though these should sometimes be mixed with your *discourses*, the hardship and danger would not be half so great. If they did not instruct they might amuse, and we needed not embrace your notions unless we pleased. Our own reason might resist, or some approved printed ser-

* Mr. Fordyce's Edification by Public Institutions.

mons might expel the poison. But when they are wrought into our *public prayers*, there remains no remedy; we must take these as you are pleased to give them, or go away without public worship.

The Popish clergy, indeed, put a great hardship upon the laity by offering their prayers in an unknown tongue; but though the hardship be great, it admits of some remedies. They may have their prayers translated into their respective languages; they may have them explained by those that understand the language; and constant use of the same forms may in time enable them to annex proper ideas to the words. But the hardship put upon us admits of no remedy. We must offer what prayers every clergyman pleases,—we must understand them the best way we can; we must pick up the words as we can catch them, according to the strength of your voices, the distinctness of your pronunciation, and the largeness of the church. The fall of a bible, the opening of a seat, or a cough in any corner of the church, will lose us half a sentence; and yet, if we would pray with the understanding, we must collect the several parts of the sentence, supply the words that are lost, compare it with what went before, examine, approve, and offer it; and this must be done all in a breath. I question whether the parson could perform this task himself; and I am convinced that it is impossible the slow and ignorant part of the audience can; especially as some of you speak so fast that we cannot keep pace with you barely in hearing what you say, while others deliver so slowly, that our memories cannot serve us to collect the several parts of the sentence. Some are so fond of new and learned words, that one half of the congregation cannot know their meaning; and many of you have such a perplexed, intricate way of expressing

yourselves, that we find it impossible to discover the import of your petitions, and perhaps would find this a difficult task though we had an opportunity to consider them at leisure in our closets.

So that, putting all these difficulties together, I imagine that it will appear that the laity of the Kirk of Scotland lie under greater hardships, with respect to public worship, than the laity of any Church upon earth; and this hardship is made still more galling to those who have sense enough to feel it, by the pompous harangues that we are frequently entertained with, upon the privileges that we possess above other Christians, the religious liberty we enjoy, and the singular purity of our worship. Sure, gentlemen, you must mean *yourselves* when you ascribe these great blessings to our Church, or you insult us in the most cruel manner. If you mean that you enjoy great privileges and a most extensive liberty, it is very true; for you pray what you please, you sing what you please, you teach what you please, and your whole public worship is so much of your own manufacturing, that there can hardly be found room for a verse or two of scripture, and these you choose as you please. In a word, every parish minister is a little Pope, subject to none but a General Council, and, like the great Pope, not subject to that but when he pleases; for it seems to be a point as much disputed in the Presbyterian Church, whether a minister is obliged to submit to the sentence of a General Assembly, as it is in the Popish, whether his Holiness ought to yield obedience to a General Council; so that it must be acknowledged that you enjoy very great privileges and a most extensive liberty. But pray what privileges do we enjoy?—when one man's judgment prescribes to a whole parish,—when we must pray for or against whatever party the parson pleases,

offer our devotions according to the religious or political principles that the minister for the time chooses to embrace,—shift sides as your humours change, and address our God as Arians, Socinians, or Sceptics, as the gentleman in the pulpit is inclined. Sure if our civil liberty were not something more substantial, we should be the greatest slaves in Europe! Again, what purity can there possibly be in our worship, when the passions, prejudices, and whimsical opinions of every minister may, and do, mix with it? I have always been at a loss to determine whether your confidence in entertaining us with such harangues, and your power of face in keeping your countenances and stifling the laugh, or our stupidity in not perceiving the gross affront, and patience in not resenting it, were most to be admired. I cannot imagine that you are so weak as to think, with the bulk of our people, that our worship must of consequence be pure if it be different from the practice of the Church of Rome, and that we can only err upon the side of superstition. If this be your opinion, it resembles the conduct of some Germans, of whom I have read, who, for fear of the Roman army, ran into a river and were drowned. Just so the greatest part of our people (for I believe better things of you) conclude that our worship must be pure, if we do not worship images, pray to saints, or adore the Virgin Mary, though it be mixed with the whimsical notions, enthusiastic opinions, and silly nostrums of every quack-doctor in divinity. It would be happy if you would content yourselves with insulting the people only with such harangues; but you often make them insult their God, or at least you do it in their names, by thanking him for establishing a pure worship, which he did not establish; a worship which cannot possibly be pure, and which even in

your own opinion is not pure. For if the Moderate party consists of such ministers as the author of the *Characteristics* * (who is said to be one of your order) has represented them to the world, God have mercy upon the souls committed to their care ! and may the Almighty pity and relieve the congregations whose devotions they compose, dictate, and offer ! Yet, in all probability, if the moderate men were to write characteristics, they would give us as forbidding a picture of the party that our author is pleased to call orthodox. What then must become of us poor laymen, whose souls are bandied about between the factions, and our prayers offered sometimes upon the principles of the one, and sometimes upon the principles of the other ? Would it not be happy for us, that we had some pious, primitive form of prayer, that would secure the purity and reasonableness of our prayers, let the minister's private opinions be what they would ? As things are at present, it is impossible that our service can either be reasonable, perfect, or pure ; unless we can suppose, that our Church has a privilege which no other Church upon earth ever had or ever claimed ; I mean, that no weak or whimsical minister, no factious fire-brand, no sceptic or enthusiast, can mount our pulpits ; or that after men of these characters get into them, they will pray better than they are able, upon principles that they do not believe, or with a calmness which they do not possess. Now, supposing that there are only an † hundred of our ministers of some or other of the above characters, and that one with another each of them has five hundred souls under his charge, there will be fifty thousand persons in

* *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*, published at Glasgow 1756.

† This is not an unreasonable calculation in these latter ages, considering that there was one of twelve who proved a traitor, even when our Lord was visibly present with his Church.

Scotland who never worship God in public in the way of his own appointment, and whose public worship must be dangerous to themselves, and unacceptable to the Deity. Where must the blood of these poor people fall but upon the rulers of our Church? who, though they have found by fatal experience, that all the subscriptions in the world will not hinder men of pernicious principles from creeping into the Church, yet will not take the only effectual method to prevent them from doing mischief there.

But besides the injustice of assuming to yourselves a right to dictate to us what prayers you please,—besides the absurdity of making us offer contradictory petitions, and leaving our public worship exposed to the whims and follies of the sceptic and enthusiast, there are many other inconveniences that attend our present method. First, it is a question whether the laity can join at all in our public prayers; for we must either suppose that they go along with the minister, offering every word as he utters it, or wait until he has finished the sentence, and then examine it, and give their assent. If the first be their method, it is evident that they place an absurd and dangerous confidence in the honesty and ability of the parson, and embrace in their prayers all the whimsical notions and pernicious principles that he may chance to mix with them: and, further, that many of them will, like parrots, talk what they do not understand, since many words will occur whose meaning and importance they are not able all at once to conceive. At least I find it so with myself. Perhaps our people may be inspired with more than ordinary penetration in the time of prayer; but, at other times, I find it difficult enough to make many of them comprehend an ordinary message, delivered in the plainest words that I can possibly find; and after repeating it over

and over again, have the mortification to find that they misunderstand me, though the whole passage does not exceed two sentences. That these men should understand all the expressions in an extempore prayer, and with their understandings and judgments keep pace with the minister for half an hour, or twenty minutes, to me appears impossible, and, I believe will appear even to you very miraculous. But suppose that our people wait till the minister has finished the sentence, and then compare the several parts, examine the whole, and give their assent, God knows how unfit many of them are for this task. But let them be ever so fit, if a word be lost, if one occurs whose meaning they do not understand, or if the arrangement of the words be perplexed, it is evident that they cannot give a rational assent; and if they take time to examine what may be suspicious, to supply what is lost, or to unravel what is perplexed, let them be as quick as they will, the subsequent sentence will be lost. I do not, indeed, suppose that the bulk of our congregations ever dreamt of these difficulties, because they give themselves no trouble about understanding, examining, or assenting, but content themselves with being humble hearers, and, perhaps in all their lives never once gave a sincere and rational Amen to public prayers; though hearing another pray, and joining in prayer, be very different things.

Another inconvenience that attends our way of worship is, that young gentlemen, just come from the University, full fraught with philosophy, and fond of showing their learning, very injudiciously vent their notions in our public prayers. A young spruce gentleman, the other Sunday, converted us, in an instant, from plain country people into profound philosophers, and these, too, of the dogmatical kind. For we told God Almighty many things

concerning his own works, which the learned gentleman, it seems, thought he did not know before,—many things that we neither understood nor believed. We travelled so high, that our heads began to turn, and after all lost our gentleman, for fifteen minutes, amongst other things that he called vortices, and began indeed to suspect that he was swallowed up by them, or had gone where Milton tells us all vain and empty things go,—

Up whirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools.*

Whether he visited that place or not, we cannot tell, but we found him at last upon earth, chasing a mole. Had he been pleased to tell us these things, stripped of their philosophic garb, in a sermon, some of them might be entertaining, some of them useful, and most of them tolerable; but to make us inform the Deity of things that we neither knew nor believed, and, as it were, instruct our Maker in the nature, beauty, and order of his own works (I humbly think), was imprudent and presumptuous. However, he made a shift, by new-coined words, and terms of art, to be far above our understandings; and to pray with him, we must have read Euclid, studied Newton's works more than our Bibles, and brought half-a-dozen of dictionaries to church with us, to help us to the meaning of his words. The gentleman, however, obtained his end. The people stared, and, when they came out, concluded that he was admirably learned, and that none was so fit to be their minister. Upon this whim, they vigorously opposed the settlement of a pious and prudent gentleman, presented to

* Milt. Parad. Lost, Book iii. 495.

the charge by the patron, and are most piously supported in their wise opposition by a set of the clergy, I suppose for conscience sake. But I beg pardon, digression is a fault. My business is only with our public worship; and I flatter myself that you will own, that upon that Sunday it was but poorly performed. Yet such farces as these we are often forced to bear with; and, instead of the humble expressions of penitents, the concise petitions of poor mortals, and the grateful thanksgivings of rational creatures to their merciful God, our prayers frequently consist of the foolish ostentation of learning, and the harsh jargon of hard words.

Neither does our worship suffer more by the ostentatious folly and pedantic humour of our young Dominies than by the natural and necessary decays of the invention, memory, and judgment of our aged ministers. For as the clergy are foolish enough to vie in the expenses of dress, table, and equipage, with the landed gentlemen, most of them are unable, and all of them are unwilling, to call an assistant, as long as they are able to creep up to a pulpit, and prattle out something like a prayer, so that you will frequently find a man inventing and dictating the devotions of a congregation who is superannuated to all the other affairs of life. This man, it seems, has a right to make us address our Maker in what manner, and with what words, he thinks proper, though in common conversation we cannot help perceiving that his memory has lost its strength, and that his understanding is decayed, and all the powers of his mind are sadly declined. It would, perhaps, be cruel to give instances of the blunders, blasphemy, and nonsense, that have been mixed with our prayers by this misfortune, though many instances might be produced. But it is (I humbly think) more cruel and

highly unreasonable to put the aged ministers under the necessity of exposing their weakness, and dishonouring the service of their Maker, and the laity under the hardship either of offering nonsense or blasphemy, instead of pious, ardent, and expressive prayers, or of reducing their minister to want and beggary in his old age, by forcing him to call an assistant whether he can maintain him or not, especially as all danger might be prevented, and all deficiencies supplied, by composing and establishing a pious form of prayer. For he might read a prayer very devoutly and distinctly, when he cannot invent readily, or dictate, an extemporary prayer to the congregation with propriety and judgment; or if he chanced to blunder, or pronounce indistinctly, having the form before us, we could easily supply the defects. We could much better put up with trifling in his sermons, and patiently hear him prattle about his subject and about it, because we could supply our loss, in some measure, by reading some of the best sermons ourselves or to our families. But public prayer is a matter of that importance, that there is no possibility of supplying it by our own industry; no rectifying mistakes after the prayer is offered, and no possibility of preventing very gross and dangerous blunders while we perform this part of our worship after the present method. For though our aged ministers should retain all the powers of their minds to the last, which is not the case with one in a hundred; though they should be able to invent extemporary petitions with propriety; yet, as the organs of the body decay, it is impossible that they can express them with that strength of voice and distinctness of pronunciation which are necessary to us, before we can give a rational assent, if we can give a rational assent to prayers that we have never examined; no, nor

yet the minister himself. The weak voice, the trembling body, the want of teeth, and other infirmities incident to old age, do often render the pronunciation so indistinct, that, in our present way of worship, one-half of the congregation is at as great a loss as if the gentleman prayed in an unknown tongue ; or at most they can only pick up a word here and there without any connection. Let us suppose that, among more than a thousand ministers, there are only eighty whose understandings or bodily organs are thus decayed, and that, one with another, each of them has five hundred souls under his charge. It would be a misfortune to those who are under the care of the first, if they did join in the public worship as it is performed amongst them ; and they who are under the care of the last cannot possibly do it. So that there must be in Scotland at least forty thousand persons who are debarred from the most essential part of public worship, by the old age of our ministers, joined with the absurdity of our present plan, to which, if we add the fifty thousand I mentioned before, there will be ninety thousand persons in this nation who cannot worship God at all in public, or worship him in a way unworthy of him and dangerous to themselves, whose blood must be crying to heaven against the rulers of our church. For whether the above calculations be allowed to be just or not, there must certainly be a very considerable number of our brethren in this distressed situation, unless we suppose, contrary to known matter of fact, that the ministers of our church are not subject to the same infirmities of body and mind that other men are subjected to, and that they are secured by some sacred infallibility from embracing enthusiastical or sceptical opinions.

But further, our worship, as it is performed at present, is not only corrupted by the contrary petitions of contend-

ing parties ; not only tinctured with the heats and animosities that arise in synods and assemblies ; not only mixed with the whimsical opinions, and pernicious principles of libertines and enthusiasts, that climb up into our pulpits ; not only rendered obscure and contemptible by the pedantry and affected learning of the younger, and the weaknesses of mind and body of our old ministers ; but frequently interlaid with ill-timed compliments to the great, or the minister's favourites, and the grossest abuses of those who have the misfortune to be out of favour. I could produce numerous instances of both, and, were it not an invidious task, point out the persons, places, and times. Upon the marriage of a certain noble peer in this nation, the parson carried his compliments so far in the public prayers, that he exceeded all the bounds of decency, and made his female hearers blush ; and I would blush to repeat to the rulers of our church, in a letter, the expressions that he made use of to the God of heaven and earth in the face of a congregation. So extravagant and ill-chosen were his words, that the lady was forced to direct the clergyman, and entreat him to forbear his rude petitions. A minister, even in one of our royal burghs, observing a young gentleman, son to one of the magistrates, in church, after a journey to London, made all the congregation thank God that he had brought back their friend from foreign lands. Most men, I presume, will remember how grossly the royal commander of his Majesty's forces, during the last war, was abused, by having his praises wrought into our public prayers by rough and unskilful hands. Some allowance, I own, is to be made for the clergy in this instance ; the augmentation scheme was then in agitation, and the weaker part of them foolishly thought that this would pave the way for it.

On the other hand, he must be a great stranger in our congregations, or very heedless when he comes there, who has not observed that sometimes a well meant zeal, and sometimes too warm an attachment to party opinions with respect to religious subjects, and private resentments too, have taught ministers of keen passions to use several expressions, not only inconsistent with the charity of Christians, but even with the humanity of men. *Vex them in thy wrath, and plead with them in thy displeasure, through all eternity*, was the unchristian petition of Mr. ——— with respect to Papists. *Pour down the vials of thy wrath upon them, and burn their flesh with fire*, was Mr. C.'s ungenerous wish. Nothing but heat of zeal and hurry of passion could have dictated these petitions; and I am far from thinking that many of our ministers suffer themselves to be driven to so great lengths. But all of them are subject to passions, and what is left to the discretion of the minister is left also to the indiscretion and passions of the man; and we frequently find the two last where the first was designed to take place. Many instances could be given of the ill-timed flattery of friends, and unchristian expressions with respect to enemies, that have been vented in our public prayers. But I am tender of the reputation of the clergy, and do not choose to expose their errors, farther than is absolutely necessary to show the danger and absurdity of our present way of worship, and to persuade them to recover and secure its purity and decency; and therefore I humbly entreat you to consider, whether the ill-timed, ill-chosen compliments of sycophants upon the one hand, and the unchristian expressions of keen zealots upon the other, do not render our public worship contemptible and dangerous; and whether there be anything so likely to prevent them from

indulging their humours, to the dishonour of God and disgrace of religion, as some well-chosen, pious, public form of prayer.

After flattery we may mention politics, in which our ministers will be dabbling, in spite of grace, nature, and common sense, as another very fruitful source of blunders in our worship. Few of them have genius, fewer still have sufficient intelligence, and all of them are at too great a distance from the seat of government, to comprehend the secret intrigues of Courts, or to perceive, in spite of the varnish by which they are disguised, the real views of parties; yet all of them will be meddling, and in every dispute our prayers must take a side, and the poor laymen must address their Maker sometimes upon the faith of a foolish rumour, and often upon the credit of common news. To say nothing of the times, very wittily, but very truly, described by Butler in his *Hudibras*—

“ When gospel trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear’d rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat by fist instead of a stick ;”—

Not (I say) to mention these days, whose history will be an eternal disgrace to our religion, and would furnish as many instances of nonsense and blasphemy vented in our public prayers as would be sufficient to fill up a large volume,—even in latter days, politics have introduced very gross absurdities into our public service. I am not yet an old man, and I remember to have been made to pray that God would pull down the bloody House of Austria; during the last war I earnestly begged that he would build it up; now I begin to give broad hints that I would have it pulled down again, and am expecting every Sunday to be made to desire it in a formal manner. The interests and

leagues of the States of Europe shift so frequently, that we are often flung out in our prayers, and pray for our enemies as if they were our friends, and against our friends as if they were our enemies. Would our ministers be contented to make us pray in general for our friends, and against the devices of our enemies, we should never be wrong ; but they choose to mention whom they mean, lest Omniscient Wisdom should mistake, or at least that their people may know that they are great politicians, and very zealous for the public good. Many a time have I thanked God for giving us glorious victories when we have been shamefully beat ; for inspiring courage into our troops when they have run away ; for success granted to our arms in battles that were never fought ; and for deliverances from plots that were never formed. Our public worship, in the present way, has always been and will always be tinged with the spirit of party, and made the property of faction in Church and State. When the famous Cambuslang conversion was going on (I shall never forget it), one Sunday morning I was made to thank God for the manifestation of his power in that conversion, and entreat him to continue the great work he had begun ; in the afternoon, by an unlucky change of ministers, I was made to pray that God would put a stop to the delusions of the devil, by which the ignorant and simple were deceived, and give us grace to resist that spirit of enthusiasm that had gone out into our land. Thus, what I ascribed to God in the morning, I ascribed to the devil in the afternoon ; and what I had requested God to promote, I requested him to give me grace to resist. I prayed long and earnestly with Walpole's enemies, before their intrigues and my prayers could pull him down ; and when he fell, I was made to thank God for the great deliver-

ance ; though it was soon discovered that it was nothing more than a struggle of power between parties, and a matter of no moment to me or my country which of the parties was in or out. However, all ranks contributed something to raise the clamour ; the mob made bonfires, the magistrates rung the bells, the ministers gave their prayers, and the mountain brought forth a mouse.

Nay, I have known the private piques and little quarrels between the parson and his neighbours introduced into the public worship, and made a part of our prayers. Even when the parson was the first aggressor, he had the assurance to complain to God (as he called it), and, what was still more unreasonable, made his parishioners complain with him, or, at least, he complained in their names, though most of them were very sensible that he himself had done the injustice. How his complaints were received in heaven I cannot tell, but I know that they had their effect upon earth ; for his antagonist, unable to bear the staring of the congregation every Lord's-day, was forced to sit down under the injustice. It is hard to determine, in this respect, whether you have the meanest opinion of your God or your hearers ; for it seems you think that both are obliged to shift sides as you are pleased to direct them, and, right or wrong, be still of the party which the parson for the time thinks proper to embrace. That you should treat the laity with so great contempt in this case, is not so surprising,—as you may be convinced from long experience that they will swallow down the grossest absurdities in their public prayers, and trust the propriety of their worship upon Sunday to the direction and ability of a man whose folly and weakness perhaps they laugh at all the week. But I own it is amazing that you can use such freedom with the Deity, to desire him to do

and undo as the fancy strikes you, or your designs chance to alter.

Our prayers are, for the most part, too historical, and seem rather designed to instruct the congregation than to confess their sins, express their wants, or offer their grateful thanksgivings. I do not at all suppose that you are ignorant, as our people seem to be, of the difference between preaching and praying, or that you are not sensible that a very good sermon will make but a very bad prayer. But I cannot help thinking that you comply too far with the popular taste in this respect, and strive to please by giving our public prayers as much the air and manner of a sermon as possible ; or knowing that many of your people judge of the propriety and excellency of a prayer by its length, to come up to the common standard, you are forced to fill up a gap with what materials come first to hand. And this I am more apt to believe to be the case, because we sometimes find half a dozen of sentences from Scripture poured into our prayers all at once, without the least connection among themselves, or the least relation to what went before or follows after ; and frequently, too, without the least affinity to any of the parts of prayer. *What Mr. Fordyce means by that certain * happy irregularity* in our public prayer, which he is pleased to recommend, I profess I know not ; but I know very well, that there is a certain unhappy irregularity in most of ours, that renders them very improper for public worship. The several parts of prayer are, most absurdly confounded, though they require very different dispositions of heart. Confession is jumbled with thanksgiving ; petition is mixed with narration ; and sometimes we have all the parts

* Edification, &c., p. 15.

of prayer in one single sentence. By these means the mind is held in suspense, and cannot settle to that humility, conviction, and sorrow that ought to attend confession ; nor is it raised to that warm gratitude, and ardent love, that ought to enliven our thanksgivings ; neither is it filled with that sense of dependence, nor formed to that serious earnestness and lively faith with which our petitions ought to be sent forth.

Instead of these, amused with the novelty of expression, and distracted with the quick and irregular successions of the several parts of prayer, it fluctuates between these sensations, and feels not much of any of them. When all the powers of the soul should be employed in their proper places, and making their greatest efforts to offer a spiritual worship to the Father of Spirits, our curiosity is only awake, and we are listening to a prayer no otherwise than as we do to a sermon. I would beg leave further to observe, that our extemporary worship in the church produces very bad effects with respect to our worship in our families. For as praying to God extempore is the prevailing fashion, and as our people are taught to despise worship offered by a form, so those of them who want memory, learning, and invention to express themselves extempore with propriety, and have modesty to be ashamed of indecent expressions, and reflection to think of the danger of unreasonable and unchristian petitions, never pray with their families at all. On the other hand, when ignorance and self-sufficiency meet in the master of a family, their worship of consequence is a miserable mixture of nonsense, error, and blasphemy. The most ignorant are almost the most presuming, and the less sense that a man has of the nature and importance of prayer, the more readily will he venture upon extemporary worship. In fact, it is true, that

many of our people, who can hardly repeat their Creed, and know very little more of their religion than a few hard words that they have gleaned out of our Catechisms, imitate our parsons in praying extempore, and approach their Maker with as great familiarity as they would do their neighbour, and with much less respect and reverence than they dare treat their laird. Good God ! what pitiful scenes have I seen of this kind ! what rude and shocking expressions, what blasphemous petitions have I heard ! How often have I trembled, when the ignorant and proud *enthusiast* kneeled down with his family to his extemporary worship ! how often have I shuddered at the whimsical notions that he wrought into our prayers, the insolent and unchristian expressions which he used, and the nonsense that he offered in our name. How often has my heart bled in secret for the sad situation of many miserable families, who, by our unhappy attachment to extemporary prayer, either want family-worship altogether, or offer their worship in such a manner as dishonours God, disgraces religion, and is very dangerous to themselves ! But I would very far exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I am afraid, weary out your patience, if I should endeavour to lay before you all the inconveniences that attend our present way of worship ; and I flatter myself, if you will add to these already taken notice of, the blunders of ignorance, the flights of vanity, the needless silly repetitions, the unguarded expressions, and the childish thoughts that are mixed with our prayers (and must be mixed with them, unless you can suppose that all our ministers are men of the greatest abilities, elocution, and prudence), you will see that our present way of worship is defective, unreasonable, and dangerous ; and that the hardships that the laity labour under, and the danger to which they are

exposed, can only be removed by some devout and approved form of prayer.

To support the present absurd practice, to make the laity sit quietly down with the injustice done them, and to blind their eyes, that they may not perceive the disadvantages that they labour under, and the danger to which they are exposed, it has been said that a *form of prayer will limit the inspiration of the Spirit ; that it deadens the devotions of the people ; that all the wants of a Christian congregation cannot be expressed by a form ;* and some have been so foolish as to say, that it is *unlawful* to worship by a form of prayer. Will you pardon my presumption, and hear me with patience, if I humbly offer my thoughts upon these heads. I hope you will.

1. As to the first, I might boldly appeal to your own consciences, and ask you, *In the name of God, Do you believe that you are inspired ? Have you indeed so mean an opinion of the understanding and judgment of the laity, as to imagine that any of them, who think at all, can ever be brought to believe that the prayers we commonly hear are dictated by the Holy Ghost ? Or have you so little regard to the honour of God, and the interests of religion, as to ascribe your extemporary effusions to the Holy Spirit ?* No, I am persuaded that none but the rankest enthusiasts will ever urge this argument against a form of prayer ; and I will beg leave to ask such, are the words or the matter of your prayers, or both, inspired ? That the words are not inspired, is evident from the difficulty that you frequently have to find proper words ; from the improper, and sometimes indecent expressions, that fall from you ; from the ill-timed pauses that you are forced to make, and the most useful supplement of coughing, groaning, and spitting, that must come in to your assistance. But

supposing that you were indeed inspired with words, it would be of small importance to yourselves or to us, unless the matter of your prayers be inspired too ; and if the matter of them be inspired, your prayers are of equal authority with the Scriptures themselves, and should be entered into the canon. I know not how to excuse the negligence of the people of this nation, in suffering so much sound doctrine to be lost ; it might have cleared up some difficult passages in Scripture, and decided several important disputes. I know not what to say for this piece of negligence, unless our people think that all things necessary for Christians to know, to believe, and to practise, are revealed in the Holy Scriptures ; and that they may be taught by them what to ask in prayer, and how to regulate their lives ; and if this be true, your inspiration is a very great gift bestowed for very poor purposes, only to save you the pains of searching the Scriptures, and the trouble of composing a form of prayer by the instructions and examples contained in them. The heathen poets themselves had a greater reverence for the Deity than this, for it was a maxim with them—

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—————*

I submit whether you do not transgress against this rule, by introducing the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, if the Scriptures be sufficient to direct us what to ask in prayer ; and if they be not sufficient for this, the revelation of the will of God for our salvation is defective in a very important point, and neither the prophets, nor the apostles, no, nor our Saviour himself, though he enterprised it, have

* Hor. Art. Poet.—Never let a God be introduced, unless there happens to be some *difficulty worthy* of such an agent.

taught us how to pray. But supposing that it were necessary that the words and matter of our prayers should be inspired by the Holy Ghost, why might not a number of pious and learned divines, met together with such an interesting and great design as that of composing a form of prayer for a whole church, have as much reason to expect, and be as likely to receive, the assistance of the Holy Spirit, as a private clergyman inventing the transient prayer of a particular congregation? But this supposed inspiration in our extemporary way will involve us in very great, nay, insuperable difficulties; for we shall be as much puzzled where to find our miraculous inspiration, as the Papists are where to find their wonderful infallibility. For if we suppose that this inspiration is confined to any one of the several sects that use extemporary prayer, we prescribe to the Holy Spirit, and limit him with a witness, and shall be sadly perplexed to determine to which particular party this wonderful privilege is given. If we suppose that this privilege is common to the ministers of all the sects, then we must conclude that the Holy Ghost inspires opposite petitions to men of opposite principles, and directs one sect to pray against another. For instance, if he inspires the Burghers to pray against the principles of their seceding brethren the Antiburghers,* and to cut them off from their communion by excommunication, we cannot suppose that he inspires the Antiburghers to return the compliment; and if he inspires the ministers of these sects to pray against the principles of the church established by law, he does not direct the mi-

* Burgher and Antiburgher are the names of two parties among the Scotch Seceders, taken from the cause of their quarrel,—an oath imposed, in some of the Royal Burghs in Scotland, upon those they admit into the Corporation.

nisters of the Established Church, in their public prayers, to call the Secession a dangerous schism. That the ministers of the several sects do pray for the success of their several parties, and that God would hinder the spreading of the principles of the other sects, is evident to all the world. Now, unless we would be guilty of the boldest blasphemy, and say, that the Holy Ghost chimes in with the principles of the parson whatever they be (as the people are forced to do), we must conclude that this inspiration is not granted but to one of the sects; and I shall only request each of them to use a form of prayer until they shall be able to prove that this gift of inspiration belongs to them. And that the Established Church, with which I have to do, may be more willing to hear and grant my request, I will produce some strong presumptions that it does not belong to them. Indeed, the instances that I have given above are more than sufficient for this purpose. But I shall further add, first, that if the Confession of Faith be true, none of our ministers are inspired in their prayers, for there all mankind are divided into two classes—the elect and the reprobates. Yet it is evident, beyond all possibility of dispute, that the elect pray as if it were possible that they may be damned, and the reprobates as if it were possible that they may be saved, and yet it is impossible that the Holy Spirit inspires either of them with these prayers, unless we be so impious as to imagine that he directs them to pray upon false principles, and inspires them to pray for or against what he knows can never happen; and though some of you urge this argument of inspiration against your adversaries, yet our church has, in fact, very fairly disclaimed it, by publishing and authorising a directory for public prayer, unless we would suppose them so presumptuous as to

direct the Holy Spirit how to pray. In truth, our Presbyterian inspiration is as mysterious and as useless a gift as the Popish infallibility. The Popish Church has an infallibility lodged somewhere, but she knows not where to find it in time of need ; we Presbyterians have an inspiration among us, but we know not to which of all the sects it belongs. The infallible Church is filled with disputes which her infallibility cannot determine, and the inspired Church has nonsense, contradiction, and whimsical opinions vented in her public prayers, which her inspiration does not prevent. The infallible Church has the most unreasonable and absurd creed of any Church upon earth ; and the inspired Church has, and will have (while she adheres to her present plan), a very defective, unreasonable, and dangerous kind of public worship:—so fully and justly does the providence of Heaven confute the vain pretensions of presumptuous men.

But it may be said, and it has been said, that this gift of inspiration is not universal to all our ministers, nor uniform and constant to any of them, but granted now and then by fits and starts, something (I suppose) like the Quaker's spirit. I cannot help thinking, if this be the case, that the Quakers proceed more judiciously than we. *They* patiently wait in silence till they feel, or imagine they feel, the *influences* of the Spirit ; but, if he does not come, we venture to do without him. They humbly submit to his will to inspire whom he pleaseth, but we confine him to the minister ; they stop short when his influence ceases, but we run our glasses, let his influences cease when they will. I would, therefore, humbly propose, either that, like Quakers, we should wait the Spirit, and permit any one of the congregation who chanced

to be inspired to dictate our devotions, or that a form of prayer be composed, and authorised only to be used when the minister feels no inspiration. Let him have full liberty to depart from the form, when he feels upon his mind the miraculous influences of the Holy Spirit suggesting the matter of his prayers. By this method we shall gain two very considerable advantages. First, we shall always worship either by inspiration or by an approved form, and be certain (unless the parson deceive us) that the ignorance, affectation, ill-timed zeal, pride, or passions of the man himself, cannot tincture our public worship, or mix themselves with our prayers. And, next, we shall discover when our parsons are inspired ; for, as things are managed at present, this miracle is as much lost in our Presbyterian Church as the famous miracle of transubstantiation is among the Papists. In both churches there is a wonderful manifestation of almighty power, yet no one is able to perceive it in either. The Papists are convinced that bread and wine are converted into flesh and blood, though to all the senses they remain bread and wine still ; we Presbyterians are persuaded that our ministers are sometimes inspired, though we cannot tell when the inspiration begins or ends ; and though our ministers, in this case, lie under the same misfortune that Hudibras did,

When with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk ;

so it unluckily fares with them, when they pray most by inspiration they only pray like other people ; and all my attention and skill has never been able to discover the inspiration in one single instance. But, by the method that I am proposing, we shall discover that the inspiration im-

mediately begins when the minister departs from the established form ; and, perhaps, we may make another discovery, I mean, that the rage of party, the spirit of pride and enthusiasm, as frequently inspire our ministers as the spirit of peace and love. In a word, let those ministers who have pride enough to believe, and presumption to affirm, that they are inspired, and can find people so ignorant and credulous as to believe them, or so tame and indifferent as to trust their devotions to an imaginary inspiration ; let these, I say, use the present method, but have pity upon us who see the difficulty, disadvantages, and great danger of our present way of worship.

As we cannot find in Scripture any promise of such a gift, as we are convinced that there can be no need of it (unless we suppose that the Holy Ghost has not fully revealed the will of God for our salvation,) as we are absolutely certain that you are not all inspired, and have no reason to believe that any one of you is so ; we presume most humbly and most earnestly to request, that some pious form of prayer may be composed and authorised. The only inspiration that is promised in scripture, that is necessary, or that can be useful, is that the Holy Spirit will inspire the hearts of the faithful with affections proper for this important duty ; such as shame and sorrow in confession, an humble Christian hope of obtaining what we ask in our petitions, gratitude and love in our thanksgiving, and such other affections as are suitable to the several parts of prayer ; and no man, I believe, will say that the Holy Spirit cannot, or prove that he will not, inspire our hearts with these affections as easily and as readily when we pray by a form as when we pray without one. And, as far as prayer may be considered as one of the means of inspiring these affections, a form seems

better calculated to answer that purpose in public assemblies than extemporary effusions. For, in the extempore way, the hearer, (if he has any sense of the nature and importance of prayer,) must begin the duty with a trembling heart, and go through it with a continual diffidence, as he trusts it entirely to the discretion of another man ; sometimes to a man whom he never saw before, and always to a man who has not so much as calmly considered it himself. He must often suspend his assent, when he is not satisfied of the propriety of the expression ; he must lose the sense where the sentence is intricate ; and through the whole, be in perplexity, suspicion, fear, and real danger. Whereas, when prayers are offered by a form, no word needs escape him ; he understands every word, he perceives the connection of every sentence ; and, let the minister's judgment be ever so weak, his learning ever so little, his manner of expressing himself perplexed, his principles pernicious, his passions ever so keen, and his party prejudices ever so violent, yet, in spite of all these, he offers a reasonable service, and breathes forth the warm feelings of his soul in decent, devout, heart-affecting, and heart-approved prayers. This observation may, in a great measure, obviate

2. The *second objection* ; I mean, that a form of prayer does not so much enliven the devotion of the people. But I beg leave further to observe, that they who are used to worship in this extemporary way cannot be competent judges in this case, because they have not fairly made the experiment, but reason only from speculation. When they drop into a place where forms are used, they come in with strong prejudices, they are entire strangers to the form, and are perplexed in all the parts of it. It happens with them in this case, as it does with men in

every thing ; what they have not been accustomed to appears strange, what they are unacquainted with seems perplexed, and what they do not know reasons for is apt to appear unreasonable. It may be, too, that the ignorant miss the unnatural cant, the frantic gestures, and fearful distortions of the face, that, in their opinion, are essential parts of prayer. But let a man of sense and candour make himself master of a form, and try the experiment for a year or two, by attending carefully to prayers offered in that way ; and then, and not till then, will he be able to determine whether the form or the extemporary method has the noblest effect to enliven his devotions. At least, it is certain, that many who have tried both, give their opinion in favour of a form ; and that they who use a form of prayer constantly affirm, that they feel it ten times more enlivening, and better calculated to inspire our devout affections, than extemporary effusions. And there must be something in it, because the professors of all religions under the sun have chosen this method. The Christian Church universally used it till the fifteenth century, and, indeed, may be said to do so at present, for *we* make such a small part of the Catholic Church that our practice hardly deserves to be considered as an exception.

I shall not dwell long upon the speculative arguments that are offered by either side, because ingenious men will always find something plausible to say in defence of a practice that answers their purposes. They who use forms, say that their minds are free from all distraction and fear, and have nothing else to do but attend to the object of their prayers, and maintain upon their minds a constant and lively sense of the importance of the business in which they are engaged, free from the care of examining every sentence before they offer it as their peti-

tion, secure that no indecent or unchristian expression can mix with their devotions, being already satisfied of the propriety of the whole form. They say that the mind of man is not able to attend to many things at once, and that in our way of worship, if the people offer a reasonable service, they must examine every sentence, hear every word, and understand every word they hear; and they must remember what went before, if they would conceive the connexion; that they must unravel what is expressed in a perplexed manner, if they would pray with judgment; and, in fine, that they must give the amen to their prayers with a more superficial examination of them, and a much less perfect knowledge of their contents, that they would venture to set their subscription to in an address to their superiors upon earth.

We answer, that the novelty and variety of the expression in our extemporary method help to fix the mind and keep up the attention. They ask us upon what is the mind fixed—upon the object and matter of our prayers, or upon the novelty and variety of expression? If we say upon the object and matter of our prayers, they will tell us that there are in these neither novelty nor variety to assist us, because our prayers are always addressed to that Being who is *the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever*; and the matter of our prayers in public must always be nearly the same. But if our minds be fixed upon the variety of the expression or novelty of the phrase, they say (and I fear they speak truth) that this is not prayer but mere amusement, such as the mind receives from music, a song, or an entertaining piece of history—that it might, perhaps, prepare the mind for prayer, but is not prayer any more than a sermon is prayer.

It is evident that many of our ministers are sensible

that their people attend only to the outward circumstances of their prayers, and that the way to be popular is to tickle their ears with strange sounds, or please their eyes with antic gestures, else why do many of them affect such an unmanly whining cant? Why use such dismal heavy tones, and draw out their words to such an immoderate length? Or why do they affect such distortions in their faces? All the world will acknowledge that these are neither necessary nor useful parts of prayer, unless to please the silly vulgar, who regard little more than the sound and circumstances of our prayers.

But whatever weight may be in the speculative arguments upon either side, experience and matter of fact are fairly against us. For they who say that forms of prayer enliven devotion, seem, by a certain decency observable amongst them in time of service, to confirm what they say; while the visible inattention and indifference of our congregations flatly contradict our arguments, and prove to the very senses that our extemporaneous prayers do not enliven our devotions. In assemblies where forms are used, there is at least the appearance of devotion, and an air of seriousness. None of them are seen sleeping in time of service, few of them gazing about them, not one of them ever presumes (unless in a case of absolute necessity,) to remove till the whole service be ended; and they frequently meet in public for the business of prayer, which* Mr. Fordyce justly complains we never do, and seems to think that it would be very difficult to persuade our people to it. Thus the practice of those who use forms of prayer, proves to me, more effectually than all the speculative arguments that can be offered, that they

* Edification by Public Institutions.

have an higher opinion of the great duty of public prayer, feel a greater pleasure from it, or are some way or other more affected by it, than our people are. Whereas in our assemblies there is not so much as the air of devotion, not even the outward appearance of seriousness and attention; many are sleeping, more gazing about them, and all of them* *betray a visible impatience till prayer is over, that they may be entertained with something more to their liking.* When sermon is over, we do not see them remove in crowds, though one half of our service, and that the most solemn half, still remains? Perhaps it may be thought that this is not a fair account of the matter, and that I misrepresent things. Will you believe your own brethren? they shall vouch what I have said. Let us first hear Mr. Bennet's report of the devotion of our brethren in England: † "That careless air (says he) which sits upon the face of a congregation when engaged in prayer, shows how little they know of the matter, and how few seriously join in public and solemn prayer; some gaze about them, others fall asleep—others fix their eyes, it may be on the minister, and are affected with what he says; but then they only hear him pray, and are moved with the prayer just as they hear sermons and are moved thereby (a most lively picture of our public worship!) I must profess to you, should the enemies of our way of worship be present to observe us, there is nothing I should be so much ashamed of as our exceeding careless, irreverent, indevout manner of joining in public prayer." So far Mr. Bennet bears witness to the want of devotion in congregations in England where extemporary prayers are used. Let us now see if this way of worship has any better success or hap-

* Edification by Public Institutions.

† Sermon upon joining in Public Prayers, p. 112.

pier effects amongst us here in Scotland! Alas! it is everywhere the same unnatural, unreasonable, lifeless thing. Let Mr. Fordyce speak for the Scotch congregations:—"I doubt not, my brethren (speaking to the clergy), but you have frequently observed when the minister of God has been addressing him in the name, and as the mouth, of the people, the greatest part of them seem to be doing anything rather than joining in the solemn service; in reality there is no exercise of a spiritual nature which the generality seem to regard so little, or to attend so listlessly—seem did I say, the expression is much too feeble; their insensibility, their irreverence in this respect, are, from the whole of their deportment, most shamefully distinguishable and flagrant."* If this be true, as, indeed, it is the very *truth*, I may be allowed to add, that it is most shamefully impudent in us to allege that forms of prayer deaden the devotion of the people, and that our extemporary method enlivens it. The little respect, nay, visible contempt, that our people show for public prayers, prove more clearly than all speculative arguments that can be offered, that our present way of worship is very ill calculated for enlivening the devotion of the people. I have proved by two unexceptionable witnesses, and, had it been consistent with the brevity I proposed, could have produced many more, to prove that our devotion is not only dead, but wants even all appearance of life. In truth, it needs no proof, for every Sunday will show that we want attention, and reverence, to this most important duty; and every impartial heart will tell its owner (if he understands the nature of prayer), that it is very difficult to join in our public worship, as it

* Edification by Public Institutions.

is at present performed ; that it is impossible to do it rationally ; that it cannot be attempted without great danger ; and that, in fact, he does it very seldom, and even then in a very faint and lifeless manner.

3. Allow me next to consider the *third objection* offered against forms of prayer :—I mean, that the wants of a congregation cannot be so fully expressed in that way as by the extemporary method. This objection supposes, that a number of the most learned and pious men of the age (for such I imagine would be employed), deliberately composing a form of prayer, calmly recollecting the matter of it, frequently reviewing the whole, furnished with all the ancient and modern liturgies, directed by all that has been written on the subject, and assisted by every one that wishes well to religion and virtue, are more likely to omit some necessary petition, than a single person, perhaps of very indifferent talents, and a very moderate education, trusting entirely to an extemporary invention, and to his own memory. The man who can suppose this hardly deserves to be reasoned with. For it is evident, that, in the first case, our prayers will be brought as near perfection as possible ; and that, in the second, many things must be omitted, many injudiciously expressed, many needlessly repeated, and the whole tinged with weakness, passions, and party principles of the speaker, and that his best performances will be as much inferior to a general form of prayer as he himself is in discretion, learning, and judgment to the greatest men that have written upon the subject, and to a number of men of the best hearts, and calmest, ablest heads, convened to compose the form. The wants, and, consequently, the matter of the petitions of a Christian congregation, must in the main be always the same ; they will at all times have sins

to confess, still have need to ask pardon, and implore the divine grace to direct their thoughts, words, and actions ; it will ever be their duty to pray for all ranks of men, &c. If any general calamity should happen, such as war, famine, pestilence, proper forms may be provided. In private cases, perhaps, it might be more for the honour of our religion, and decency of our worship, that we did not descend to particular circumstances so much as we do. It is needless to describe the disease to an omniscient God ; most cases of this nature might be comprehended under the general names of sickness and distress. But if it be thought proper to deal with God Almighty as we do with an ordinary doctor, and to lay the case before him at full length, methods may be found to indulge the humour of the clergy in this respect, without leaving our whole worship to their discretion, and putting all our public petitions in their power.

Should the spiritual condition of a congregation be altered, (if it possibly can alter so much that the established form could not comprehend the case, which, in my humble opinion, cannot happen, if the form be well composed,) let the Presbytery, Synod, or Commission of the Assembly be applied to, and the case being calmly considered, its nature and tendency deliberately examined, and its truth and certainty ascertained, let a form of prayer be composed suitable to the case : but this is too delicate, too dangerous and difficult an affair, to be trusted to the discretion or capacity of any one clergyman ; for weakness, or villany, in this respect, has more than once dishonoured our public prayers with the grossest enthusiasm, perverted them to serve very bad purposes, and exposed the most solemn part of our service, as well as religion itself, to the ridicule of infidels.

In a word, the ordinary wants of a Christian congregation may, nay must, be more fully expressed by a form of prayer than by extempore effusions; and extraordinary cases, after they are discovered and examined, may easily be provided for; and it is not only possible, but very easy, to provide for all cases that ought to be particularly mentioned in our public prayers, in the first composition of them. But to prevent all wrangling upon this subject, and (if possible) to content the most self-sufficient clergyman, let there be a proper place in this proposed form of prayer, where the minister may have liberty to pray for all extraordinary cases, in what words he thinks proper. It is better that a small part of our worship be exposed to the discretion, ignorance, and passions of the parson, than that the whole should be liable, as it is at present, to be made the property of faction, to be tinged with the prejudices and whimsical opinions of every private minister, and offered upon the pernicious principles of the deist, or the extravagant notions of the enthusiast.

4. I shall not dwell long upon the *last objection*, I mean that forms of prayer are *unlawful*, because I believe it never will be offered by men of sense and learning; and it is losing time and pains to reason with such as are destitute of both. I shall only beg leave to observe, that they who say that forms of prayer are unlawful, in fact say, that God Almighty commanded, that our Saviour attended, used, and taught his disciples an unlawful way of worship; for that he did so I have proved already, and our own Directory for public worship acknowledges, that "Our Lord's Prayer is not only a pattern for prayer, but is itself a most comprehensive prayer." Here I cannot help observing with regret, that wherever our Directory directs well, there our clergy have despised our Directory. For

instance, it recommends that the Lord's Prayer be used in our public worship, that ordinarily a chapter out of each Testament be read at every meeting ; the first is neglected by most, and the last by all of them. It directs that our worship begin with prayer, but now it begins with praise ; that the minister before worship shall solemnly exhort the people to the worshipping of the great name of God ; but at present we rush into a very solemn part of worship without a word of previous exhortation, and, I fear, very often without a serious thought. It is easy to find out the reason why the Lord's Prayer and the reading of the Scriptures have been jostled out of our service. They have been forced out to make room for Mass John's *more masterly performances* ; but why the other alterations have been made, the clergy, who direct all things, can only tell. To them I leave it, and resume my subject. If forms are unlawful, we are unlawfully baptised, for that is done by a form ; and all the extemporary prayers which we use upon that occasion are not essential to the sacrament, and are additions of men. We administer the Lord's Supper in an unlawful manner, for we do it by a form, I mean the words of the first institution. We are dismissed every Lord's day with an unlawful blessing ; for one of the solemn forms with which the apostles conclude their epistles is always used upon that occasion. So that nothing can be more inconsistent with ingenuity and common sense, than for us to cry out against forms, when the most solemn and important parts of our religion and worship are performed in that way, and when we neither baptize nor communicate, nor bless our congregations in a lawful way, unless forms be lawful, nor do these things in the best manner, unless doing them by a form be the best.

But, further, if forms of prayer be not acceptable to

God, and an useful way of worship for ourselves, we grossly offend every time that we meet in church. For it is impossible to sing eighteen or twenty lines of a psalm, but we offer some important petition by a form; and some psalms might be pointed out that are almost continued prayers. So that, unless we will affirm that our prayers are acceptable to God, and useful to ourselves when they are sung, but otherwise when they are said by a form, we must allow that we are inconsistent with ourselves when we cry out against forms; that our ministers impose upon us, when they spirit us up against that way of worship, that they may have the better opportunity to gratify their own vanity, to manufacture our prayers after their own manner, and to mix them up with their own private *opinions*.

If extemporary worship be preferable, what good reason can be given why the ministers do not sing psalms extempore in our names as well as offer extemporary prayers; for we are as much concerned to join in the last as in the first—a blunder in the one is as dangerous as in the other, and we could as well go along with him in our hearts when he sung an extemporary psalm as we can do when he says an extemporary prayer. This inconsistency in our worship has not entirely escaped the observation of our brethren, for many of them have warmly insisted upon it, that the Spirit of *God is restrained by using the psalms of David*,* and therefore proposed we should sing as well pray extempore. And upon the supposition, that public worship in the extemporary way is most rational, they were certainly right; for no good reasons can be given for praising God by forms, that will not be equally good for

* Heylin's History of the Presbyterians.

praying to him in the same way ; and no objection can be offered against the last that will not be as strong against the first. For instance, if we say that praying to God by forms deadens the devotions of the people, so will praising him by forms too. If forms of prayer restrain the influences of the Holy Ghost, so must forms of praise. If forms of prayer cannot express all the wants of a Christian congregation, neither will forms of praise comprehend all the causes for which a Christian congregation may have reason to praise God ; especially as the forms we use were composed several thousand years ago, and calculated chiefly for the Jewish religion and worship. If forms of prayer be unlawful in themselves, so must our forms of praise, because, as I observed before, they are often real prayers.

Supposing that extemporary worship was more acceptable to God, and useful to ourselves, no man in a congregation can reap the benefit of it but the parson. Our laity are most grossly mistaken if they imagine that they pray extempore by our present method ; for, if they pray in the words of the minister (and in his words they must pray, if they join at all in public worship), they are as much confined to a form as any other people. For example, if the minister says, *most gracious God, forgive us our sins, preserve us from danger, and provide for our necessities*,—if the people repeat these words, either in their minds, or with their mouths, or both, it is evident that they pray as much by form as if the prayer had been composed a thousand years ago. In fact, it is impossible for a congregation to join in worship otherwise than by a form ; and all the difference is, that we worship by a form with which we are entirely unacquainted ; a form that we have never seen nor examined before ; a form that is

trusted to the discretion and ability of the parson for the time, and which the minister himself has never once read over, nor examined, even in the slightest manner. It is hard to determine whether his *presumption* in putting a form of prayer into our mouths that he has never examined, or our complaisance in using a form that neither we nor our minister have ever once read over, is most unaccountable. But, that either he or we should imagine, that to worship God in this manner is most rational for us, or most acceptable to him, is such an instance of the strength of prejudice, and the effects of *education*, as no man could have thought possible, had it not been proved by experience. For, in fact, it is to imagine that our worship is the more rational the more we are strangers to the words and matter of our prayers, and the less access we have had to satisfy ourselves of the propriety of our petitions, and the more confidence we repose in another man; that our worship will be the more acceptable to the Deity, the less care and pains are taken about the words or matter of it by the parson or the people, and that our prayers will be so much the sooner heard the less chance they have to be expressed in proper words, or to consist of pious and reasonable petitions. We may sometimes have a better or worse form, according to the judgment and capacity of the minister, but we must always have a very defective one, and our very best form must be as far inferior to a national well-composed liturgy, as the learning, judgment, and memory of one man is to the abilities and calm reflection of a number of the most learned and judicious men of the age. I must confess that I have often beheld with indignation the parson pulling out his papers for the sermon, when he trusted the prayer to his invention and memory. Not that I have

any prejudice against reading of sermons, or am not convinced that it is the best method, unless the minister be a man of extraordinary parts, of extensive learning, and blessed with a very good memory ; but that I look upon it as an affront offered to God and the congregation, and very absurd in this instance, as it shows that the minister is less concerned about the propriety and decency of his address to his God than to his people ; and that he is more afraid of a blunder in his sermon than in his worship ; or, at least, that he thinks either that a mistake in the last is of less consequence than in the first, or, that it is an easier matter to pray than to preach well. I own that he has reason to believe that anything like a prayer will pass with the bulk of the people, because, in truth, they do not regard it much ; but this should never induce him to show that he is as careless about the matter and words of their prayers as they are themselves, and that he takes more care and pains to please them by his sermons than to offer their prayers in a concise and proper manner.

I have often heard the members of our church, when the difficulties and dangers of our present way of worship have been fairly laid before them, satisfy themselves by saying, that most of our ministers had a form of prayer which they used, and with which, by length of time, their people became very well acquainted. I believe it may be true that most of them naturally fall into a form ; but if we will believe themselves (and they certainly know best), it is rather by chance than by design, and of consequence, more by good luck than good management, or much care, if the form they fall into be a good one. However, it is here granted, that the worshipping God by a form is not only lawful and reasonable, but also necessary ; and if this be

the case, why should not our worship be rendered uniform by an established general form of prayer? Why should it not be brought as near perfection as possible, by the judgment, piety, and learning of our ablest ministers, and other members of our church, conferring together upon the subject? Why should not this form of prayer be communicated to the laity, that we may examine and approve of it? Is the parson's form such a secret that we may not see and examine it for ourselves? Is it any advantage to our worship that he may alter, curtail, or enlarge it, as his passions or prejudices chance to direct, and warp into his form any whimsical opinion he chances to embrace? We must, notwithstanding of his form, go to the church with a trembling heart, as we know not but some minister may officiate whose form of prayer we never have heard, our own minister may have changed his, or some unlucky and indecent petition may be thrown in, as he has it in his power to do as he pleases.

At the same time it is true, that our ministers, who carefully compose, and constantly use a form of prayer, do as much as they can, in their present circumstances, to render our worship pure and rational, and to assist the devotions of their people, and therefore deserve their esteem and thanks; but yet it is evident that these private forms have no great chance of being so full and perfect, and that they have but few of the advantages of a general established form of prayer, and many of the disadvantages of the extemporary method.

It has been often urged in defence of extempore public prayers, that the Apostles used that way of worship. If they did so, they did more than their Master either taught them or gave them an example of, as far as we can judge. But supposing that it were proved (which it has not yet

been, and I doubt never will be) that the Apostles used extemporary public prayer, I am afraid we shall not be able to infer from thence that our ministers should pray extempore, or that the people should trust every one of them with the composition and direction of their public worship ; unless it could be also proved, that every one of them is directed by immediate inspiration. I have often blushed for our ministers when I have heard them urge this argument, as it is so weak and inconclusive in itself, and betrays so much presumption and self-sufficiency in them ; for, in fact, it is putting our present ministers upon a level with the Apostles. Some days ago I was passing by Bedlam, and observed one of its wretched inhabitants wrestling with a great iron gate. I asked him what he was about ; he told me, with an air of importance, that his name was Sampson, and that he meant to carry up that gate to the top of an opposite hill, as his name-sake did the gates of Gaza. I did not stay to convince him that Sampson was endued with miraculous strength, but I could not help thinking that there was a great resemblance in his way of reasoning, or rather running mad, to the argument in hand. For the Apostles were endued with miraculous gifts, as much superior to the abilities of our present ministers, as Sampson's strength was to that of the poor Bedlamite. They lived in an age in which miraculous gifts, by the goodness of God, were common in the Church ; but in our time there is nothing miraculous, unless it be the self-sufficiency and presumption of the clergy, in taking upon them to offer an extemporary address to their Maker, and each of them claiming a right to make a whole parish pray as he pleases, and the absurd confidence reposed in them by the laity, and the tame submission by which they suffer every man that chances to fill their pul-

pits to manufacture and mix up their prayers as he chooses. These, indeed, are miraculous things, of which *no age, no country, no religion*, ever produced examples. And it is still more surprising that the clergy themselves (as I have proved before) see, and publish to the world, that the people do not join in public worship; and that the most learned and sensible part of the laity feel and acknowledge that it is very difficult and dangerous for them to join in it as it is performed at present; and yet that none of our clergy have compassion and humility to propose, nor any of the laity resolution to demand a change, but that all of them sit down with an absurd and dangerous way of worship, introduced partly by necessity, and partly by enthusiasm, in the distracted days of our Reformation; disapproved of by our ablest reformers from the beginning, as witness John Knox, who composed and used a form of prayer; and only approved and supported by the silly ignorant vulgar, who have so little knowledge either of the nature or importance of prayer, that they would not give themselves the trouble to go to church unless it were to hear a sermon; and by the turbulent and self-sufficient part of the clergy, who find that it gives them a fair opportunity to sow discord, propagate faction, and prostitute our worship to their foolish fondness for popularity. That the mob, who place great merit in hearing many sermons, and think preaching the most important part of public worship, should be fond of our present method, is no wonder at all, for our extemporary effusions are rather sermons than prayers. It is natural, too, for the ambitious, enthusiastical, and libertine part of our clergy, to be warmly attached to our present way of worship;—it most effectually answers their several purposes; it affords the ambitious a large field for displaying their popular talents,

and an excellent opportunity to *preach themselves*; it gives enthusiasts and libertines fair scope to vent their whimsical and pernicious principles. Indeed nothing can be better calculated for propagating sedition, heresy, enthusiasm, and party principles, than our present way of worship, since every minister has the composition of most of it, and the choice and management of the whole; so that it is no wonder if men of these characters be fond of it, nay, it would be very surprising if they could be persuaded to give up our present method.

But it is not easy to conceive why the learned, orthodox, and pious part of our clergy, who have no other view but the good of souls and the glory of God, have not endeavoured to remedy these ills, by composing and authorizing such a form of prayer as might enable every congregation in the kingdom to offer their prayers upon truly Christian principles; or how it comes to pass that the sensible and pious part of our laity (though they can hardly miss to see that it is inconsistent with religion and common sense, to trust the most solemn part of our worship to the discretion, honesty, and ability, often of strangers whom they have never seen before, and always of individuals of whose weakness and folly they may have many instances) choose to run such a terrible risk.

I have contributed my poor mite to deliver the laity from the hardships and danger to which they are exposed by our present way of worship; and as (I think) I have made it obvious, that the present method is attended with great inconveniences and imminent danger to us poor laymen, I may likewise hope that the rulers of our church will lay our case to heart, and take such methods as may enable us to offer a rational service to the great source of reason, and to lift up holy hands without perplexity, fear,

or danger. While our case continues as it is, our churches may indeed be crowded by those who have not sense to see their danger, nor attention to perceive upon how many opposite principles they are made to pray ; persons who have never perhaps in all their lives reflected upon the nature and importance of prayer, and come to church partly because it is the custom, or at most to hear a sermon : but they who consider the nature and importance of public worship, will hardly choose, in a thing of so great consequence, to be blindfolded and led by the parson.

With all humility and due deference, I submit the whole to your consideration, more extensive learning, and better judgment, and to the candid reflection of all pious Christians ; and am, with the greatest respect, reverend fathers, your most obedient and humble servant,

A. T. *Blacksmith.*

Inverary, May 8, 1758.

